Sketches from Memory

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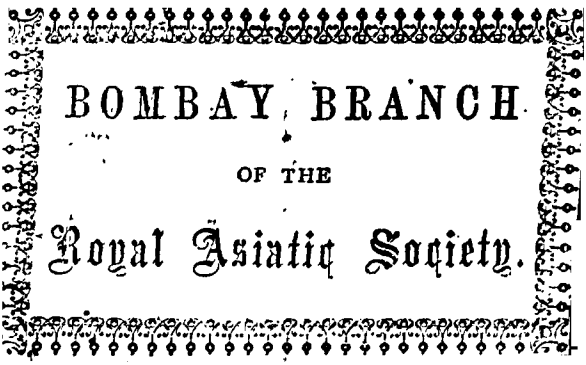
G. A. Storey A. R. A.



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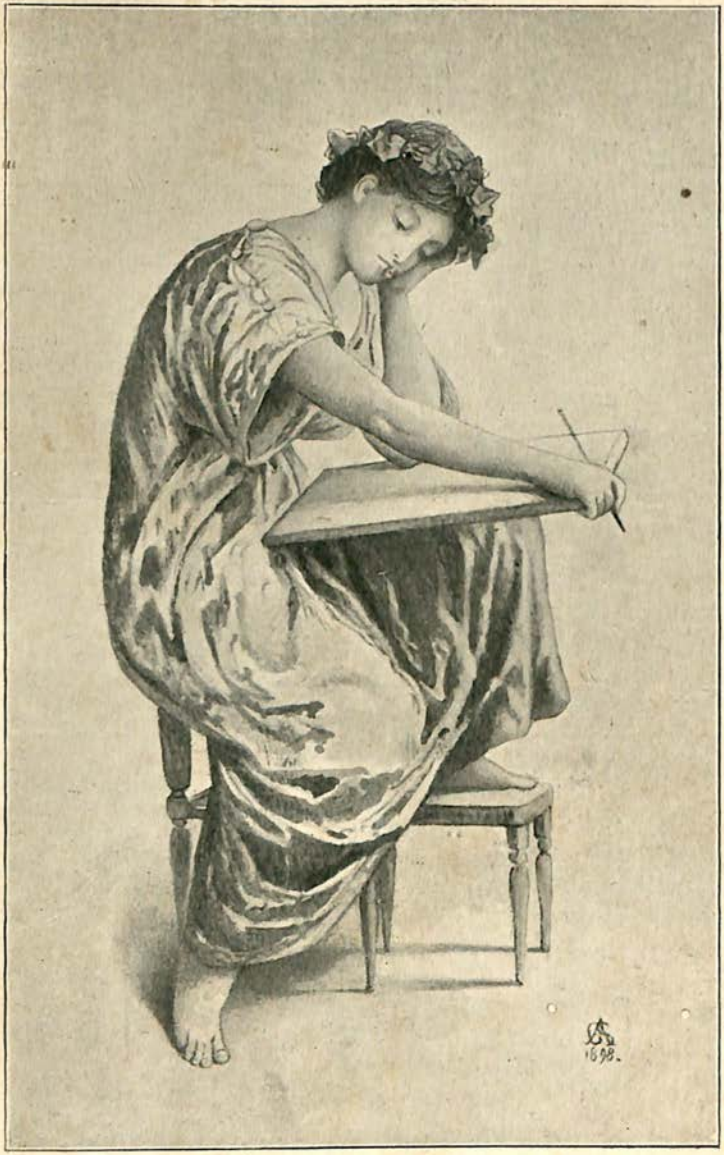

MEMORY

SKETCHES FROM MEMORY

BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

WITH 93 ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE AUTHOR

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TO

EMILY & GLADYS

PREFACE

SUCH excuses as I have for writing this volume are explained in the first chapter thereof. Although to a certain extent it is biographical, it is not an autobiography in the full meaning of the word, but, as its title proclaims, a series of Sketches from Memory—records of scenes I have passed through and of individuals I have known. And if there is any wit in it, it is chiefly that of others, and not my own; I having only the wit to remember, and to present it to the reader with as much brevity as I am master of. I was once asked how long it took me to paint a picture; to which I answered, "All my life." Perhaps if I were asked how long it has taken me to write this book, I might give a similar reply, for I have had to live it, as it were, before setting it down. Indeed, is not every man's life a book? Now, since this one has been so long in coming into existence, I sincerely hope that it may be found to contain something solid, or at all events something entertaining, although there is a good deal in it about the everyday concerns of life which may not be of a very thrilling character.

If I may interpret Horace's famous line—

"Difficile est propriè communia dicere,"

to my own purpose, I would say it is difficult to treat such ordinary themes with sufficient art to

make them of interest and of value. The great Dutch painters have done this to perfection; the trite subject is forgiven for the beauty of the workmanship, and—now, where am I?—I am in an awkward position—so we will not go into the question—"qui s'excuse s'accuse:" so, whether the thing is done well or not, there is always some interest in the domestic life of different dates and different countries. It may be amusing to read how we passed our time at the breakfast-table in Paris in 1848; how I spent pleasant evenings with C. R. Leslie about forty years ago; how I made friends and acquaintances in Spain, with an insight into the life there; or even a peep into the studio, while the model is sitting, may have some recommendation for a reader who does not wish to be involved in abstruse and difficult though clever arguments. But there is no need for me to describe the work that follows. In the Table of Contents can be seen at a glance all the subjects, persons, and things that it treats of, and also where to find them.

As to the illustrations, they are for the most part also sketches, shorthand notes from nature, or careful studies for backgrounds of pictures, portraits, landscapes, figures, &c., which illustrate my story, and give relief, I hope, to the printed pages.

And now, dear reader, I must leave my Sketches in your hands, and as they are written without malice, and, indeed, with the kindest motives, I trust you also will treat them with kindness.

G. A. STOREY.

December 1898.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

Mnemosyne 1

CHAPTER II

The Sculptor's Studio . . 3
Charles Dickens 3
Mr. Stultz 4
Behnès the Sculptor . . . 5
Little Adolphus is patted on the Head 5
The Bust 7
Thomas Fowke 7

CHAPTER III

Morden Hall 9
School Days 9
The Boots 10
T. N. White 11
H. P. Ashby 11
The Silver Palette 11

CHAPTER IV

Paris 12
M. Morand 12, 14
"Monsieur le Frotteur" . . 13
Occasional Visitors . . . 15
L'Abbé de Lamennais . . 15
Dr. Bonnet 16
M. Guyard the Poet . . . 15
M. Barratier and the Cats . 17
M. Cabet 17

CHAPTER V

PAGE

1848 19
Talking Politics 20
The Revolution 20
The Diary of little Adolphus 21
"Mourir pour la Patrie" . 23
Troops Unarmed 24
Barracks in Flames . . . 25
Men in Blouses armed to the teeth and very drunk 25
The Garde Municipale . . 25
The Tuileries invaded by the Mob 26
The Mob revels in Destruction 27
"À bas les Anglais" . . . 27
Mad Pranks 27
"Mort aux Voleurs" . . . 28
The Général Du Bourg . . 29
Paris Fifty Years Ago . . 31

CHAPTER VI

Civil War 34
Ateliers Nationaux . . . 34
Louis Napoleon 35
Place de la Concorde . . 36
Troops Charge the Mob . 36
Our Escape 37
The Diary again 37
Beginning of the Fight . . 37
"Sentinelle prenez garde à vous" 38
Fighting all Night . . . 38
Heavy Casualties — 16,000 have Fallen 39

PAGE

The Archbishop of Paris Shot 40
The Fight Ended 40
After the Battle 40
The Grand Funeral . . . 41

CHAPTER VII

The Arts of Peace 43
M. Jean Louis Dulong . . 43
What He Taught Me . . 43

CHAPTER VIII

The Artist at the Breakfast-Table 47
Chelsea College 48
Mr. Wood 48
"Le Capitaine de Joseph". 51
English Cooking *versus* French 51
La Sauce Anglaise a Failure 52
Sketches on the Black Board 53

CHAPTER IX

Home Again 54
The Cosmopolitan 54

CHAPTER X

Leslie 56
As a Teacher 56
As an Artist 57
My Introduction to him . 59
His "Handbook for Young Painters" 61
George Leslie 62
Mrs. Leslie's Advice . . . 62
Miss Harriet Leslie . . . 63
Her Witty Remarks . . . 64
Her Advice to a Young Poet 64
An Evening with Leslie . . 65

PAGE

His Remarks on Art . . . 65
Stories of Scott and Edwin Landseer 66
Our Games at Chess . . . 67
Mary Leslie's Beautiful Drawings 67
Taste with Faithfulness . . 68

CHAPTER XI

Sir Edwin Landseer . . . 69
His Stories 70
"Is thy Servant a Dog?" . 70
"A Fine Landseer on View Within" 70
His Washerwoman's Remark on two of his Masterpieces 72
Marked with "hell" . . . 72
He Impersonates a Pig . . 72
Miss Jessie Landseer . . 73
Pygmalion 73

CHAPTER XII

Charles Landseer 74
His Serious Fun 74
Keeper of the Royal Academy 75
Mr. Boom 75
The Menagerie 75
The Blushing Student . . 76

CHAPTER XIII

Tom Landseer 77
His Deafness 77
He Enacts the Shy Pupil . 77
His Manner of Speech . . 79
An Adventure with a Policeman 80
His Good Nature 80
His Pupil, J. C. Webb . . 81

CHAPTER XIV

	PAGE
People of Note	82
Mrs. Jameson	83
George Cruikshank	84
The Doyles	85
Millais and Hunt, &c.	86
Albert Smith	87

CHAPTER XV

Leigh in Newman Street	88
The Anatomical Room	89
The Life School	89
"I hope I don't interrupt you"	90
His Pictures	91
Metaphysics and the Organ-grinder	92
Last Evening with his Boys —Affecting Scene	94
His Death	95
Some of the Students	95
H. S. Marks	95
Walter Thornbury—his "Life of Turner"	96
Brereton	97
Wycherley	97
The Eccentric Student	98
Caledonian Brown	98
Spiritualism	99
Strange Gratitude	99

CHAPTER XVI

The Royal Academy in 1852	101
My First Picture	101
Exhibitors and their Works of that date	102, 103, 104
The Younger Men	105
Millais	106
Holman Hunt	106
H. P. Ashby	107
F. Smallfield	107
W. W. Fenn, the Blind Painter	108

CHAPTER XVII

	PAGE
Early Works	111
The Polite Picture Dealer	112
Youthful Hope	112
The Guidance of Leslie	112
Raphael	112
A Madonna and Child	112
From Lofty Themes to Pet Dogs	113
Divided Affections	113
Lessons of Love	115
A Madrigal by Michel Angelo	115
The Remarks of Diotima	115
Humiliation	118
The Bride's Burial	118
Kindly Critics	119
My Young Companions	119
Edward Cressy	120

CHAPTER XVIII

Spain	121
First Impressions	122
Señor Don Adolfo	122
The North of Spain	124
The Basque Girls	124
The Diligence—my Fellow-Passengers	125
I Meet a Robinson	126
The Plateau of Castile	127

CHAPTER XIX

Madrid	129
"The only Court on Earth"	129
The Museo on the Prado	130
Titian, Paul Veronese, Rubens, and Tintoret	130
Velasquez	130, 131, 132
The Meninas	131
John Philip	132
Long and Burgess	132
Colonel Fitch	132
The Café Europa	134

PAGE
General Don José de J. . 134
Don José's little boy's Portrait 135
Spanish Poverty Disguised 136
Paying for the Picture . . 138
Spanish Gamblers. . . . 139
The Play Interrupted . . 139
In the Name of Charity. . 140

CHAPTER XX

Spanish Interiors 141
My Apartments 141
My Reception 142
Señora Maria and her Daughters 142
Many Questions 142
Gregoria the Maid . . . 143
How I was Taught Spanish 144
I Begin to Understand . . 145
The Story of Liseta . . . 146

CHAPTER XXI

El Casino del Principe . . 150
A Procession of Human Life 151
Dr. Checa 151
Señor Moreno Benitez . . 152
The British Legation . . 152
Higgins and Higginson. . 152
The Old Bachelor and Doña Susana 153
Golfo 155
The Curse of Play . . . 155
Our Little Demons . . . 156
The Theatres in Madrid . 158
Spanish Acting 160
The College Hornpipe at the Zarzuela 161
Back to the Tables; I Play for Checa and Win . . 162
Moreno Benitez Visits England 163
The Sereno 163, 164

CHAPTER XXII

PAGE
Doña Emilia 166
Spanish Peculiarity . . . 166
The Duke of Alva . . . 166
The Doctor's Losses; he is Appointed Consul out in China 168
His Advice to me about Play 168
Romano 168
Don Federigo 169
The Finest Eyes in Madrid 169
Doña Leonor 169
Doña Emilia 170
Murillo 170
Spanish Interiors 171
Poverty 171
Painting the Picture . . . 172
"Woman, Begone" . . . 173
What Establishment is this? 174, 175

CHAPTER XXIII

The Portrait 176
The Gold Key 176
Time for Sending in Pictures to the Exhibition . 177
Interruptions 177
How the Picture Looked . 178
"This Must Not Be" . . 178
A Place of Honour . . . 179

CHAPTER XXIV

The Novillos, or Comic Bull-Fights 180
Stuffy Madrid 181
Plaza de Toros 182
Men in Basket Armour . . 182
El Tato 183
Amateur Bull-fighters . . 183
The Espada 184
The Chapel 185

CHAPTER XXV

PAGE
Toledo 186
Fonda del Lino 187
The Letter of Introduction 187
Señor Ojéda 188
La Casa de Huespedes . . 188
Señora Ojéda 190
My so-called Dutch Pictures 191
The Padre 192

CHAPTER XXVI

La Casa Abad 193
The Patio 193
Don Manuel the Boots . . 195
Nicolassa, Cook and House-maid 195
Their Duet 196
The Almuerzo 196
The Kitchen 197
Spanish Cooking 199
The Art of Eating and Drinking 199
A Polite Custom 200
Don Ramon Tenes . . . 201

CHAPTER XXVII

Don Ramon el Canonigo . 202
The Breviary 202
The Guitar out of Tune . . 203
The Forbidden Instrument 203
Sacred and Profane Music 204
The Padre sings a Love Song 205
The Links of Friendship . 205
The Padre's Stockings want Mending 206
Christmas was Coming . . 207
Christmas Eve 208
The Dance 208
The Padre Plays a Polka . 209
I Dance the Double Shuffle 209

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Cathedral 210
PAGE
The Labour of Centuries . 211
God's House 211
Beautiful and Mysterious Art 212
The Sombre Cathedral . . 213
Holy Innocents' Day . . 213
The Midnight Mass . . . 213

CHAPTER XXIX

Don Manuel 215
He Studies Greek and Latin 215
The Wide Boots 216
My Wonderful Adventures 217
Manuel and Sancho Panza 218
I Propose we should Imitate the famous Knight and his Squire 218
Manuel Consents to Follow me Round the World . . 219

CHAPTER XXX

The Sketch from the Rock 220
The Castillo de San Servando 221
The Alcazar 221
I Feel Giddy 221
The French Delight in Destruction 222
We Mustn't Talk 222
The Depredations of Cromwell 223
Recollections of a Scotch Sermon 223
The Water-Wheel on the Tagus 224
Water-Carriers 224
Donkeys 224
The Puente de Alcantara . 225
The Sketch and the Sentinel 226
The Governor's Card. . . 227
The Wide Road—The Convents 227
Bell-hammering 228

CHAPTER XXXI

PAGE
Social Evenings 229
Doña Conchia Carmen . . 229
The Old Mansion 230
The Vizconde de Sedilla . 230
England, a Province of Spain! 231
All Members of Parliament Drunk after five o'clock . 231
The Three Great Sights in England 232
The Tribuna 233
The Toledo Derby . . . 234
Ancient History 234
Don Alvaro, the King's Favourite 234
Religious Questions . . . 235
The Beautiful Florinda and King Roderic 237
The Battle of Guadalete . . 237
My Last Day in Toledo . . 238
The Dining Table bids me Adieu 239
The whole Establishment sees me off 240

CHAPTER XXXII

Madrid again 241
The Museo and the Old Masters 242
The Carnival 242
The Bal Masqué 243
The Lady in the Mask . . 244

CHAPTER XXXIII

Farewell, Checa! 246
The Doctor Fights a Duel . 246
His Return to Spain—and Death 248

CHAPTER XXXIV

PAGE
Historic Genre 249
Return to England . . . 249
My Young Companions . . 249
Historical Painting . . . 250
Guinette and the Lay-figure 251
The Audience 251
Studies for Henry VIII. . 252

CHAPTER XXXV

Gig 255
As Good as Gold 255
No Personal Vanity . . . 255
Taste 256
Dr. E. and his two Sons, Henry and William . . 256
Prosperity 257
A Cloud Comes over the Scene 257
At the Theatre 258
"Can it be?" 258
I am Introduced to Gig . . 260
The Little Dinner 261
Gig's "Masterpieces" . . 262
He Becomes a Patron . . 263
"Have you Thought of a Subject?" 264
"Blow Euripides!" . . . 264
Gig's Reading 265
"The Bridge of Sighs" . . 265
"Don't say Toosday" . . 268
Gig and the Franco-Prussian War 269
He Goes out as a Member of the Ambulance Corps . 270
Is Arrested in Paris as a Prussian Spy 270
He Faces Death, but Sends his Card to Lord Lyons . 271
Farewell, Gig 271

CHAPTER XXXVI

Behind the Screen 273
Pictures on View—Henry VIII. and Lady Godiva . 274
"A Real Girl?" 275

PAGE
Mistress Dorothy 277
Baron Rothschild 281
Miss S. married 284
Mrs. Charretie 284
A Happy Marriage through Dorothy 285
Hora 286
An Irish Girl 286
Models 289

CHAPTER XXXVII

My Italian Model's Story . 290
Signor Fuoco 290
The Guardia Campestre . 293
The Escape 294
The Sindaco 298
The Grand Entertainment . 298
The Merchant and his Son 299
They are taken Prisoners . 300
The Supper in the Cave . 302
The Brigands Slain by the Prisoners 304

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Mr. Gailey 309
"The Artist's Model" . . 311

CHAPTER XXXIX

A Country Walk 314
Leslie, Marks, Calderon, and Hodgson 315
The "Old Spotted Dog" . 315

CHAPTER XL

Our River 318
George Leslie 318
His Book 319

CHAPTER XLI

PAGE
M. Gambart 321
Gambart Pays us a Visit . 321
His House Blown Up . . 323
The Dinner Party 323
Punch and Judy 324
Restorations 325
The Fancy Ball 327
The Missing Supper . . . 329
J. R. Herbert 330

CHAPTER XLII

Hever 332
Frank Burnand 333
The Children at Breakfast . 333
"After You" 334
Story Told by the Ghost of a Gudgeon 335

CHAPTER XLIII

Success at Last 338
Dion Boucicault's Advice . 339
Rev. J. M. Bellew 341
Bedford Chapel 341
The Altar-Piece 341
Bellew as St. John . . 342
"The Crucifixion" . . . 343
The Picture given to the Carmelites 344
Death of Bellew 345
"The Shy Pupil" 346
J. P. Knight 346
Sir John Pender 346
Sir William Agnew . . . 346
Boys Going to School . . 347

CHAPTER XLIV

Portraits and Patrons . . 349
Visit from Lady V. and Daughter 349

PAGE

A Disquisition on Noses . 350
As Regards Age 351
Pretty Mrs. Porter—"Then and Now" 351
Lady —— and Captain G. . 354
General Hastings and Lord S. 355
Lord S. and the Young Midshipman 355
Lord S. and the Hall Porter 357
Portraits, Half-a-Crown Each 359
Generosity of the Manchester Men 361
The Pleasures of Portrait Painting 363

CHAPTER XLV

Debden 364
The Old Trap 365
Mr. and Mrs. Trevilian . . 366
The Hall 366
The Stables 367
"The Grey Lady" 367
Mr. Chiswell 367
Bad News 368
The Messenger 368
The White Handkerchief . 369
Death 369
The Runaway Marriage . 371
The Money Lenders . . . 371
The House Refurnished . 371
A Lively Party 371

PAGE

The Gipsy 372
Mrs. Houstoun 373

CHAPTER XLVI

My Mother 374
At Ramsgate 374
Miss Emily Fitch 376
Anxious for News 377
Frith, Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Farrer of Harrow . 377
The Pipe 378
"The Old Soldier" . . . 378
Robert Browning 378
Frith's Advice 380
To Meet John Parry . . . 382
Du Maurier 383
Picture of "Scandal" . . 384
Tom Agnew 384
The Picture half rubbed out 385
Calderon to the Rescue . . 385
"Scandal" a Success . . 386
A Year of Sunshine . . . 387
Grand "Do" at Manchester 387
The Blue Girls of Canterbury 388
Nearly Elected an A.R.A. . 392
A Visit to Coleorton . . . 393
My Mother's Death . . . 398
Elected an A.R.A. . . . 398

CHAPTER XLVII

Many Years After 400
Grandmamma's Grave . . 401

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Memory	*Frontispiece*
Initial Letter	1
Tailpiece	2
A Study from the Elgin Marbles	3
Old Weller the Coachman .	4
Pen Sketch	7
Morden Hall	9
The Schoolroom, Paris . .	12
M. Morand	14
Dr. Bonnet	16
Sentinels	19
Sketch taken of Paris by Moonlight during the Civil War of June 1848 .	34
The Widow	42
Mirth	43
M. J. L. Dulong	45
Bubbles	47
A Study	54
A Sketch	56
Sketch by C. R. Leslie . .	58
Kilburn Fields	61
A Portrait	69
Game	74
Tom Landseer, the Engraver	78
The Shy Pupil	79

	PAGE
Initial Letter	82
A Study	86
Cassandra	88
Tailpiece	100
Initial Letter	101
G. A. Storey, aged 19 . .	109
The Widowed Bride (*painted in* 1858)	111
Love's Folly	113
Lessons of Love	114
The Bride's Burial (*painted in* 1859)	117
Edward Cressy	119
Sketch from the Picture by Velasquez in Madrid . .	121
Bridge at Toledo	127
Philip IV.	129
Initial Letter	141
Liseta	148
Sketched from the Picture by Velasquez	150
A Portrait	159
A Study	164
Doña Emilia	167
Lavinia	176
Mandoline Player	180
The Ferry—Toledo . . .	186

	PAGE
Street in Toledo	189
Kitchen at Señor Ojéda's	191
Patio of the Casa Abad	194
Kitchen at the Casa Abad	197
A Fair Musician	201
Listening	204
One of the Innocents	210
Idleness	215
Toledo	220
Street in Toledo	229
The Tribuna	233
Door of My Room—Toledo	239
Bowed Down	247
Clarissa	249
A Gossip	253
Gladys	255
Curiosity	273
The Model behind the Screen	276
At the Studio Door	278
Nora	287
The Brigand	290
The Apennine	295
Madalina	307
Mr. Gailey	309
Old Inn at Kilburn	314
Near Hurley	318
Near Hampton Court	320
Near Maidenhead	321
At the Fancy Ball	328
Hever Castle	332
"After You" (*painted in* 1867)	338
Pen Sketch for the Shy Pupil	340
The Crucifixion	343
Friends	348
Mrs. Porter—Then	353
Pamela	360
Mrs. Potter	362
The Park Gate	364
Ninety Years Ago	370
Miss Emily Fitch (*Portrait of my Mother before she was married*)	376
The Old Soldier (*painted in* 1869)	379
Mrs. Allen and my Mother	381
Charlotte Bishop and Fanny Tomalin	389
Mrs. Sandys	390
Amy White, Mary Goodhew, and Matilda Harman	391
The Spirit	400

SKETCHES FROM MEMORY

I

MNEMOSYNE

IT is not to write about myself that I take up the pen, but I have met with many people on my life journey who are worth writing about, and I have seen and heard many things that are worth remembering. And it is because of those I have known and cared for, and because they remain in my memory, that I am prompted to write about them, just as I have often talked about them while sitting round the fire with a cosy company smoking the friendly pipe, and looking into those bright embers, those burning cavities, which shape themselves into fairy palaces, and lead us through dreamland into the past—the past, which still exists in memory. And it may not be without interest to others, as well

as myself, to recall some of those well-known characters who have passed away; to renew acquaintance with them in their everyday guise, and to listen to their very words uttered long ago.

A STUDY FROM THE ELGIN MARBLES.

II

THE SCULPTOR'S STUDIO

NOW, the first name that occurs to me in this recollective mood is one that is a household word, one that is dear to every right-minded reader of the English language—it is the name of Charles Dickens. Not only was his "Cricket on the Hearth" one of the first books that I became possessed of, but its author was the first great man whom I was introduced to, and this is how it happened.

Some friend of the family had seen scribblings of mine on half-sheets of note-paper which were considered wonderful, both by him and the family. This friend, Mr. Stultz, a rich, prosperous man, who had made a fortune by tailoring, was building some alms-houses in Kentish Town for the shelter-

ing of a certain number of the less successful of his calling, and it was only right and proper that a bust of the kind founder should be put up as a memorial of his charity. To this end, he was sitting to Behnès, the sculptor, in Osnaburgh Street, and it struck him that an introduction to that gentleman might be a means of bringing out the latent talent of little Adolphus, who was then nine years old.

I remember he took me with him in his carriage and introduced me into that strangest of strange places, as it seemed to me then, a sculptor's studio. There were strange men in blouses, with shades over their eyes, and rows of busts with no eyes at all; gaunt figures without clothes, and gaunt figures with cloaks and trousers and boots and whiskers and rolls of parchment, all in marble. And there were great blocks of marble about, with busts and figures just coming out of them; the whole place being lighted in such a dim, mysterious way, that it was enough to frighten a nervous little boy who had already been startled by a monkey that ran up and down a pillar just outside and made faces at him.

Mr. Behnès, the presiding genius of the place, received me very kindly—said I could go there whenever I liked to draw from the casts or make models from them. He gave me buns to eat, and a great lump of clay, which I was to fashion into a horse's head, or, if I preferred, I could turn it into the enormous toes of the Farnese Hercules.

One day, as I was engaged in the latter effort, a bright, lively young man, good-looking, and with dark flowing locks, entered the studio, accompanied by Behnès, and took his seat in a comfortable arm-chair on a revolving platform. He, too, seemed amused at the scene—and very much so when he caught sight of a small boy sitting in front of a foot almost as big as himself, with a bun on one side, and a large lump of clay on the other, which he was trying to thumb into shape. I was the little boy, and the lively young man with dark flowing locks was Charles Dickens. He came and looked over me, patted me on the head and said some kind things, but I did not know who he was till afterwards.

The sitting over, he took his departure, accompanied by Behnès; but they were no sooner gone than the men in blouses, with shades over their eyes, came stealthily in to see the master's work and to criticise the clay features and the clay curls of the great novelist. And then they came up to me and asked me all about him and what he had talked about, and said, "Don't you know who he is?" And then they told me that he was the

author of "Pickwick," and "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Oliver Twist," and "Sketches by Boz," and "Master Humphrey's Clock," &c.; and I was delighted, for I had copied the portrait of Mr. Pickwick, and Mr. Weller with his pipe, and Sam, and others, and it was through these very copies, which had been considered so wonderful, that I found myself in Behnès's studio, beginning almost in play an art career, which I had no idea then would have developed into a reality.

Although I cannot remember what Charles Dickens said to me, I can remember that during the sitting he was very animated and talkative, and spoke of an accident he had been in, and that a wheel was within two inches of his head as he lay on the ground, but that he escaped uninjured.

Here, then, was the bust in embryo of Charles Dickens, for it was all lumps and finger holes; and just behind it was the bust of Mr. Stultz, the "Poole" of his day, with curls and whiskers and full cheeks and a Roman toga, if I remember rightly; and the strange man, with a German name and of German descent, who put on the lumps, but whose features I cannot call to mind, was standing in front of his work. He was a clever man, and invented a means of drilling the marble in order to make an exact copy of the cast from the clay, which, I believe, is now universally used. Of course, he must have worn a cap—perhaps a paper cap. Alas perhaps, a fool's cap, for he ended his days in poverty, and died in Middlesex Hospital. I heard

this and several other curious things about Behnès, from Thomas Fowke, who was with him for some time as assistant carver. Poor Fowke, who also

PEN SKETCH.

died in a hospital, made a bust of me in terra-cotta, which stands on our landing.

And where are the other busts I have mentioned? Does any one know anything about the one of Dickens? As to that of Mr. Stultz, I had

the curiosity, a few months ago, to peep in at the Alms-houses in Kentish Town to inquire about it, but could get little information. The young woman at the lodge said she had never seen it, but she had heard there was one somewhere in a cellar. "Sic transit gloria mundi."

MORDEN HALL.

III

MORDEN HALL

EVENTS link themselves together so strangely in our memories that the least important seem to crop up unbidden and force themselves upon us. I was debating whether to say anything about my school-days, when the name of Sam Weller called to mind a character who was somewhat akin to him; indeed, he might have been a distant relation, for he had something of the same kind of humour, and his occupation was a similar one, only on a larger scale, for the individual I am reminded of was the boots and general serving-man of the establishment at Morden Hall, in

Surrey, where I received the first rudiments of my education.

He was always at work, for he had to clean the knives and forks used by seventy boys, wait at their meals, carry in pails of water to the washing-room, clean all the boots, and look after the horse and trap kept by the headmaster. Still, he was cheerful. I can just remember he had light curly hair, a round, reddish, good-tempered face, and invariably appeared to be in a hurry. When he handed round the bread-and-scrape, great thick hunks, which were piled in heaps on his wooden tray, he ran down the tables as fast as he could, telling the boys he had no time for them to pick and choose. They made darts and grabs at the hunks, and a sort of scramble for their daily bread was the result. At dinner the boys were allowed to choose their meat, either fat or lean, well-done or under-done, and our humorous waiter would constantly bring well-done fat to those who wanted under-done lean, and under-done lean to those who wanted well-done fat. He told me one day, with a very serious countenance, that he was going to leave. When I asked him the reason, he said it was because he had no more "spit" left to clean the boots with. Polly, as he called the housekeeper or mistress, was, he said, so economical that she wouldn't buy blacking, and the consequence was that he was dried up. If the bell rang, he would sing out to a kind of chant or hymn tune, "Coming," skip over the forms, and dance out of the room.

To think, that out of all the inmates of Morden Hall, my memory should only single out the boots, whose very name I forget; especially as the head-master, Mr. T. N. White, was one of the kindest of men. And I ought, certainly, to pay a tribute to the memory of Mr. H. P. Ashby, who was not only a clever artist, but my first instructor in painting. It was he who, at the giving away of the prizes at the end of a term, made me supremely happy. After all had been distributed, and I was lamenting that there was not one for me, he stepped forward and asked to be allowed to say one or two words. He had what appeared to be a little jewel-case in his hand, and when he held it up I could see it contained a silver palette. After a short speech, which I forget, but which made my heart beat violently, he called me by name and presented the palette to me, amidst the deafening shouts and hoorays of my schoolfellows, which still ring in my ears.

THE SCHOOLROOM, PARIS.

IV

PARIS

HAVING by no means completed my education at my Surrey school, it was decided to send me to Paris for a couple of years, to a French professor, M. Morand, who kept a sort of mixed establishment, half boarding-house and half school. He prepared young gentlemen for the various examinations they had to pass to enter the École Polytechnique, St. Cyr, &c., and took one or two English pupils, who were partly instructed by himself, and partly by Madame, who was an English lady; and as we all lived together like one big family, the process was described as "Éducation de famille."

I started for Paris at the beginning of the year 1848, in company with a very lively party of ladies, whose merriment prevented me from feeling dull at leaving my native land. Although I had been taught at my Surrey school that everybody and everything in France was very wicked, I was much entertained with the novelty of the whole scene, for in those days there was a greater contrast between France and England than there is now. I shall not attempt an account of a journey which I only dimly remember. The greater part of it was by diligence, the old lumbering coach of the past. We arrived in Paris in the small hours of the morning, and drove to a fine house in the Place Vendôme, where Miss Scott, the lady who stood god-mother at my baptism, had some splendid apartments. I slept on a sofa in one of the drawing-rooms, but was roused from my slumbers by a strange sound, and was rather alarmed to see a man, whom I took for a lunatic, apparently dancing about the room. He, however, set my mind at rest by informing me that he was "Monsieur le frotteur," the floor polisher; and, in fact, he made the floor so shining and slippery that the first thing I did when I attempted to walk across it was to tumble down. He ran to my assistance, and smiled as though he took my little mishap as a compliment to the perfect manner in which he had done his work. I have often thought of that *frotteur*, and have even built up a sort of theory upon him, which is, that the French, as a rule, are so happy because they take a pride

in all they do—or, in other words, because they are artists.

I soon made the acquaintance of my new professor and his wife, Monsieur and Madame Morand, for I left Miss Scott and all her lively young ladies soon after breakfast, and was driven to a house in the Avenue Marbœuf, in the Champs Élysées, a large square building, with no architectural pretensions, standing in its own grounds, which were rather like a small wilderness.

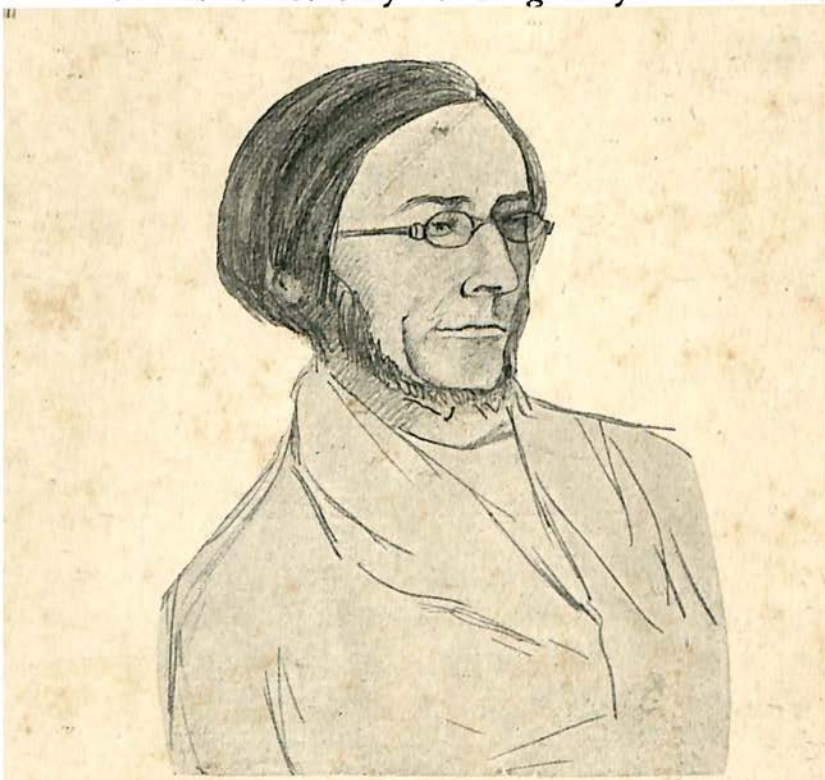
M. MORAND.

My new friends received me very kindly. Monsieur Morand, the professor, was a short, dark, handsome man, with whiskers and flowing curly locks. He wore a long brown frock-coat, with the cuffs turned back, and occasionally paused in his conversation to take a pinch of snuff. I understood very little of what he said, but Madame Morand acted as interpreter; and my eldest brother (William), who had been with them for some few months and had quite a Frenchified air, acted as cicerone, showed me over the place and introduced me to the other inmates of the schoolroom, two or three young Frenchmen (Alfred, Edmond, and Patrice), who

were cramming for their examinations, and a little Spanish-American named Joseph Reynaud, who spoke English like an English boy. Later on, when all the household sat down to dinner, we formed a rather large and pretty lively party.

Besides the pupils, there were some English ladies, and an old General du Bourg, father of Patrice. There were also occasional visitors, especially on Sundays, when our party was increased and enlivened to a considerable extent: among them were politicians and philosophers, such as L'Abbé de Lamennais, author of *Les Paroles d'un Croyant*, *Le Livre du Peuple*, &c., who said that truth "was that which all men consented to"; Dr. Bonnet, doctor of the Conciergerie, who told us many strange stories about the prison; Dr. Ducro, a portly man with a deep voice, a sort of French Dr. Johnson; M. Dubois, a young and lively barrister who wanted to marry twenty thousand a year; and a poet, M. Guyard, who afterwards visited England, and was surprised at two things about us—one, that we could on a fine night see the Milky Way, which he had understood was an impossibility in this land of fogs; and the other, that we had such a fine cathedral as Westminster Abbey, which, he said, was a "poem in stone." There was also a Monsieur Barratier, who lived near, and amused us much by his droll speeches, and by his account of a plague of cats that threatened to turn him out of his house and home. Madame Barratier and her sister had a passion for

these domestic animals. They began with one, then added two more, all females. Their kittens soon increased in number, as the ladies would not suffer for a moment that even one should be destroyed. Their meals not only added greatly to the house-



DR. BONNET.

hold expenses, but poor Barratier himself often had to take his dinner on the staircase. Human nature, he said, could stand it no longer, and he revolted. He summoned up all his fortitude, and told his wife and her sister that they must get rid of their cats.

"Impossible!!!" they exclaimed.

"I am determined," said he.

"No! no! no!!" said they.

"Or Barratier or the cats," said he. "I give you half-an-hour to decide."

They asked to be allowed to keep two; this was denied them. One, then. "No, Madame, not even one." Finally, the ladies had to give in, the cats were sent away, and Barratier returned to his home and to the bosom of Madame Barratier.

Later on, another visitor came to the house, and passed under the name of Martin. He was very mysterious, kept to his own room, and never went out. He proved to be the celebrated Monsieur Cabet who scandalised the well-to-do Parisians by declaring that "property is theft." He was considered a dangerous character, a sort of cannibal, but was in reality one of the most amiable and gentle of men.

It may be imagined that, with such a company of Frenchmen, the conversations at the dinner-table were always animated, intelligent, and amusing. Monsieur Morand was not only an excellent mathematician, having been professor at the Athénée, but was as full of fun as he was of learning; indeed, so impressed was I with what seemed to me, as a boy, his wonderful talents, that I looked upon him as the greatest man of the *universe*, to use a French superlative; nor did a kinder soul ever breathe, although he was a red Republican and a friend of M. Cabet. His conversation was always interesting, and his language well chosen, for he spoke the

French of Voltaire. Pleasant, indeed, were our many talks as we paced the Bois de Boulogne, then quite a country wood. The works of the amiable Bernardin de St. Pierre were put into my hands, and formed a delightful guide to the *Étude de la Nature*. My schooling was no longer a difficult task, a painful effort of memory, but an agreeable, even a captivating pursuit.

But this is but a prefatory note which I make here, because it is, as it were, the *mise en scène*, the background of an event which was of enormous importance to France, and was the first great drama of real life that I had witnessed, namely, the Revolution of 1848.

SENTINELS.

V

THE REVOLUTION, 1848

I HAD noticed that the conversation at the dinner-table had become more and more animated, especially on Sundays, when our party was increased by some of the visitors mentioned in the last chapter. As I had not yet learnt enough French to understand the ins and outs of the conversation, I could only catch a word here and there, and from the tone and gesture of several of the speakers I fancied they were quarrelling, and even swearing at each other; for now and then a fist would come down on the table to give emphasis to

the sentence. Among this babel of voices, such expressions as the following caught my ear: "Nom de Dieu!" "Que diable!" "Sapristi!" "C'est la canaille!" "Des voleurs!" "Le grand imbécile!" "Le vieux poltron!" "Ce Louis Philippe!" "Mouchards!" "Traitres!" "Révolution!" and so on. But in the midst of it there would be much laughter, and there was evidently a contest between the lively high-toned barrister, M. Dubois, and the grave, deep-voiced, but humorous Dr. Ducro, as to which should say the wittiest and most cutting things about the Government. The names of Guizot, Thiers, Lamartine, Cavaignac, Emile de Girardin, Odillon Barrot, Ledru Rollin, Garnier Pages, Louis Blanc, Barbez, and others, constantly recurred, and when afterwards I asked for an explanation of what it all meant, the answer was, "Oh, they were only talking politics." But the old General du Bourg, with his white hair and black moustache, evidently said some unpleasant things, and demanded an explanation of the observations that had been made in his presence. He particularly objected to the epithet "mouchard" (spy) being used so often. This led to an altercation between him and M. Morand, and we heard high words between them after they had gone from the table.

The great event which our friends in the Avenue Marbœuf were discussing was the approaching Revolution of 1848, when Louis Philippe abdicated and made his escape from the Tuileries (as was said at the time), disguised as a footman; and a

Provisional Government was established, of which many of the intimate friends of my professor became members—notably Lamartine, the poet, who was President.

In those days I looked upon politics as things that grown-up people talked about as a kind of amusement, but I had no idea what they were. I heard that there was going to be a Revolution, but so neglected had been my education that I did not even know what that was; it seemed to be associated somehow with Catherine-wheels and squibs and General du Bourg. The following extracts from a diary I kept at the time will show how very fresh I was to the subject; indeed, the fact that one of my brother William's pigeons had laid an egg seemed to me of quite as much importance as the abdication of Louis Philippe, the King of the French.

Diaries are apt to include chronicles of the very smallest beer—even those of Pepys and Evelyn do not escape this failing, nor is the "diary of little Adolphus" any exception to the rule;—and but for the fact that it gives a glimpse of the Revolution of February 1848, and the subsequent tragic events of June, I should not have intruded it upon the reader. But as it recalls to the writer very vividly the moving drama enacted in Paris soon after he set foot there, it may prove interesting.

I will begin with a short specimen of the more domestic items included in its pages:—

Feb. 5th, 1848.—A row between General du Bourg and M. Morand.

7th.—The General very insolent.

12th.—M. Dulong gave me my first lesson in painting.

16th.—Heard there was going to be a Revolution. William's pigeons had a young one.

. . . . . .

17th.—More high words between the General and M. Morand. Patrice had a fight with the cook; he was walking off with something out of the kitchen.

22nd.—Revolution commenced.

Patrice's fight with the cook seems to have been the beginning of hostilities, a sort of farce or *lever de rideau* of the drama about to be enacted in Paris. On the 22nd the air seemed heavy with ominous sounds, and there was a great noise of drums beating to arms, the *rappel* was heard in all directions, which meant that the National Guards were called out, that all the butchers and bakers and candlestickmakers had to don their uniforms and to assist in keeping the peace. On the other hand, the working class, *le peuple*, otherwise the mob, were beginning to break it in good earnest, shouting vociferously, throwing stones, smashing windows and lamps, turning over omnibuses, carriages, cabs, and carts, tearing up the pavements (or rather the roads, which then were paved with stones as big as quartern loaves) to make barricades with, firing off guns, burning houses, bursting in doors and roaring excitedly, "À bas Guizot!" "À bas les Anglais!" "Vive la République!" "Vive la

réforme!" and I don't know what all. In fact, I began to think they meant to kill us all, and I was debating in my own mind where I could hide to be out of danger.

Some of the older students went out to see the "noise," but I, with other juveniles, looked at it from an upstairs window, from whence we could see to the end of the Avenue and on to the Champs Élysées. We had plenty to look at, even in our out-of-the-way street, and as night drew on the plot seemed to thicken, the distant sound of drums and musketry was increasing, a babel of voices rose on the air, and we saw a cart pass at the end of the road, full of dead bodies, their white faces lighted by torches, followed by the crowd singing "Mourir pour la Patrie."

Feb. 23rd.—The troops had been passing up and down our Avenue all night, and some attempt had been made at a barricade, but it was thrown down. The morning was comparatively quiet, and M. Morand said it was all over, but still he would not let us go to the Place Vendôme to take our dancing lesson. The fact was, the Revolution was not over, and on the 24th, Thursday, the diary states that the "Revolution was worse than ever." There was a great noise of drums and bugles and musketry, and even what sounded like the booming of cannon. Later on, the statement in the diary is brief but emphatic:—"Revolution finished. Louis Philippe has abdicated and made his escape; the mob threaten to behead him if they catch him, and

Guizot too. The Palais Royal has been sacked and burnt; the National Guard have fraternised with the workmen."

So far, my experience of the Revolution had been limited to what I could see of it from an upstairs window of our house, which was considerably removed from the scene of action; but in the afternoon M. Morand seemed to think there was no more danger, and took me, with several others, for a walk down the Champs Élysées. The day was gloomy, even foggy, and the first thing that struck me was to see whole companies of the regulars marching in solemn sadness, with scarcely a musket or a side-arm between them, and just a solitary drummer beating a sort of doleful measure like the Dead March in Saul. They had given up their weapons to the insurgents, with whom they had fraternised, and were going home to their barracks, to find them in flames. We met several regiments, all equally chopfallen. They were even without their cross-belts, and looked like a sombre set of mourners going to a funeral. They had not been victorious; they perhaps didn't want to be, and yet they might have been brooding over their voluntary defeat.

As a contrast to them, we met hundreds of workmen and men in blouses, belted and shakoed and armed to the teeth, but so drunk and lively that one did not apprehend much danger from them. Whether they had been charging at stone walls, or in their rollings and fallings had stabbed

their mother earth, I don't know, but many of their bayonets were bent back and hook-shaped, and there were scarcely any that had not some trophy on them ; in most cases, it was the round loaf, or two or three or even four round loaves that are served out to the troops, which they had no doubt helped themselves to, when they bravely broke into the undefended barracks and set them on fire.

The buildings that affected me most were those small stations for the "Corps de Garde," standing separately in the Champs Élysées and Tuileries Gardens, that had been occupied by the Garde Municipale, and had been surrounded by the mob and their inmates shot to a man. They were gutted and blackened, and still smouldering. The Municipal Guards were a fine set of fellows, half soldiers, half police, and for some reason were hated by the populace, and were cut down mercilessly, their only chance of escape being to throw away their uniforms and, if possible, put on a blouse or some other disguise.

We had now arrived within a few hundred yards of the Tuileries, and our professor, far from being alarmed for our safety, seemed himself to partake of the excitement of the crowd. In a few minutes more we were in front of one of the large iron gates facing the Rue de Rivoli ; it was closed, but M. Morand seemed to be inspired with command, and bade some of the men climb over it and undo the bolts, which was much easier than bursting it in. Up went a couple of

young fellows like monkeys, and in a minute or two more the gates opened and in rushed the mob with a deafening shout, and our little party with them.

The sight that presented itself was the strangest I have ever seen, and has remained in my memory almost as vividly as if it were yesterday—and yet it is now fifty years ago. The magnificent apartments of the Palace were soon filled with as strange a set of ruffians as you could meet anywhere; it seemed as if they were all mad or drunk, and yet they were as jolly as sandboys. They seemed positively to revel in destruction, and to yell with delight as they smashed and tore everything to pieces that they came across. There was scarcely a picture that was not cut into ribbons, and ornaments, however costly, were thrown down and broken to atoms. While I was standing in one of the grand apartments, looking on in wonder, a little man, with a sword almost as big as himself, stood in front of a magnificent mirror that reached from the floor to the ceiling; he surveyed it for a moment, and then, as though he were about to storm a town singlehanded, went deliberately up to it, and with one blow of his great cavalry blade shivered it to pieces. As they fell at his feet, he put on a grand air and said "Là!" as if this was one of the greatest deeds he had ever accomplished, and the proudest moment of his life.

This inherent love of destruction seems to be characteristic of the French; wherever their armies

have passed through conquered countries they have left this hateful mark behind them. I noticed it particularly in Spain, and in nine cases out of ten, when I came upon the ruins of some fine old building, I was told that the French were the destroyers.

But to return to our little looking-glass breaker. Whether we applauded his achievement or smiled at him, I forget, but he approached us with a menacing air and said, "À bas les Anglais!" We received his threat good-temperedly, and sang out in return, "Vive la République!" That softened his anger, especially as one of our party was quite strong enough to have knocked him down, big sword and all; so he then bade us farewell, saying, "C'est bien. Vive les Anglais!"

We followed along from room to room, and still the same mad scene of destruction was going on; not a pane of glass in the windows was left whole, and the handsome furniture, with its rich embroidery and gilt framework, was thrown out into the courtyard to make a bonfire.

When we came to the bedrooms we found grimy black-bearded fellows dressed up in lace caps and ladies' nightgowns. Some were in the beds, screaming and laughing, and no doubt making coarse jokes; others, enveloped in counterpanes, paraded the rooms; and others, who had broken into the chapel, had put on the richly embroidered priests' robes and were dancing the "can-can" in them. In fact, every outrage that could be thought of in their monkey madness was resorted to. Even the

ladies' desks as well as their wardrobes were ransacked, and their love-letters and other documents private and confidential were mockingly read aloud amid roars of laughter. Oh, the French are a lively people!

After we had had enough of this pandemonium, we made our way out of it without molestation, and were not sorry to get into the open air again. I heard, however, several shots fired in the courtyard at the back of the Tuileries; my brother looked out of window and said he saw a man shot for thieving, and several others had shared the same fate. "Mort aux Voleurs" was written up all over the place. People might smash as much as they liked—that was simply looked upon as evincing patriotic feeling, a hatred of kings and princes and a love for the Republic; but to take anything away was quite another thing, and the penalty was instant death.

While we were listening outside to a man who was haranguing the crowd from the great balcony in most heroic style, and requesting them to name *him* the President of the Republic, we saw an amusing incident connected with this "Mort aux Voleurs." A half-drunken fellow was carrying an enormous bundle of candles (I should say many pounds of them), when another fellow accosted him and asked him what business he had with them. "These are the bougies from the Château," said he. "Thou hast stolen them! give them up at once or I will have thee shot as a thief. Mort aux Voleurs! n'est-ce-pas?" and he pointed to the notice. The

possessor of the candles gave them up like a lamb without saying a word, and the other quietly walked off with them.

As we returned home, we saw more troops marching sullenly along, unarmed as the others were. All the guard-houses we passed were burnt out, and several of the large barracks along the quay on the other side of the river were on fire.

. . . . . .

Early on the morning after these events we heard martial sounds in our Avenue, a clanking of arms and beating of drums, accompanied by loud shouts of "Vive la République!" "Vive le Général du Bourg!"

A small army of men in blouses stood without the gates of our courtyard demanding admission. Surely they have come to take us prisoners or to order us all out to immediate execution. The gates were flung open by the *concierge*, and in marched a strange regiment, that might have matched that of Sir John Falstaff. It drew up in tolerable order in front of our house, and consisted of some hundred or more men, variously accoutred but very unwashed, who looked determined and as if they meant business.

The General went out and harangued them from the front doorsteps, and his speech was received with deafening applause.

I began to feel reassured, and looked on from an upstairs window. The General's disputes with M. Morand crossed my mind, but I must say I felt a

great sense of relief when I found that the motley crowd below was simply a guard of honour that had come to carry off our General in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville, whether to proclaim him President of the Republic I did not know, but they soon took their departure, headed by the General and his son. The destinies of France, however, were not entrusted to these gentlemen; and there was an ill-natured rumour that the Général du Bourg was not a General at all, and that Patrice was the son of a cook—not the one, let us hope, that he had the fight with.

Although we could still hear the report of fire-arms from time to time, we went out to see the ruins of the barracks and other buildings that had been burnt by the insurgents, expecting to come across some terrible evidences of the fight. But, strange to say, Paris had resumed in a great measure its ordinary appearance; most of the shops were open, and the ladies were out walking as usual, as though nothing had happened.

On the 26th M. Dulong came in the uniform of the National Guard to give me my painting lesson; he had been in the thick of the battle and had seen strange sights, but like the others had fraternised with the people, although I don't think he had any brotherly love for them. Another sign of the times was the arrival of the flute-master, I forget whether in uniform or not; but he brought the music of the "Marseillaise" and the "Girondins" for my brother William. Everybody was singing the "Marseil-

laise," and we all sang or rather shouted it, from M. Morand to "le petit Joseph," Madame playing the accompaniment.

I am indebted to the diary for the above details, and that they give touches of colour to my story must be my excuse for introducing them. Indeed, its brief notes bring vividly before me the scenes I then witnessed.

I can see old Paris as it was half a century ago, with its narrow and picturesque streets, many of them without pavements for foot passengers, and lighted at night by the dim glimmer of oil lamps that swung on a rope suspended across the road; although the principal thoroughfares, such as the Champs Élysées, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Boulevards had grand rows of gas lamps.

The gardens of the Tuileries, with their long avenues of horse-chestnuts and limes, their orange trees and beds of flowers, and their many statues, were full of life and gaiety, the sun shining, fountains playing, children romping, their nursemaids in their pretty caps and aprons sitting at work chatting and laughing, whilst the vendors of "pain d'épice," "orgeat," "la limonade" and "les plaisirs," plied their trades with all their characteristic liveliness.

The Boulevards and the Palais Royal were full of "flâneurs," folk who sauntered along with a sort of lazy grace, smoking their cigarettes as though they had nothing else to do and had no cares or troubles; for the well-to-do Frenchman generally gets his work over early and devotes the rest of his

time to the enjoyment of life, sitting outside the cafés sipping coffee and "le petit verre," chaffing his neighbour and the passers-by, *pour passer le temps.* In fact, all the world seemed to live out of doors and to be as sociable as if they were one big family party. When your Frenchman is in a good humour he is one of the most civilised and delightful creatures of the human race; but when ground down by poverty, when oppressed by injustice and bad government, and when his angry passions rise, he is like a lunatic out of Bedlam, to his own sorrow.

I could go on for many pages recalling the Paris of fifty years ago, but the pleasure would probably be more on my side than on that of the reader. Modern Paris is much more magnificent, and the French, if they are great destroyers, as I said just now, have the faculty of replacing with interest the buildings they destroy. Besides, my Paris of those days was very much limited to the four walls of the establishment of M. Morand, to the house in the Avenue Marbœuf, which house has shared the fate of the Tuileries, and disappeared from the scene; the Avenue Marbœuf, then almost a lane or back street, is now quite Kensingtonian with its big mansions.

In those days, too, narrow streets and tumble-down houses encumbered the space between the Tuileries and the Louvre, and there were print-shops and bookstalls almost up to the very entrance door of the Musée, or Picture Gallery. Many a time did I admire some picture by Prud'hon or

Girodet, such as "La Vengeance Divine poursuivant le Crime" by the former, and the "Chactas et Atala" by the latter, and looked with envious eyes on engravings of them in those very print-shops; and many a time have I gone both there and on the *quais*, where I could pick up old volumes with red edges and leather bindings at prices varying from two to twenty sous, and carried home a treasure for the aforesaid sum which was the nucleus of a future library.

SKETCH TAKEN OF PARIS BY MOONLIGHT DURING THE CIVIL WAR OF JUNE 1848.

VI

CIVIL WAR

SINCE the events narrated in the last chapter, there have been fêtes, illuminations, rejoicings, and grand military displays; there has been a procession of troops many miles long, that took from eight in the morning till eleven at night to pass up the Champs Élysées to the Barrière de l'Étoile, where detachments from every regiment in France received new flags. But still Paris is unsettled, and the dogs of war are howling to be let loose.

The cry for labour and for bread is growing louder and louder, the scheme of the "Ateliers Nationaux" (the National Workshops) has not succeeded, and a more terrible tragedy than the Revolution of February is about to be enacted.

We had left the house in the Avenue Marbœuf, and had taken up our quarters in Beaujon, a quiet locality on the opposite side of the Champs Élysées, and not far from the old place. Its avenues were enclosed by gates and named after the poets—one was called Avenue Lord Byron. Here, besides our other studies, we were taught military exercises, were regularly drilled by a sergeant of the line, and had to handle muskets quite out of proportion to our small bodies, and very heavy to bring up to the shoulder. I speak of little Joseph and myself, as several of the older students had left. Later on these exercises formed a subject of inquiry by the authorities, who seemed to look upon us as worthy of being suspected. It is quite true that some of the *gamins* of Paris did a good deal of mischief from behind the barricades, and even in front of them, during the affair of June which was now on the eve of commencing.

Louis Napoleon had just come upon the scene; he had been elected a "Représentant du peuple," and claimed admission to the Chamber of Deputies. By some he was looked upon with suspicion, especially by M. Morand and his friends; for, during their conversations at the dinner-table, I often heard the terms adventurer and charlatan applied to him. I see by the diary, which I must again refer to, that on the 10th of June 1848, "there is a fuss about Napoleon;" and on the 13th, that we went to the Place de la Concorde and saw the cavalry charge the mob, supported by the infantry, who charged

with fixed bayonets. "Heard that Louis Napoleon had been received into the Chamber of Deputies."

This event is indelibly fixed on my memory, for I made a sketch of it in my lesson book. It was a hot sunny day in June. Monsieur and Madame Morand, Joseph, and I went for a walk as usual, little suspecting that anything out of the way was going to happen. When we arrived at the Place de la Concorde, rather inappropriately named, we saw troops stationed round the Chambre des Députés and also on the Place; but to look on the scene no one would have suspected that any mischief was brewing, one would rather have supposed that some fair was going on, or that it was a general holiday. There was a considerable crowd, and the usual gaiety prevailed. The vendors of cakes and lemonade, of orgeat and les plaisirs were doing good business, and many workmen were lying stretched their full length sleeping and basking in the sun. Presently, as if by magic, all started to their feet and took to their heels, and I have never seen so many legs up in the air all at once either before or since. And then I noticed a glittering of steel and helmets, and a shaking of plumes. The dragoons were charging the mob, there was a rush, and a hue and cry, and a general scampering to the right. I saw the infantry lower their bayonets and clear all before them in another direction.

Our little party took refuge under the colonnade in front of the hotel of the Minister of Marine, and

were almost the sole occupants of that long corridor, which is enclosed by iron railings. Seeing us there, a small body of lancers formed at the end of it, and seemed to threaten us with a charge; but M. Morand stepped forward and appealed to the officer, saying—"Vous voyez bien que ce ne sont pas des combattants," pointing to little Joseph, and myself, and Madame. The gallant troopers eyed us for a moment, then turned their horses' heads and galloped off in another direction.

We soon made our way home after this, though we were not allowed to pass through the line of troops that had formed up without a great deal of explanation on the part of our professor. About two days later, on June 22nd, was the beginning of the Civil War.

"No fighting yet," says the diary; "but the workmen (le peuple) are insulting the National Guard (les bourgeois), and shouting 'À bas Lamartine!' 'Vive Barbez!'"

June 23rd, Thursday.—"Fighting began about ten o'clock this morning between the National Guards and the workmen. Barricades have been thrown up in the night by the latter, one near the Porte St. Martin nearly as high as a house. The National Guard tried to storm it, and twenty-five of them were killed; the rest made their escape, leaving their muskets behind them."

In the evening the sound of cannon was heard in the distance, guns firing rapidly one after another, and a beating of drums in all directions.

June 24th, Friday.—"Fighting has been going on without ceasing, cannon firing all night; besides which there was a continuous sound of troops entering Paris, and dragging their guns along with them."

The moon, I remember, was shining brightly, and as the weather was warm, I sat at the open window and made a sketch of the effect.[1] Sentinels were posted all along our avenue, and every now and then I heard the call, "Sentinelle, prenez-garde à vous." This call was taken up by the next, who was some little way off, then by a third, and so on till it died away in the distance; but still it came round again, and I fell asleep notwithstanding the boom of cannon, and the faint call of "Sentinelle, prenez-garde à vous."

June 25th, Saturday.—"Heard this morning that the workmen—that is to say, the Red Republicans—are in great force in the Quartier St. Jacques, and have built a fortress by the Pantheon. A great number have been killed on both sides, for there has been some hard fighting. The people have five or six cannon, but they lost St. Jacques in the evening, and the combat ceased for a short time. Paris is in a state of siege, and under military law. Fighting has just begun again in the Rue St. Antoine. . . . The fighting has been going on all night, cannon roaring without ceasing."

June 26th, Sunday.—"The National Guard have taken up their quarters in Beaujon, close to our

[1] See illustration, p. 34.

house. They paid us a visit yesterday to see if we had any firearms in the place. Little Joseph and I begin to feel we are dangerous characters. I am not sure whether I am a Red Republican or not.

"We have heard terrible accounts of the fight. There has been great loss of life; the 25th legion of the Garde-Mobile has been nearly annihilated. It consists chiefly of quite young men, 'les enfants du peuple,' and they have been remorselessly slaughtered by their own fathers, and their heads exhibited by women. It is said that a number were taken prisoners, and their captors cut their throats in cold blood and left them lying in the road.

"Out of 800 Garde-National, Garde-Mobile, and Grenadiers, only 200 remained alive, and out of 700 others 550 were killed, and out of forty-six officers of the Garde-Mobile only fourteen survived. Three generals were killed. It is said that the troops have taken the Faubourg St. Antoine, but we cannot be sure, as no one is allowed to pass to bring news. Twelve journalists have been arrested."

These notes were jotted down from time to time during the day, for we had little inclination to set to work while such excitement was in the air and such terrible deeds were being enacted.

June 27th, Monday.—"Fighting has ceased; the battle is over; the people are vanquished.

We have heard that the Archbishop of Paris was shot while ministering to the dying, and trying to make peace. Some thousands have fallen on both sides, including ten or twelve general officers."

That there was such terrible carnage, and that the battle lasted so long, may perhaps be accounted for partly by the fact that in February, when the troops and the National Guards fraternised with the people, they gave up their arms to them, little thinking that they themselves would in a few short months become the victims of those very weapons. "It is said that about 16,000 have fallen and about 8000 insurgents have been made prisoners, many of whom were shot afterwards in cold blood."

Some days after the fight I overheard two soldiers of the line talking together at a lemonade and ginger-beer stall, whither they and I had gone for refreshment. The one had just told the other how many he and his company had shot that morning, and that there were so many hundred more to be shot the next day. I must say that it gave me a shudder when I heard of this murdering in cold blood after the fight was over. One would have thought there had been quite enough blood spilt without this.

It is fortunate that the troops kept possession of the Hôtel de Ville, and so prevented the mob from getting the reins of government into their own hands, for they were driven to desperation; about 120,000 had been receiving state wages, but

the workshops were being closed, and the cry of the people was "Le travail ou la mort." It was the want of bread and the fear of starvation that wrought them up to frenzy and made them fight like demons. Had they got the upper hand a reign of terror would probably have set in, and there would have been no mercy shown to the hated bourgeois, the respectable shopkeeper.

For some time after this the Champs Élysées presented a curious sight; the whole place was one vast camp, covered with straw, where men and horses were lying down together. Cavaignac and Lamoricière, determined not to be beaten, had brought so many troops into Paris—I believe over 60,000—that there was no room for them in the barracks, and they had to bivouac in any of the open spaces that were available. Some of the men were cooking, some lolling about smoking, some brushing up their uniforms, cleaning their arms, and making themselves tidy. It was rather amusing to see the dragoons blacking and polishing the leathern part of each other's breeches, the one who was being polished standing bent down and leaning on a stool; then when he was finished he performed the same office for his friend.

On the 6th of July there was a grand funeral of those who had fallen in this Civil War. It was, of course, a grand show—quite *à la française!* Mass for the dead was solemnised in a chapel erected on the Place de la Concorde for that purpose, and almost on the very spot where the first

charge of cavalry took place, on the 13th of the previous month, the charge that inaugurated this terrible and miserable fight between citizen and citizen, between father and son, a fight in which whoever conquered must regret even the victory.

THE WIDOW.

MIRTH.

VII

THE ARTS OF PEACE

MY painting master, Monsieur Jean Louis Dulong, was a very modest man, for he only charged twenty-five francs a month for two lessons a week, or at the rate of half-a-crown a lesson, and came all the way from the Rue des Beaux Arts, or somewhere in that quarter, to give

them. He was an excellent painter, in the smooth French manner, and the chief thing he taught me was to take pains. When I showed him some specimens of the work I had done in England, among them a copy of a river piece by Richard Wilson, with the paint dabbed on pretty thick and the forms left almost entirely to the imagination, he said it was an *ébauche* (only a sketch), that it led to nothing, and that if I wanted to learn to paint I must carefully copy the work before me, touch for touch, line for line, and that in proceeding carefully, though slowly, I should accomplish my task much more rapidly than by hurrying and making a dash, and he impressed upon me the advice of Boileau—

> "Hâtez vous lentement et sans perdre courage,
> Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage."

Later on he gave me a letter of introduction to the authorities at the Louvre, and in September 1848, to my great delight, I found myself perched on a high stool, with a big canvas in front of me, copying "La Vengeance Divine poursuivant le Crime," by Prud'hon, which at that time I admired much more than the masterpieces of Titian, Rubens, and Paul Veronese. I also copied the "Endymion" of Girodet, and his "Chactas and Atala"; I took especial pleasure in the subject, as well as in the clean smooth workmanship of the picture. As at that time I had no idea of ever becoming an artist, I looked upon my task as a

pleasant pastime, and thought it a very fine thing to be painting in the Louvre.

Perhaps, after all, this was the best way to

M. J. L. DULONG.

begin—to start from the bottom of the ladder and climb upwards, instead of starting at the top with Titian, and tumbling downwards. Nor did I have

to go through that painful drudgery with a fine-pointed piece of chalk, passing months and months copying in meaningless stipple a cylinder or a cone, or some other hideous art-school object, which, though it may pass you into an upper class, lulls and dulls the intellect, and wastes the most precious days of a student's life.

As the tyro cannot appreciate the beauties of the great masters, he cannot copy them, so let him learn to take pains, and then he may dash away and be as masterly as he likes.

Thank you, good Monsieur Dulong, for teaching me this lesson. On the previous page is your portrait, which I drew in my lesson-book while you were patiently showing me how to paint a shipwreck.

VIII

THE ARTIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

MY artistic talent, such as it was, not infrequently helped to enliven the hour at the breakfast table. "Le déjeûner à la fourchette" I think an admirable institution. It is served at about eleven o'clock, when one has already done three good hours' work; it is a cross between our nine o'clock English breakfast and our half-past one o'clock luncheon, or rather I should say it combines the two, and does not break up the day so inconveniently.

BUBBLES.

At M. Morand's we used to take coffee (café au lait) and a roll and butter at about seven or half-past, and got well to work by eight o'clock, only leaving off when the welcome sound of the breakfast bell summoned us to my favourite meal. After it was over we had our time to ourselves to go out for a walk until one o'clock, when we went to work again till five, and after that

threw aside our algebra and our conic sections to enjoy our dinner and our ease. If it was summer time, we took long walks through the Bois or down into Paris, and on Sundays frequently went as far as St. Cloud, that delightful old palace (since destroyed), with its charming views, its fountains, its terraces, and all its other attractions.

"Le déjeûner à la fourchette" consisted of several dishes, more or less light, but much to my taste, with "pain à discretion" and "vin" in "abondance," that is, with abundance of water. It was on these occasions that M. Morand would get a good deal of fun out of a simple observation. It would gradually get elaborated into a story, which I was generally called upon to illustrate on the blackboard with white chalk, for the board on which we worked out our problems stood over the stove in the dining-room, which was also our class-room.

For instance: Mr. Wood, a closely-cropped, red-haired bachelor, had lately arrived from London, and M. Morand asked him, in the course of conversation, at what part he resided. He lived at Barnes, he said, "a little above Chelsea."

"Oh, then you probably know Chelsea College?"

"Chelsea College?" said Mr. Wood, as though he were thinking what place was meant. "Chelsea College?" he repeated. "No, Monsieur, I don't think I do."

M. Morand, with mock gravity, turned to his wife and said, "How is this?"

Now, Madame Morand had for several years before her marriage lived with the family of Sir John Wilson, who was formerly governor of Chelsea Hospital, but which Madame always called Chelsea College, as though it were a seat of learning instead of the home of old soldiers; and whenever her husband asked her where such and such a place was, she always replied that it was so far from Chelsea College. Thus, Westminster Abbey would be about two miles from Chelsea College.

"And where is Manchester?"

"Manchester is about 186 miles from Chelsea College," and so on.

At last M. Morand exclaimed, "Alors, Chelsea Collège c'est le centre de l'univers, et le soleil doit être à peu près trente-deux millions de lieux de Chelsea Collège, n'est-ce-pas?"

"But," said Madame M. to Mr. Wood, "you perhaps do not pass that way. Do you ever go to the city?"

"Oh yes, every day."

"And how do you go?"

"By steamboat, and return by steamboat."

"Why, then," said she, "you must pass Chelsea College twice every day."

"Comment!" said M. Morand. "How is this? Is Chelsea College a myth? Is it a creation of my wife's fancy, this centre of the universe of which I have heard so much? since here is Monsieur Vood, who has passed by the place twice a day for the last twelve years, and has never yet seen it."

And turning to me he would say, "Voyons, Adolphe, here is a problem; how can you account for this strange phenomenon?".

We would then all of us set to work to discover some reason for it. Did Mr. Wood always have his back to the place when he passed it, or was he so busy reading the *Times* that he never remarked it? No, he could not always take up the same position for twelve years. These and several other theories were started, but we reminded the Professor that Madame had frequently referred to the cabbages at Chelsea College. "True," said he, and a light seemed to dawn upon him. "I remember now that whenever we have cabbages for dinner Madame always says they are not so fine as those that grow at Chelsea College."

At last we had solved the riddle! Those cabbages have no doubt been growing and increasing to such an extent that at last they are no longer mere vegetables but have become shrubs, and from shrubs have grown into trees, and in fact are now so large that the pensioners can sit under them —and these cabbages quite conceal the College from view, especially from any one passing on the river. So Adolphe had to take the chalk and delineate the Chelsea cabbages with the pensioners sitting under them, and only the chimney-pots of the famous centre of the universe seen above them.

This was the sort of playful nonsense we indulged in at the breakfast-table, sometimes at the

expense of one, sometimes of another. "Le petit Joseph," as he was called, used to brag a good deal about Spanish America, and an uncle of his who was the captain of a ship. Of course this captain became as great a hero as Chelsea College had become a mystery, and was represented as a giant with an enormous cocked hat and feathers, a big sword, and a circular telescope with which he could see all round the world. He was called "le capitaine de Joseph," and was of such wonderful proportions that he could carry any ordinary ship under his arm; indeed, to relate half the exploits and extraordinary adventures of this great hero would take a volume.

Among countless other subjects for the pencil, or rather for the white chalk, was a little incident *à propos* of mint sauce. A discussion had recently taken place as to the relative virtues of French and English cooking, in which M. Dubois, le Docteur Ducro, M. Barratier, and others, maintained the superiority of "la cuisine française," and Madame Morand, Mr. Wood, and the English boys stuck up for the roast beef of their native land. Thereupon Madame said that she would treat them all next Sunday to a thoroughly British dish, and as lamb was in season, we were to have a leg of lamb with mint sauce, "une véritable sauce anglaise." This was to be a test experiment, and she felt confident that they would all acknowledge its excellence.

Sunday arrived, and with it the several guests,

full of curiosity to try the English sauce. The lamb was put upon the table, accompanied by a tureen of vinegar sweetened with sugar and flavoured with mint. Each one helped himself to it very plentifully, especially M. Dubois, who soaked his meat in it so thoroughly that you would have thought he had a plate of soup in front of him instead of a cut off the joint. I shall never forget the various expressions of the guests after they had taken the first mouthful of "la sauce anglaise." M. Morand said nothing, but quietly tilted his plate and put a piece of bread under it to separate the sauce from the meat; the Doctor sat back in his chair and looked round at the others, aghast; another tried to empty the sauce into his neighbour's plate. But Dubois, the avocat, literally screamed, and said in a high voice, as though he were addressing the court, "Madame, votre sauce est exécrable!" Another called it "originale"; another apologised for not being able to agree with Madame that it was excellent. Fortunately there were other dishes to follow, and the catastrophe of the "sauce anglaise" was soon followed by merriment. During dessert I was called upon to depict the scene on the blackboard, but I am afraid that only a Hogarth could have done it justice. However, the wry faces, the mouths drawn down and the eyebrows drawn up, the attitude of M. Dubois, and the English sauce bowl dancing a sort of Highland fling in the middle of the table, made a very amusing picture. I need hardly add that this was the first and last time that

"la sauce anglaise" made its appearance at the table of Madame Morand.

Now and then a political subject would be suggested, such as "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité." This was represented, first by some poor devils who were at Liberty to go to prison; second, Equality by a number of dead men lying on the ground; and Fraternity by a figure of a war goddess and people engaged in a desperate fight, cannon firing, heads flying off, and so on.

But I have said quite enough to explain the functions of the Artist at the Breakfast-table.

A STUDY.

IX

HOME AGAIN

A HOLIDAY at Fontainebleau in the autumn; strolls through the palace gardens, reminding me of Hampton Court; and long and delightful walks through the forest accompanied by M. Morand and Mr. Wood, who, notwithstanding his maps and his guides, generally lost his way; our return to Paris by the river, and the many picturesque places we passed, which made me long to be

an artist; these bring back pleasant recollections, but in too dreamy and sketchy a shape for me to say more about them.

I stayed for another year in Paris with my good friends the Morands, studying the various branches of polite learning considered necessary to the education of youth, and continued my painting lessons and copying in the Louvre under the guidance of M. Dulong. I returned to England at the end of December 1849 in time to spend Christmas at home, but not without sincere regret at parting with my French friends. I had not only been happy with them, but I had added almost a new existence to my former one.

I had become a Frenchman as well as an Englishman. I could enjoy their thoughts, their tastes, their art, and their literature as well as our own; and I had learned the great lesson, which I had not learned at my school in Surrey, that the cultivation of the reasoning faculty is the basis of education, and that a broad and unprejudiced view of all things is not only good for the heart, but the most certain guide for a citizen of the world; in fact, I had learned to be a cosmopolitan.

A SKETCH.

X

LESLIE

THE author of a "Handbook for Young Painters," had he not been so modest, would perhaps have given a more suitable title to one of the soundest and most useful works on art that we possess.

As the title of his book stands it is a little misleading, for any one advanced in years will, if he dips into its charming pages, find that, contrary to his expectation, they contain not food for mere babes and sucklings, but for the mature thinker and the true lover of art. But such was the gentle and retiring disposition of the man who wrote it, that he thought as much too little of himself as others greatly his inferiors think too much. In

studying that book side by side with the pictorial work of its author, one cannot resist the conviction that the artist's modesty was not a mere sentiment, but that he was more aware of his own deficiencies than he was of his great excellences.

It is often painfully evident to a man who has all the acute perception of a connoisseur that however much he may admire the work of others, he is not always capable of arriving at a like perfection, just as we may admire the strength of an athlete who can lift an enormous weight—and be fully conscious that we could not lift it ourselves. But in the case of Leslie such defects as he had were made up for by a perfect knowledge of his craft, a broad expressive touch, an elegant refinement, and a keen sense of character and humour.

Those for whom he painted were, as a rule, noblemen and gentlemen, who found in his pictures the same refinement that they lived amongst; nor did they look for art for art's sake, but for some story that interested them told tastefully and pleasantly on canvas. In fact, Leslie was an illustrator —a charming illustrator of the literature of the eighteenth century, of Addison, Pope, Swift, Fielding, Sterne, Goldsmith, and Smollett, and also of Cervantes, Shakespeare, Molière, Milton, and Scott. It was perhaps his destiny to be so. It was the fashion of his time, for he seldom invented a subject; yet when he did, he gave to the world such exquisite designs as "the Mother nursing her Infant." But it is not as a painter that I write of Leslie, but

as a sweet character; and not with the pen of a critic, but of a sketcher from memory.

Time approves or disapproves the work of an

SKETCH BY C. R. LESLIE.

artist. Its commercial value is often shifting, depending in a great measure on the current of feeling that characterises a generation; and the present loud, bustling, bragging, advertising community looks

coldly on the productions of the painters of the middle of the nineteenth century. But still, methinks that the name of the painter of "Sancho and the Duchess," of "Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman," and that perfect "Mother and Child," will live long and honourably in the history of British art.

It was my good fortune to become acquainted with Charles Robert Leslie, R.A., soon after my return from France, and at the momentous period when I was entering on the career of an artist. I remember it was with a beating heart and a trembling hand that I knocked at his door in Abercorn Place, one morning in the year 1851. I was shown into a drawing-room so tastefully arranged that it would have been difficult to match it even in Paris, and almost for the first time in my life I looked upon engravings after the great masters of the English school of painting, namely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Constable, Gainsborough, and others; for these, including prints from Watteau, were the chief ornaments on the walls. I was the more astonished at their beauty, because I had been told in Paris that we English knew nothing about art, in fact, we did not even know how to draw, and the reason given was the dreadful climate of "l'Île Britannique"; that the fogs not only prevented us from seeing the Milky Way, but concealed even the beauties of nature from our phlegmatic vision.

While these things were passing in my mind the door opened, and a sort of electric shock passed

through me, a momentary dread of what I know not; but it was at once dispelled when I saw the kind face of the gentleman who advanced to shake hands with me. After a few preliminary words I ventured to undo the parcel of "things" I had brought from Paris, which he looked at very quietly, and without the least emotion, while I looked down at the carpet.

It was now the turn of the English artist to have a shot at the French; my copies of "The Burial of Atala," "La Vengeance Divine poursuivant le Crime," and "The Sleep of Endymion," after Prud'hon and Girodet, were, he said, very well painted for a lad of fifteen, but the style of these French painters was greatly inferior to that of the Italian and Dutch schools, and he recommended me, if I went to Paris again, to make studies from Titian and Veronese, who were fine colourists, and from Terburg and Metzu, who were perfect masters of their craft, although their subjects were not of a very elevated character.

Mr. Leslie was then Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy, and invited me to his lectures, which were certainly the most delightful I ever attended; not only for their interest and the sound principles they enunciated, but from the manner in which they were illustrated by pictures and engravings, borrowed for the occasion; so that if he spoke of Reynolds, or Raphael, or other masters, he would be able to point to some painting by him or print from his work to corroborate his teaching.

I need perhaps hardly remind the reader that his "Handbook for Young Painters" is to a great extent the outcome of these lectures, and, as already

KILBURN FIELDS—NOW BUILT OVER.

stated, it is one of the soundest guides the student can have, either as artist or critic. It only requires illustrating as the lectures were, to make it a still

more valuable companion, not only to students, but to all lovers of art.

After this first interview I spent many pleasant days and evenings with Leslie and his family, and when I look back to them I seem to enjoy them all over again. There was something quite unique in this charming English home—full of sunshine and laughter, full of originality, refinement, humour, and kindliness.

George Leslie, the present R.A., became my daily companion. We took long walks together in the fields, which in those days were not far off; we had long talks, full of enthusiasm, about art, and looked forward to doing great things. A world of beauty opened out before us, which we were to help to adorn, and we sallied forth with our sketch-books to cull from nature the materials for future pictures. We were full of youth, and mirth, and hope, with few misgivings as to our ultimate success.

I remember, when I first knew the Leslies, coming in one day just as they were at lunch, and how quaint and pretty Mrs. Leslie looked as she sat at the head of the table with her snow-white napkin tucked under her chin; and how she advised me to paint nothing but life-size portraits for the next four years: "for," said she, "it teaches you to paint with boldness and vigour; nothing but life-size portraits for the next four years, Mr. Storey." "Very good advice," said Mr. Leslie; and when I said something about the difficulty of getting people to sit to a beginner, she offered to

lend me her three daughters. "Oh!" said one; "No!" said another; but Miss Leslie (Harriet) consented at once, provided I painted her at six o'clock in the morning. It was then suggested that Mrs. Leslie should sit first of all, whereupon the same witty young lady remarked, "If you can paint a portrait of her, Mr. Storey, it will be more than any one else can do; for how can you draw her features when she hasn't any? You look for her nose, for instance, and you say, 'Where is it?'"

As I was then living at home in Marlborough Place, I often used to drop in at Abercorn Place, and remember many a cosy chat round the fire before the lamp was lighted. It was then that Leslie would tell many of those stories about Scott and Wilkie, Sydney Smith, Washington Irving, Charles Lamb, Turner, and other interesting characters, that make his "Autobiographical Recollections" such delightful reading; and it was then, too, that Harriet Leslie would come out with those quaint sayings which were so humorously cruel. Among others, a certain military R.A. came in for some sharp taps. For instance, one evening she was asked what she was thinking about. "Well," she said, "I was thinking of going to the Lowther Arcade and buying little Jones a new box of soldiers. He has painted the old ones so often that I am quite tired of them. I think, now, some tin ones on horseback would be just the thing." At another time, referring to his supposed wonderful

likeness to the old Duke of Wellington, she said, "You know, he was afraid to go out on the day of the Duke's funeral for fear they should bury him."

We were one night speaking of Lady E., and saying what a fine handsome woman she was, —she was nearly a head taller than her husband. "Yes," said Miss Harriet, "but she is quite out of perspective; don't you think," addressing her father, "that little Knight could do something for her?" Little Knight, as he was called, was then Professor of Perspective at the Royal Academy.

I remember that one evening a mild young man came in, who required drawing out, so Miss H. asked him what he had been doing? "Well," he said, rather shyly, "I've been writing a poem."

"Oh! have you indeed? I see you have been growing a moustache too."

"Yes," he said, still more shyly, and putting his hand over it as if he were ashamed of it; "but I'm thinking of cutting it off."

"Oh, don't do that!" said she; "I think it is very becoming. If I were you, I should cut off my poem and leave my moustache."

Speaking of another young man who has since become famous, who was then very pale, with hair almost white, eyebrows scarcely visible, and light grey eyes, she said, "What a pity they ever washed him! you see, he wasn't fast colours."

It must not be supposed that this witty young lady was as cruel as some of her remarks would make her appear; indeed, she was kindness itself,

but with an irresistible flow of fun and an original way of looking at things and of expressing her thoughts. Indeed, she was not unlike the Duchess in "Don Quixote," and might perhaps almost have assisted at the adventure of the peerless knight and his squire on the wooden horse Clavileno. And she certainly might have sat for the Duchess in her father's beautiful picture in the National Gallery.

The following notes from an old diary, written three years before Leslie's death—that is, in 1856—recall a pleasant evening spent in his company.

"When I arrived, Leslie and Watkiss Lloyd were sitting in the garden discussing art.

"Mr. Leslie said, 'If you paint a fruit piece it must be beautifully coloured and quite perfect in the painting or it is worthless, because the subject itself is nothing.'

"'You speak, then, of the technicalities of art?' said Mr. Lloyd.

"'When I speak of art I only speak of the technical part, of that part which is peculiar to itself, belonging to it alone; I don't speak of the story or idea, for these may belong to other things, which colour and dexterous handling of the brush cannot; and indeed a story may often be better conveyed by words than by painting.'

"Speaking of Raphael, he said: 'His pictures are beautiful for their expression, their grace, their elegant composition, as well as for their subjects.' He then added, 'Finely drawn lines combining harmoniously are like fine music.'

"Speaking of a small picture by De Hooghe, he said: 'Now that picture is to me like a fine air in music, for it is full of harmony of colour, with a beautiful glow of sunshine in it, although the subject is an ugly old woman, an ugly man smoking a pipe, and a still more ugly child looking on; and yet the sunshine, the clear air, the composition, all are beautiful.'

"He told us several amusing stories, one of when he was first introduced to Scott at Abbotsford. They were sitting in the hall when a bell rang. 'What bell is that?' said Scott; 'can it be a visitor? I don't expect one.' Some one suggested that it might be the dinner-bell.

"'Oh no,' said Sir Walter, 'for I've a very quick ear for the dinner-bell; it strikes upon it

> 'Like the sweet South
> That breathes upon a bank of violets
> Stealing and giving odour.'

"He told us that he went to Scotland with Sir Edwin Landseer by sea. The latter, a very bad sailor, went at once to his berth and lay down. Terry the actor, who was also on board, took a plate of ham-sandwiches down to him, which he advised him to eat to keep off sea-sickness. Landseer groaned and told him to leave them, so he placed them by his side. The next morning, when they went to see how he was, they saw he had passed a restless night, for he was covered all over with ham-sandwiches; ham here, bread and

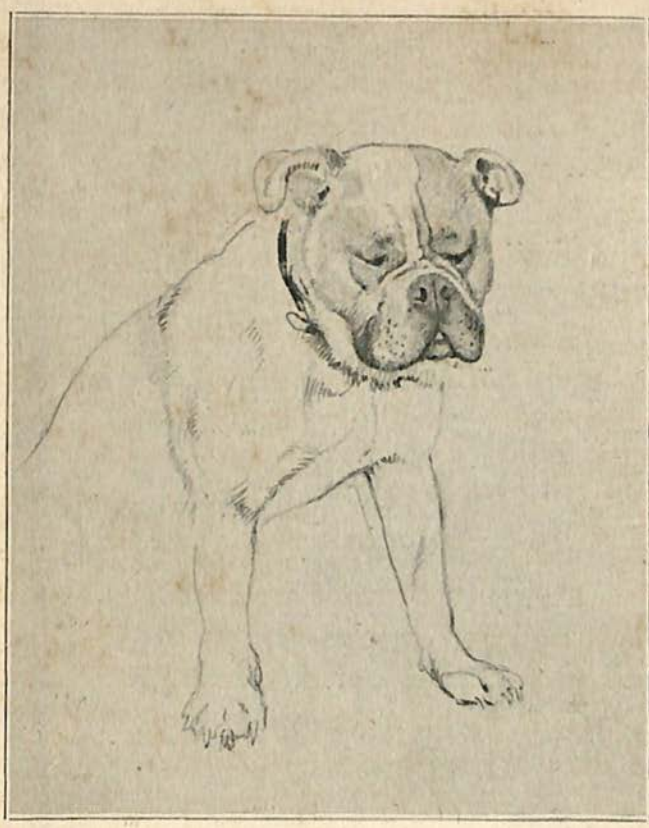
mustard there; in fact, he had been rolling in them all the time, but had not eaten one. He was so ill that he could not continue the journey by sea, and went ashore at Scarborough."

Leslie dearly loved a game of chess, and his fondness for it often made him call to ask me to go in and spend the evening with him, and, as if he thought it rather a tax on me, he would after tea bring down several portfolios of prints from Rembrandt, Stothard, Hogarth, and others, the beauties of which he took great pleasure in pointing out, and I learnt many a valuable lesson from him in that way.

I remember his merry daughters used to call this "pa's artfulness," for after we had looked through them, he would say in a half-hesitating voice, "Shall we have a game?" to which, of course, I readily assented. Our games of chess, however, were rather singular, and often lasted a long time, because, what with talking and listening to the pleasant music played by Miss Leslie (she was a delightful pianist), I used quite to forget it was my move until my patient adversary reminded me. Then again, if I moved in a hurry and perhaps rashly, he would say, "You see your Queen's in danger," or "You will lose your Knight if you do that;" so that it was a very friendly fight, and anything but scientific; yet Leslie enjoyed it, for it occupied him and rested his eyes at the same time.

On that particular evening mentioned in the

diary we had played several games, when Mrs. Leslie brought down a portfolio of drawings by her youngest daughter Mary, who was away; and I think I never saw so sweet a collection, so refined, so elegant, so full of taste and delicacy. I felt that one of them was worth all that I had ever done. Mrs. Leslie described these sketches as "taste with faithfulness." Surely no Ruskin, no anybody, could put more art teaching into three words than that—"taste with faithfulness." Taste! that, Mr. Leslie used to say, "if not the greatest, is at all events the rarest quality in art." Under the heading "Taste" might come all its distinctive and beautiful qualities; taste, that selects and arranges, that rejects the bad, the vulgar. And yet taste, without faithfulness, without industry, without truth, becomes superficial ornament. Faithfulness without taste is like industry without thought, and often results in labour thrown away. Taste comes from the mind, and directs the industry of the faithful hand and eye. Yes, Mrs. Leslie, this is an excellent lesson.



A PORTRAIT.

XI

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

THAT quiet game of chess at Leslie's, of which I spoke in the last chapter, would sometimes be interrupted by visitors dropping in, and then it had to be considered a drawn battle, although, perhaps, my opponent was just upon the point of winning.

Among those welcome guests who dropped in was Sir Edwin Landseer, then at the zenith of his career. His stories were almost as good as his pictures, and the witty young ladies who listened to them remarked that they were equally well composed.

A tale, invented by some ingenious wag, had got about that Landseer had asked Sydney Smith to sit to him for his portrait, and the latter had replied, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" A day or two afterwards Landseer was riding in Regent's Park, when he met Sydney Smith, who was taking the air in an open carriage, so they stopped to say "How d'ye do?"

"Have you heard our little joke?" said Smith.

"I have," said Landseer.

"I think it very good," said Smith. "Shall we acknowledge it?"

On another occasion Landseer was riding down Bond Street, and saw the following notice in a picture-dealer's shop window—"*A fine Landseer on view within.*" He said to himself, "I should like to see a 'fine Landseer.'" So he got a boy to hold his horse, and went into the shop and asked to see the "fine Landseer." The dealer, who did not recognise him, but thought he was some rich customer, ushered him into a back room and proudly pointed out the work. It was rather an early one. The dealer was of course loud in its praise, which was very satisfactory to the artist.

"And how much do you want for it?" said Landseer.

"Two thousand guineas, sir," was the reply.

"Two thousand guineas? that seems a long price for an early work."

"I could not take a shilling less," said the dealer. "He's gone, sir," touching his forehead significantly; "he's out of his mind; he'll never paint another."

"Is he indeed?" said Landseer. "I'm very sorry to hear that."

And as he was coming away he noticed a large picture by Stanfield.

"May I ask what you want for this Stanfield?"

"That, sir, is also two thousand guineas."

"What!" said Landseer, touching his forehead and imitating the dealer's gesture, "has Stanfield gone too?"

Once started, Sir Edwin would go on with story after story, making each one more laughable than the other. He told us that his laundress, whom he described as a sort of Mrs. Gamp, asked to see the pictures he had just finished for the Royal Academy, which, of course, she was allowed to do; and after looking for some time at "Night" and "Morning"—"Night" showing two stags, their antlers locked together in deadly conflict, "Morning" the battle over and both combatants lying dead—said, "I hope, sir, you ain't going to ask me to take anything; but if you should, let it be the least drop of brandy and water, if you please,

sir." That was her only remark on these two magnificent works.

He had a man-servant who evidently looked upon his master as the greatest man in the world, and even when Prince Albert called, which he did occasionally when riding up to St. John's Wood, he would be told that "Sir Hedwin was hout," because the faithful "Cerberus," as he was called, thought his master did not want to be disturbed. There were other amusing stories about this same valet. On one occasion, when travelling to the North with Sir Edwin, he was very anxious about the luggage, and kept getting out whenever the train stopped to see if it was all right.

"What do you want?" said the guard.

"How about them luggage?" said Cerberus.

"What luggage?"

"Why, two trunks as black as hink and marked with hell."

"Marked with what?"

"Why, hell for Landseer, of course."

As I heard these stories about forty years ago, they must have been told over and over again, and I only repeat them here because I heard Landseer himself tell them.

But his fun was not only anecdotal. On one occasion, also at Leslie's, I saw him impersonate a pig. Some acting charades were got up for the amusement of a goodly company there assembled, in which I also took part. One of the words to be dramatised was "Pygmalion"; hence the *pig*, which

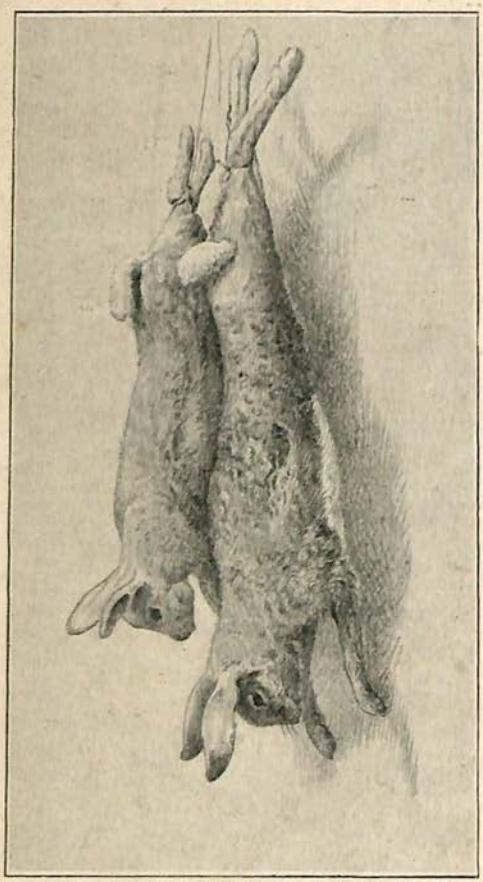
came in on all fours, and was a very good representation of the animal, as the performer was encased in brown paper, with a fine head, and snout and curly tail. The grunt also was perfect, as it expressed satisfaction at the meal provided for him. Some one in the audience, who was in the secret, exclaimed, "Why, that's Sir Edwin!" and Charles Landseer, who came into the room just at that moment, replied in his usual grave way, "I thought I recognised one of the family."

I remember that "May" was represented by a Jack in the Green, and I took the part of the dancing maiden who hands round a large ladle to collect coppers from the audience; and I also remember that Miss Jessy Landseer, who was quite as witty as her brothers, put a macaroon into it.

As, just at that time, everybody was reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which had a sort of Trilbyan run, Uncle Tom was considered the *lion* of the day, and this character Leslie himself impersonated. The last scene, the whole word "Pygmalion," was enacted by George Leslie and one of his sisters, and was charmingly graceful, especially when the fair statue descended from her pedestal and embraced the young sculptor.

XII

CHARLES LANDSEER



GAME.

CHARLES LANDSEER'S fun was more serious, if I may use the term, but none the less amusing, as shown by his well-known comment on a tough steak served him at his club—"They say there is nothing like leather—this steak is."

When I was a student at the Academy in 1854 Charles Landseer was Keeper, and always preserved a very grave aspect. The students in those days were, perhaps, even more rollicking than they are now, and were wont to play tricks; but their jokes were received with a bland expression, and allowed to pass unnoticed.

Among the students in the Antique School was one Boom, whose name, as well as his good-nature, made him popular. While all were quietly at work from an antique figure, some one would break silence by calling "Boom" in a low voice, another would repeat "Boom" in a higher tone, and with a different expression, until by degrees all the students took up the cry, and a general chorus ensued of Boom, Boom, Boom, mingled with cat-calls, grunting, cock-crowing, bleating of sheep, lowing of cattle, dogs barking, and so forth. In the midst of it all the door would open slowly, and the grave face of Charles Landseer would appear. A dead silence immediately followed, and perhaps no remark would have been made but for Boom, who, owing to his position, did not see the Keeper enter, and wondering why such a sudden stop had come to their mirth, flapped his arms like wings, and at the very top of his voice sang out, "Cock-a-doodle-do!" the Keeper being just at his elbow. Poor Boom, as soon as he saw his mistake, turned crimson, and would no doubt have apologised, but was speechless. All Charles Landseer said was, "It seems I am the keeper of a menagerie," and then went quietly round and corrected the drawings.

The amiable Boom was several times made the victim of mild practical jokes, which in some way were connected with the Keeper, who always took them good-naturedly, as in the following case. In my student days the Royal Academy occupied part of the building in Trafalgar Square, now entirely

devoted to the National Collection; and in the "Antique" school, which was a sombre room, with a semicircular arrangement for the students' easels, &c., we had but one statue at a time to draw from, and the one then placed for our practice and study was the "Apollo Belvedere," which we began to get rather tired of; so one morning we delegated Mr. Boom to ask the Keeper if we might have Apollo changed for either the "Dancing Faun" or the "Dying Gladiator." We explained to Boom that, as he was the best dressed and most gentlemanly student among us, we thought him the most fitting person to carry our message. During this conversation another student, now a full R.A., pinned to his back a large label, with the word "Boom" written in big letters. Boom said he felt a little nervous, but braced himself up for the occasion, and went and tapped at the Keeper's private-room door. He explained the object of his visit, and Landseer, taking it seriously at first, said it was rather an unusual request for the students to make, but he would name it to the Council. Boom, retreating, bowed his thanks, and as he turned to open the door, displayed the placard pinned to his back. Charles Landseer, with a sort of cough, said—

"Er—your name's Boom, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said the blushing student.

"Yes, I see it is," said the Keeper.

XIII

TOM LANDSEER

TOM LANDSEER, the engraver, was the exact opposite of Charles; instead of looking grave, his face was always beaming; it was, if anything, wider than it was long, and the very picture of good-nature; his figure, too, was almost as broad as he was tall. Being stone deaf, you had to write down what you wished to say to him, or make signs, and go through a sort of pantomime, or dumb show, which he, too, would sometimes resort to with the most amusing effect. I had painted a picture called "The Shy Pupil," in which a young girl was taking a dancing-lesson, and endeavouring, rather timidly, to do the step as shown her by her dancing-master. It had been seen at the Academy by Tom Landseer, whom I shortly afterwards met in Maida Vale. He no sooner caught sight of me than he took his coat-tails in his fingers, as though he were holding a skirt, turned his head skittishly on one side, pointed his toe, and, in fact, imitated the attitude of the girl in the picture; then, looking up with his usual radiance, he exclaimed, in a stentorian voice, "Veery preety!"—took a slight turn, executed a

pas seul, and then stood still, smiling and nodding,

TOM LANDSEER, THE ENGRAVER.

in token of approbation, much to the astonishment and amusement of the passers-by. I must add

that, although Tom Landseer was deaf, he was by no means dumb; he talked so loud, in fact, that you could hear him all over a room or gallery, even when crowded with people. Sometimes he would think aloud, of course very loud. I remember his standing in front of a pretty girl at an evening party, and exclaiming at the top of his voice, "Veery beeauteeful indeed!" The young lady blushed and smiled at her stout admirer, who kissed his hand to her in the most gallant fashion. It is almost impossible to give an idea of the manner of his speech except by imitating it. His words were so drawn out, that you would have to spell "very," for instance, with about five e's — thus, veeeree! and they were always intoned in a kind of wave of sound, which at one moment was very high up, and at another very low down.

THE SHY PUPIL.

Although those who did not know him would set him down for a sort of overgrown baby, a kind of comical lunatic; those who did, were well aware that all this merriment came from the kindness of his heart, which seemed to spread to every one, so that he could not believe that any one could be offended or angry with Tom Landseer, not even a policeman.

He came home late one night, and although

he had the latch-key of the house, he had forgotten the key of the gate, which he found locked. He therefore, with some difficulty for so corpulent an individual, tried to climb over it, and was just landed on the top when a constable passed that way. "Hallo!" said he, "what are you doing here?" to which Tom replied that it was a "veeree beauteeful night." Bobby, naturally offended at such an answer, told him he was after no good, and he should arrest him as a burglar, and laid hold of his legs; but Tom only thanked him for his assistance, and said he thought he could manage to get down by himself, and asked him to ring the bell. Bobby, not liking to be chaffed by a burglar, would perhaps have proceeded to stronger measures, had not the inmates of the house, aroused by the altercation, opened the door. The burglarious proceeding was then explained, and likewise that—the gentleman being stone deaf, he had not heard a word of the constable's abuse—which the latter, probably, was not sorry for.

I cannot conclude my brief allusion to this genial man without mentioning the kind thought he had for his young friend and pupil, J. C. Webb, now a well-known engraver. Mr. Webb had for some years been his constant companion, and indeed was almost like a son to him. It so happened, as it will happen to young men, that he met with a young lady whom he fain would make his wife, and Tom Landseer thought this a good opportunity to carry out a wish he had long enter-

tained; so he said to his young friend, "I have left you something in my will" (mentioning a certain sum), "but I don't see any reason why you should wait for it till poor old Tom is dead." So he there and then gave it to him as a wedding-present.

XIV

PEOPLE OF NOTE

WERE I to sketch all the interesting characters I met at Leslie's, I should have to include many of the most distinguished men in art and literature who flourished some forty years ago, and should require a much larger canvas than I have at my disposal. I may, however, mention one or two others, who, besides the Landseers, used to "drop in."

Among them was Mrs. Jameson, one of our best lady writers on art, who indeed is beaten by few men. She was very different from the stately lady I had imagined the authoress of "The Legends of the Madonna" and "Sacred and

Legendary Art" would be. She was not very tall, rather stout, and with a face beaming with good-nature. I was much amused at the clever way in which she got the better of an argument with Mr. Leslie by simply asking questions or saying, "Why not?"

They were talking of the advisability of admitting lady students to the Royal Academy schools. Leslie seemed to think there were certain objections to the proposal.

"What objections, Mr. Leslie?"

"I don't think it advisable for young men and women to study together."

"Why not?"

"I don't think it would be convenient; besides, the parents of the girls might object."

"Why should they?"

"It is difficult to explain."

"Where is the difficulty?"

"The girls, for instance, could not draw from the life model."

"Why not?"

And so on; Mrs. Jameson getting the better of the argument with her constantly-recurring "Why not?" and with not a little merriment at Leslie's expense. I remember, when she prepared to go, that she carried one of those old-fashioned chessboard-pattern straw baskets on her arm which held her cap, and that George Leslie and I saw her into a bus as though she had been some dear old aunt from the country instead of the talented writer on Christian art.

Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank were also occasional visitors, and were exceedingly quaint. The great George himself was rather like some of the eccentric individuals he drew in his pictures; his "Fagin the Jew in Prison," for instance, is what might be called awfully like him. He was quick in his movements, with a sharp intelligent eye, a good-sized nose, but very little hair, which however was dark and long, and collected and tied in a sort of curl on his forehead, which otherwise would have been bald.

I happened to be lunching one day at Leslie's when Cruikshank was of the party. Leslie, knowing that his friend had become a staunch teetotaller, said, with a sly look, "Mr. Cruikshank, may I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you?" raising his own and passing the decanter.

"No, my dear Leslie," said Cruikshank; "I don't drink wine, you know, but I shall be very happy to take a potato with you." Whereupon he held one up on the end of his fork, nodded to Leslie, bit a piece off, and wished him a very good health, Leslie laughing and sipping his sherry at the same time.

It was at Leslie's that I met the Doyles—the father, H.B., who, under that monogram, used to draw political cartoons for M'Lean of the Haymarket in the early part of the century, and his three sons, James, Henry, and Richard (or "Dicky" Doyle, as he was called); the latter was one of the most original, or, shall I say, individual of illustrators.

His sweet little refined drawings were full of imagination and playfulness, and I loved them because I suppose they were among the first artistic productions that gave me real pleasure; and they are still on the outside cover of our old friend *Punch*, which I look upon as the Royal Academy of humorous art.

At that time he was not only doing "Bird's-eye Views of Society" and "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," but was also illustrating some of Thackeray's novels, and I used to hear about them as they progressed, but I never became intimate with Dicky. I have always been very shy in the presence of the men I most admired, and yet I have played at Blind Man's Buff with Dicky Doyle, or rather Post Towns, a more amusing version of the old game. Henry and James Doyle I could get on better with—they were charming men and very sympathetic; they also played at Post Towns and took part in charades at Leslie's.

Besides these there were the Constables, sons and daughters of Leslie's old and admired friend, our great landscape painter; John Forster, author of "The Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith," "The Life of Charles Dickens," &c.; Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake, John Leech, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ward, the Tom Taylors, and R. W. Mackay, the learned author of "The Progress of the Intellect," "The Rise and Progress of Christianity," &c., and one of my most delightful friends. Millais, too, was there, then a handsome young fellow, in the first

flush of his brilliant career; and his friend Holman Hunt, the staunchest of the Pre-Raphaelites.

Before closing this very imperfect list I will

A STUDY.

mention one other individual whom I met at Leslie's, and that was Albert Smith, the most amusing of entertainers, who in his "Mont Blanc" made me

laugh till I ached; and although he and his fun are now things of the past and scarcely known to the present generation, he was nevertheless one of the drollest men of his time.

I remember he came to a dance at the Leslies', and was looking so grave and serious, that one of the young ladies asked him what was the matter. He said he had heard, on very good authority, that he was too loud and vulgar in society, and was trying to turn over a new leaf; he was, in fact, trying to drop his familiar style and to become serious and dignified.

"But I suppose you are not above dancing a quadrille?"

"I should be very pleased to do anything to please you, Miss Leslie."

So there and then she introduced him to a very pretty girl. Now, whether it was the lively music, or the beauty of his partner, which caused him to relax for a moment his assumed dignity, I cannot say, but in a very few minutes you could hear his well-known laugh above everything, and Miss Harriet remarked with a twinkle, "He's off!"

The young lady by his side had alluded to the beauty of the flower he wore in his button-hole.

"Do you like it?" said he. "I raised it myself in a blacking-bottle on the roof."

CASSANDRA.

XV

LEIGH IN NEWMAN STREET

AMONG the familiar figures and faces that I see in looking back some forty years is a strange, clever, witty, kind man in a black cap and long black velvet gown or cassock, who lived in dreary Newman Street and kept an Art School there. He was fond of his boys, as he used to call his pupils, and his boys were fond of him. He not only drew well, but talked well, and one man, long past the age of studentship, went to him under the pretence of studying art, but really, as he told me in confidence, for the sake of hearing his conversation.

This strange man's name was James Mathews Leigh. He was related to Mathews the actor, and might himself have donned the buskin; or he might have been a great anatomist, for the walls of the school were covered with his drawings of dissections,

of bones and muscles and skinned men writhing in agonies, and skulls with great sockets and grinning rows of teeth, and notably one that was twice the size of life, with a dreadful blue eye with red veins that seemed to follow you all round the place. Besides these were countless studies of men in all sorts of attitudes, showing their muscles and their sinews and their variously toned skins, all very cleverly painted by the master; and to complete it, there was a large engraving of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," which, being situated amongst anatomical drawings, looked like the apotheosis of all the dissections and diagrams and arms and legs and heads and tails of humanity collected together into one tremendous composition—one of the conspicuous figures being Saint Bartholomew—who was flayed alive—holding his own skin in one hand.

On leaving this chamber of anatomy we went into a long gallery with rows of antique statues in plaster, and more arms and legs and headless trunks and hands and feet and faces and busts were hanging about; and at the end, a still more mysterious-looking place, with dull red curtains and big screens, where the living model was standing on a dull green platform, with a dull red cloth behind him, and in front of him rows of students, some with shades over their eyes, occupied in drawing more muscles and trunks and legs and arms and hands and heads, and this same strange man in the black velvet cap and cassock was walking about among them and

talking to them, sometimes earnestly, sometimes kindly, and sometimes sarcastically.

I had been one of those students, and was one of the boys who liked the strange man, but I had finished my studentship and was beginning to paint pictures, yet every now and then I went to see my old master, who always gave me a pleasant welcome, except perhaps on one evening when I called upon him and found him reading, and with that shyness which sometimes makes me use the wrong words, I said—

"I hope I don't interrupt you?"

To which he answered, "You can't help interrupting me if you come in."

"Then I will go out again," said I.

"That is quite a different thing," said he; "I don't want you to go out again, but society is full of these unmeaning phrases."

There was something of the Dr. Johnson about Leigh; he hated these weak remarks, but they drew him out, and gave him an opportunity for a curt reply, or some smart sarcasm which, although it might sound cruel, was nothing of the sort—very often it was just, and was more humorous than serious. And if such jests earned him the name of "Dagger Leigh," the dagger was a theatrical one, that slid up into the hilt and did not inflict a mortal wound; as, for instance, in criticising Holman Hunt's over-fastidiousness in detail, he said, "If Holman Hunt had to paint Everton toffee he would go to Everton to paint it." One laughs at the quaint

conceit without admiring Hunt's earnestness any the less.

I remember he showed me some hundreds of sketches of figures supposed to be saying something or acting some passage from Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, Longfellow, &c. They were touched in with sharpness and precision, well drawn, and slightly tinted, and I dare say if I saw them now I might think more of them than I did then. I wonder what has become of them all! Occasionally a happy composition or a study from nature turned up like an unexpected beam of sunshine.

In some larger designs he had given free reins to his fancy. One I remember was an allegory of "Youthful Hope," Hope seated in a white balloon going up into a blue and yellow sky with pink Amorini flying around, their wings all sorts of colours, and hundreds of other figures looking on—some ugly demons among them—the whole presenting a vast scene more extraordinary perhaps than beautiful.

After supper, as it was a fine evening, we leant out of window smoking, and the talk somehow veered round to philosophy.

He said that the stumbling-block to young men was the difficulty they had in realising the non-existence of existence, or the immateriality of material, the conception only being the true thing or true existence, the perception being the lower capacity of the bodily senses to see things or become conscious of things that do not exist.

I was not versed in Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," and metaphysics were to me simple bewilderment. It so happened that during our conversation an organ-grinder was turning out tunes, horrible tunes, just under the window, and almost put a stop to our conversation, so I ventured to ask if that organ-grinder was an existence or not. I certainly did not wish to conceive him at that moment; but did the fact that my bodily senses perceived him (both saw him and heard him) prove that he did not exist? "Now, if I threw him a copper, and he picked it up and bowed and wished us 'good-night' and went away, then no doubt he would cease to exist to our senses."

"True, and you would still have the conception of the organ-grinder."

That is quite true, for I still remember the grinning tormentor of my ears.

But how about the organ-grinder's conception of us? He perceived us, and got a copper from us; but does that prove our non-existence, and does our existence depend on our being a conception of that organ-grinder's brain or otherwise? I think we both agreed that we were not conceived by the organ-grinder.

After he had passed on, and "Pop goes the Weasel" was no longer heard, Leigh pointed to a star.

"That star," said he, "does not exist in fact. I conceive only that it exists, therefore it exists simply because I conceive it, not because I perceive it."

"I suppose, then," said I, "it is only a coinci-

dence that you and I both conceive and perceive that star at the same time; or are there two stars, since I conceive it as well as you?"

Now, the best way out of the argument was to turn it into a joke; and he said something about seeing double, or I star one and you star two. So either he saw that I was incapable of following him into the regions of the unconditioned, or his philosophy was only his fun after all, for I said, referring to his remark—

"What is a pun in metaphysics?"

"Jets," said he, "mere jets of superfluous gas." And, like Mrs. Jameson with her "why not?" Leigh had a ready wit for summing up an argument with a pun. However, he discoursed very learnedly on Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras, and the Epicureans; and after that he dilated on the force of will. He said he caused a porte-crayon to fall out of a man's hand simply by willing it. He was at some distance off, and whether the young man heard him say what he was going to do, I don't know; but gradually that young man's fingers relaxed their hold, and the porte-crayon fell to the ground. If that student's name was Brown, the mystery could be easily solved, as I shall have occasion to explain later on.

Speaking of town and country, he said he hated the country, "pigs live in the country;" nor did he care for painting, or for music, or for theatres, nor many more things.

"What, then, do you care for?" said I.

"Thought," was his reply. "COGITO, ERGO SUM."

The last time I saw Leigh was one night when the gallery in Newman Street was lighted up for a festive meeting of his boys, old and new; and where, on a goodly row of easels, were displayed the pictures that those boys had painted for the Academy and other exhibitions, and had brought there for the master's inspection before sending them to pass the ordeal of the selecting committees. Leigh was then suffering from a mortal disease—cancer in the tongue, brought on, it was said, by constant smoking. And although he knew that his days, nay, even his hours were numbered, and he was unable to speak, still there he was in his best black velvet cap and his best black velvet cassock shaking hands with his pupils, and at the same time holding a white silk handkerchief over his mouth. He went round to each work, examined it, pointed to the parts he liked, and nodded approval or patted the young painter on the back with a significant smile that yet was full of sadness, now and then endeavouring to say something, but the words were inarticulate. After staying as long with us as his illness would allow, he wished us all "good-night," and beckoned to his son Harry, to whom he whispered, "If I should die to-night say nothing to the boys, for I should not like their evening to be spoilt."

We sat down to a simple supper, smoked and chatted over our glasses; and, not knowing the end was so near, were merry as usual. A day or two

after this our good friend and master breathed his last. He died on the 20th of April 1860, aged fifty-two. He was buried in Highgate Cemetery, and a long train of his sorrowing pupils followed him to the grave.

It was under Leigh's roof that I first met Henry Stacy Marks, R.A., who, in his "Pen and Pencil Sketches," has given an excellent description of our kind friend and his art school, so that it is not necessary for me to go further over the ground. Yet I must say a few words about some of my fellow-students.

Among them was Walter Thornbury, who began a literary career by studying art—no better beginning. We often sat side by side making drawings from the antique to send up to the Royal Academy, with a view to becoming students there.

Thornbury—always chatty, impetuous, and in a hurry—made haste, not slowly, but with so little consideration that on one occasion he found, when he had drawn in the figure, and nearly finished the upper part of it, he had no room on his paper for the feet. What was to be done? There was no time to begin it over again. We consulted together, and I must plead guilty to the advice I gave him, which was to put a cross at the bottom of the paper where the legs left off, then another at the top, and there draw the feet which he could not get in down below. This he did, sent in the drawing to the Royal Academy, and had it back not very long afterwards.

He soon threw aside the pencil for the pen, and I have no doubt picked up a good deal of the knowledge of art, which he afterwards made use of, from the conversation of Leigh; perhaps also from the discussions of the students as they sat round the stove while resting from work, and in which Marks used to distinguish himself by his apt quotations from Shakespeare and the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Thornbury read a good deal too, for instead of passing his time in the Royal Academy schools, copying more Apollos, Dancing Fauns, and Discoboli, he spent from morning till night in the British Museum racing through books and making notes.

His first volume appeared while he was still at Leigh's; and of course was in verse, and very good verse I thought it. It was entitled "Lays and Legends, or Ballads of the New World."

Other volumes soon followed, such as "Art and Nature," "Life in Spain," "British Artists from Hogarth to Turner," and notably the "Life of Turner," a much used and much abused book, full of material, crowded with anecdote, and just the sort of hunting ground that is valuable to those biographers who have to get their information second-hand. You cannot open the book without coming upon something interesting. As I do not profess to be a judge of literature, I can only say that the writings of Thornbury give me much pleasure. He is never dull, and always bright and picturesque. As an art critic he was amusing,

if nothing else. It was not in his nature to be sneerful, or ill-mannered, or conceited; he talked of pictures as he would talk of anything else, racily and cheerily, and, if he could not refrain from a joke at the expense of the artist, it was not of a character to do injury either to the painter or his picture. As an instance, I remember he said of Millais' beautiful "Autumn Leaves," where some rather Pre-Raphaelite young girls, with reddish hair, are making a bonfire, that the artist had evidently selected his models from "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the *plain*."

There was another lively student at Leigh's, whose name was Brereton, but it has not descended to posterity. He was handsome and witty, and would sing at his work the old songs, such as "The woodpecker tapping at the hollow beech-tree." He would draw in the outline of an antique with the greatest facility, put a few specimen dots on it, and say he would take it home for his sisters to finish, as they had more patience, and could do the stipple much better than he.

Poor Wycherley was another student there, but his face was always concealed (with the exception of his eyes) by a coloured handkerchief. He toiled away patiently at a large picture of the gallery, with all its casts and easels, and other details; was amiable and intelligent; but his short life was but a lingering death, and I think he only lived just long enough to finish his first picture.

A student of rather an eccentric sort was an

elderly gentleman, who seemed to have suddenly taken it into his head to begin life over again, and to start as an art-student at the age of fifty. We thought he must be very well off, for he not only looked so in his dress, but furnished himself with artists' materials of the newest, quite regardless of expense—a mahogany easel, a very spick-and-span drawing-board, and an unlimited supply of Whatman's best drawing-paper. Of this he took a clean sheet every morning, pinned it to his drawing-board, worked away quietly and steadily, till his gold watch told him it was time to leave off for the day; then, in emulation of faithful Penelope, he would tear up his work, pack up his traps, and retire. This was the individual referred to at the beginning of this chapter, who, under the pretence of studying art, went to the school for the sake of hearing Leigh's conversation.

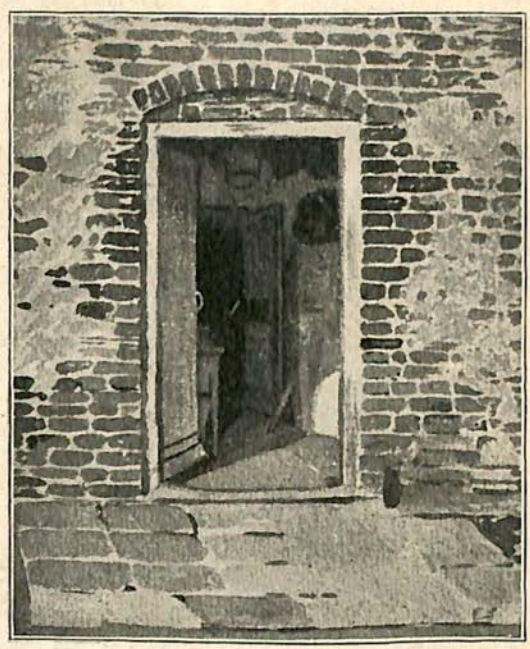
I must not forget an amusing character who formed one of our group at that time, namely, Brown, or Scotch Brown, or Caledonian Brown, as we sometimes called him. As he was not well off, and found it difficult to pay even the small fee that was fixed for admission and instruction at the Academy in Newman Street, the kind master would, without speaking a word, push back the proffered amount with a nod of the head, as much as to say, "Wait for better times." Our Scotch friend, whose heart was much bigger than his purse, was not ungrateful, and showed his appreciation in a rather original way.

Leigh, among other peculiarities, got suddenly bitten with spiritualism, and imagined himself a powerful medium. Now and then, in the afternoon, he would hold a *séance*, and lecture to the students very learnedly on the subject, entering into the strange phenomena of animal magnetism, clairvoyance, mesmerism, psychology, &c. This would be followed by a turning of tables, and a series of other demonstrations, such as seating some one in a chair, then making a few passes with the hands, and telling him he could not get up. If the individual did get up, he was said not to be a good subject, and Brown would take his place. After he had been well mesmerised, Leigh would tell him he could not rise; bade him try to do so. Brown twisted and struggled, contorted his features, and appeared to be almost exhausted with the effort, and would at last exclaim, "Eh! I cannot!" He would then be subjected to further experiments, and proved to be a wonderfully good subject, and entirely under the control of the medium. When I met him some years afterwards, he confessed that he had only been shamming, but excused himself on the ground that Leigh let him be at the school for nothing, and even helped him sometimes besides.

"So, my deear Stoorie," said he, "what could I doo? It was the only way I could repay him for his kindness."

It must not be supposed that there was the slightest collusion on the part of Leigh, who thoroughly believed that Brown was under his

mesmeric influence. Nor do I think the reader will have much difficulty in guessing which student it was whose fingers gradually relaxed and let fall the porte-crayon, when Leigh willed that he should do so. And I trust, also, that he will think more of the kindness of the master who frequently remitted the fees of his poorer pupils, than of the credulity which was thus imposed upon out of gratitude.



XVI

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1852

ONE of the things I would rather not recollect is the first picture I sent to the Royal Academy. The canvas was a large one, and contained eight portraits in the costume of the Crinoline period, which is perhaps the ugliest we have ever gone through. The Academy was then located in Trafalgar Square, and my "first" picture was hung at the top of the north room. It so happened that I looked in on the very day when the whole family who sat for it went to see it. As there were eight of them, and several friends besides, all looking up at the same time, other visitors, as they came in, looked up too, until quite a little crowd was collected. One individual referred to his catalogue, then to the picture, and exclaimed, very audibly, "What an ugly group!" This was un-

fortunate, as some of the friends had just been saying what good likenesses they were. I did not wait to be congratulated on my success.

This was in the year 1852. I find, in looking at the list of Academicians and Associates in the catalogue for that date, that not one of the R.A.s, and only four of the A.R.A.s, are now living. The latter have, of course, become full members, but two of them have retired. Turner died the year before, having been a member for fifty-two years. Sir Charles Eastlake was the accomplished President; Stanfield, David Roberts, Leslie, Webster, Sir Edwin Landseer, Creswick, Herbert, Maclise, Mulready, Redgrave, and F. R. Lee were at the height of their popularity; and among the Associates were Thomas Sidney Cooper, E. M. Ward, W. P. Frith, J. C. Hook, J. H. Foley, Alfred Elmore, E. W. Cooke, and F. R. Pickersgill. These names, some of which sound like those of old English masters, give us a pretty good idea of the sort of exhibition then in vogue.

The critic then, as now, scarcely found the show up to the average, but that it owed its advantages mainly to the efforts of the younger men in art; and yet the chief of these younger men came in for a pretty good share of abuse. It is regretted that Sir Charles Eastlake and Sir Edwin Landseer do not exhibit, but then the latter had sent in the previous year his magnificent picture "The Monarch of the Glen," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

In looking down the catalogue one is surprised at the number of interesting subject pictures and "historic genre," that must have given a popular character to the Exhibition.

For instance, there was "The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell, 1683," by Charles Lucy; "Alfred the Saxon King disguised as a Minstrel in the Tent of Guthrun the Dane," by Daniel Maclise, R.A.; "The Three Inventors of Printing," Guttenberg, Faust, and Scheffer, examining and discussing the merits of Scheffer's invention of movable types, by S. A. Hart, R.A.; "A Subject from Pepys' Diary, 1665," by Alfred Elmore; "Pope making love to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," by W. P. Frith, A.R.A.; and "Charlotte Corday going to Execution," by E. M. Ward, A.R.A. This must have been a very sensational picture; it is well known by engravings. "Corday is conducted from her prison by a file of Republican guards, followed by a priest, and flanked by one of the furies of the Faubourgs. Röbespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins have placed themselves in her path in order to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten them on the morrow."

Among the landscapes are—"An Avenue at Althorp," by F. R. Lee; "The Woodland River," by Redgrave; "The Stream at Ivy Bridge," by Jutsum; "Venice," by David Roberts; "The Sere Leaf," and "The Timber Waggon," by Linnell; "The Bay of Baiæ," by Stanfield; "Effect after

Rain, Venice," by J. Holland; and many others that had a local interest, as well as the charm of colour and composition.

Besides these were those domestic pieces always pleasing, such as "A School Playground," by T. Webster; "A Cottage Fireside," by George Smith; and other works so characteristic of their painters that we can almost fancy we see them; such as "A Grey Horse," by Abraham Cooper; "The Christian Pilgrims," by W. C. T. Dobson; "Juliet," by C. R. Leslie; "Cows," by T. S. Cooper; "The Bird's Nest in Danger," by W. T. Witherington; "Going to Market," by J. Stark; "Othello's Description of Desdemona," by J. C. Hook (quite different from what he does now, but good in colour); "Master Slender," and "The Madrigal," by J. C. Horsley; and a large fruit piece, "The Seneschal," by George Lance; "Burns and Highland Mary," by Thomas Faed; "The Foundling," by G. B. O'Neill; "The Novice," by Elmore; "Hagar," life size, by Armitage. Nor was an exhibition in those days ever complete without a battle-piece by Jones, R.A.; "An Evening Effect," by Danby; portraits by J. P. Knight and Watson Gordon; and fruit and flower pieces by the Misses Mutrie.

The above short list shows that the display of pictures contained much to interest the general public, whether they were connoisseurs in art or not, and much to admire even if they were. I cannot pretend to remember many of them, and only vaguely recall them by looking over the cata-

logue. But there are still two or three that were also at that same show which I have not yet mentioned, and which I cannot forget. These were the pictures of the young men who gave strength, nay, a new life, to English art, although they were almost frantically abused at the time. John Everett Millais had in 1850 startled the art public of England by his picture called "The Carpenter's Shop," a work which now everybody knows; but it then seemed to have the peculiar property of making dull people witty, good-tempered people angry, and quite proper people use bad language. But many others saw in it the advent of a great artist. It was followed, as my readers well know, by works as strong and as fascinating, such as "Mariana in the Moated Grange," and the quaint but delightful "Woodman's Daughter;" the first made me read Tennyson, and the second showed me how to paint sunlight. In the year we are now recalling, 1852, he turned many of his critics into admirers by his pathetic "Huguenot," and his beautiful "Ophelia." Notwithstanding much fault-finding these works sent all the younger men to nature, and had they done nothing else, they would have done more than all the lecturers, art-masters, art-critics, and the rest of our guides put together. But they did more than this, so it seems to me; they woke a new interest in art, showing that it is a living thing continually growing and throwing out new forms and fashions and ideas, new interpretations of nature, new combinations of colour, and new methods of workman-

ship. For this reason I think we should be careful how we laugh to scorn the latest eccentric novelty; there may be, there generally is, something in it which leads to greater achievements, as in the case of Millais. But, on the other hand, it is not advisable to do as is now too much the fashion, namely, to worship and copy an individual. Millais' admirers did not copy Millais' pictures, they only tried to copy nature as he did.

At all events, I can speak for myself. Some three or four years after my "ugly group," and after seeing Millais' most poetical "Autumn Leaves," I painted "The Bride's Burial," or "The Burial of Juliet," a picture that was lately exhibited at Messrs. Shepherd's gallery, and of which several critics said some kind things.

Holman Hunt is another remarkable painter who exhibited a strange and fascinating picture at this Exhibition. It was called "The Hireling Shepherd," was wonderfully strong in colour, and looked like the work of a man intensely earnest, who seemed to labour almost like a martyr at a craft which he looked upon as somewhat akin to a religious duty. "The shepherd, having caught a death's-head moth, is showing it to a maiden; both figures are seated on the grass; the scene is a meadow with trees, bounded on one side by a field of ripe corn, and on the other by a field just reaped."

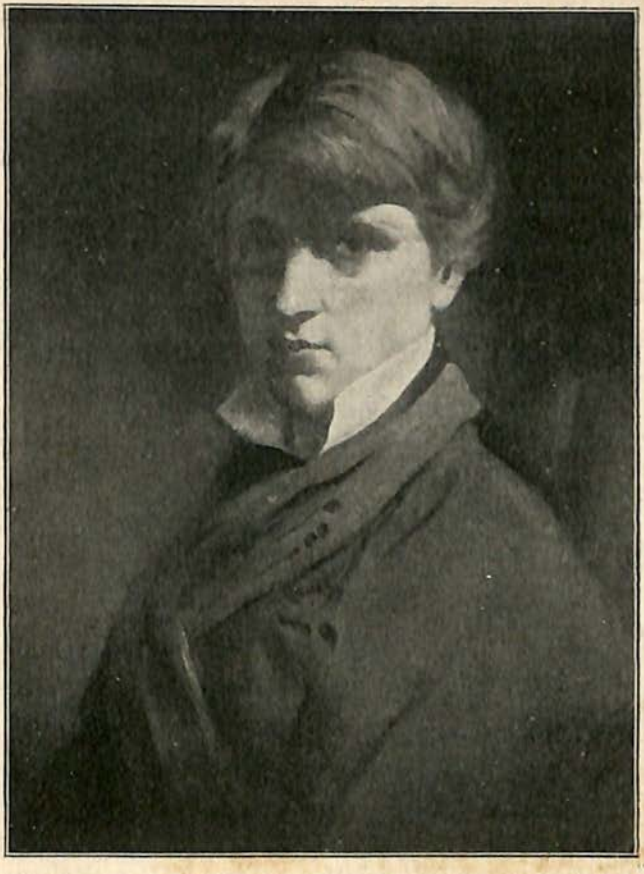
Although this and other pictures by this unique master were not appreciated at first, "The Light

of the World," produced a few years later, became one of the most widely known and popular of modern pictures. There must be something almost magic in the art that can penetrate into our minds and thoughts as this does. It seems to me hardly possible to forget a picture by Holman Hunt when once we have looked at it carefully. I never yet saw one of his important works that I felt I could take less than half-an-hour to look at, and often a great deal longer; nor is this to be wondered at when we know the years it takes him to paint them, and the extraordinary pains he bestows upon them.

There are a few names in this year's catalogue that I will here make a note of, because they have for me a personal interest. One is Behnès the sculptor, at whose studio in Osnaburg Street I first modelled in clay, as mentioned in the early part of this book; another is H. P. Ashby, who presented me with a silver palette when I was a schoolboy. He has a view of Hastings, sketched *on the spot.* I wonder whether it was such an unusual thing in those days to work directly from nature that it was worthy of note in the catalogue when such was the case. Then there is my old friend F. Smallfield, the painter of "Colonel Newcome in the Charterhouse" and other conscientious works, who exhibits "A Knitter." J. Archer, another old friend, who from minute richly coloured Pre-Raphaelite work branched off into life-size full-length portraits. And W. W. Fenn, "the blind painter," who still paints beautiful

pictures in words, which he dictates to an amanuensis. His two drawings are "Elizabeth Castle, Jersey, from the Rocks," and "Botham Mill, near Retford." They were exhibited in the Water-Colour room.

Fenn, who became an author because he was deprived of the power of expressing his ideas with the pencil, not only wrote the charming stories embodied in his "Blind Man's Holiday," and "'Twixt the Lights," &c., but also several pleasant biographies of his brother artists; among them one of myself. He has made such a flattering picture of me that I cannot help feeling it is less like what I am than what I should like to be, which I can only account for by the fact that my dear Fenn has never seen me; or if he has, it was when the light was fading. Many a time have I sat by his side at the Arts Club, and as many a time have had pleasant chat; and consequently his good heart has no doubt conjured up a more agreeable picture than it would have been had his pen been guided by his eyesight.



G. A. STOREY, BY HIMSELF.

XVII

EARLY WORKS

IN the previous chapter I alluded to two of my pictures painted in the fifties, which were exhibited in a well-known gallery in King Street, St. James's, namely, "The Bride's Burial," and "The Annunciation." I called there with a friend to see

them, but was informed by the polite dealer that they were both sold. Thinking to improve the golden opportunity, I asked that polite dealer if he would like to have any more of my pictures, since he had been so successful with these.

"Yes," said he, with a little hesitation, "but they must be *early works*."

Is there, then, a particular charm about our "early works" that our later performances do not possess? Or has time mellowed them down just as it does a good vintage of port? Or are there certain conditions connected with "early works" which cause them to be interesting? The painter is in the spring-time of life, with few cares and anxieties, full of hope and ambition, and most probably in love, and if he paints from his heart, as true painters do, he must needs put sentiment and even love into his work; and unless blinded by vanity, he looks with reverence and delight at the achievements of those who have gone before him, and whose names seem like magic words that fire him with enthusiasm, and with the hope that one day his name too may be written in history. Now, whether my name will ever be written in history or whether it will be rubbed out from the scroll of painters, I must leave an open question—I would rather not inquire too much. But that I was, when I painted my "early works," full of hope and ambition, I will not deny, and also that I painted from my heart and took the greatest delight in the achievements of those whose names have come down to us surrounded by a nimbus.

I attribute much of the pleasure I took in the

THE WIDOWED BRIDE—AN EARLY WORK.

works of the great masters to the guidance of Leslie. A devoted admirer of them himself, he made me

share his enthusiasm, although it was an enthusiasm so quietly and gently expressed. The charm of colour and composition held me spell-bound, and I have often said to myself, if I could only produce a beautiful piece of colour, and a perfect composition of lines and masses, I should be satisfied. The works of Raphael had a strange fascination for me, for, at all events, here was the perfect composition of line if not the finest note of colour, and a certain purity and even divinity of expression that I have seldom seen in other painters. Hence my first picture, if we leave out of account the "ugly group," was "A Madonna and Child," certainly a fitting subject for any artist's first picture, whether we consider it as an offering to the Church, which in the old days was the great patron of art, or whether as a tribute to nature herself, the fair mother of art.

This was followed in the next year by another devotional subject, "The Holy Family," and also by a most ambitious composition in pen and ink of "The Creed," beginning with God the Father and the Creation, and finishing with the Last Judgment, all included in one design in which were many hundreds of figures. But unfortunately these lofty themes were not attractive to ordinary purchasers, and I had to consider that I had taken up art as a business, and not as an accomplishment or pastime, nor was I a well-to-do amateur who could afford to paint for the honour and glory of the thing only. So I modestly descended from these flights and depicted "A Fair Musician," "The Maid of the

Mill," "Pet Dogs," and portraits of mammas and babies and such things, that brought in a little return, though not much.

But still I longed to paint poetical things and beautiful things, and hence many of my early works may have that tendency, though there was generally a sadness about the subjects, and perhaps too many shortcomings in their execution, which prevented their success. I am afraid also that my years of studentship were not sufficiently devoted to study in the schools, but rather to the more agreeable occupation of painting pictures under the paternal roof, where I had not to think where my daily bread was to come from, or to fear sleeping out in the cold for want of a lodging.

LOVE'S FOLLY.

I must confess, also, to being somewhat divided in my affections between painting and the Muse, and my dear mother has often reproved me for sitting up late at night writing poetry, not only tiring my eyes and my brain, but wasting her candles. Perhaps I had certain private and personal reasons for writing love sonnets and woeful ballads, since "every one becomes a poet as soon as he is touched

by love," and there may have been a certain consolation in imagining myself "as a nightingale who

LESSONS OF LOVE.

sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds."

But speaking more generally, it must surely be to the advantage of the painter to have an ideal, which he fosters and flatters and shapes into a perfect image that he strives to realise in his work. The teachings of art schools are as nothing compared to the lessons of love. The soft expression, the endearing forms that the artist depicts, come from that mistress alone, and all that resembles, harmonises with, and glorifies his ideal, is eagerly seized upon and portrayed with earnestness and truth. Thus love leads him to contemplate and desire the beautiful, and to seek it not only in art but in nature. Michael Angelo tells us in one of his madrigals—

"Per fido essempio alla mia vocazione
Nascendo mi fu data la bellezza."

"I have a faithful guide in my loved labour,
One that is born in me, a sentiment
Which never errs, but knows the Beautiful,
And is both lamp and mirror to my art.
'Tis by this gift that I uprise in thought,
And view the grand ideal that I strive
In Painting and in Sculpture to depict."

I could quote many more passages from Michael Angelo's poems in the same vein, for it has been my great pleasure at quiet times to turn many of his sonnets and madrigals into English; but I will only add the remarks of the prophetess Diotima, who, in her discourse to Socrates on love, says—

"He who aspires to love rightly ought from his earliest youth to seek an intercourse with beautiful forms, and first

to make a single form the object of his love, and therein to generate intellectual excellencies. He ought then to consider that beauty, in whatever form it resides, is the brother of that beauty which subsists in another form; and if he ought to pursue that which is beautiful in form, it would be absurd to imagine that beauty is not one and the same thing in all forms, and would therefore remit much of his ardent preference towards one, through his perception of the multitude of claims upon his love."

And she further goes on to say—

"Such a life as this, my dear Socrates, spent in the contemplation of the beautiful, is the life for men to live."—*Shelley's Translation of "The Banquet."*

With such ideas as these budding in the young painter's mind, he is apt to look forward to achievements for which he is not fully equipped, and to attempt that which only the great ones before him have mastered. He is not thinking of the practical picture-buyer, but is lost in a dream of ambition, of hope crowned with success, and of the delight of generating beauty; so that it is not unlikely that there is a charm from these causes in the early work of a true artist, which is absent when, in after years, he finds that the world takes a very different view of his productions to that which fascinated his mind's eye when he thought himself on the threshold of fame. He sees that that same world is not at all startled or astonished by his efforts, and that his dream of fame has dissolved into a mist, his castles in the air have come tumbling down one after an-

other, and oh! humiliating thought! that perhaps his early works were chiefly prized by that polite

THE BRIDE'S BURIAL.

picture-dealer on account of the extremely low price at which he purchased them, and the decent profit he made upon them.

It is, however, but fair, both to the critics and myself, to quote here certain press opinions of these "early works," which were published at the time of their exhibition a year or two ago; because they are at the same time a sequence to and perhaps a corroboration of the foregoing remarks on a young man's work, especially as they help my story in a way that I could not do myself. One paper, *Public Opinion*, says—

"Two Pre-Raphaelite pictures by Storey when he was in his twenty-first year come as revelations. They are delightful in colour, rich and voluptuous, and excellent in sentiment."

The *Daily News* says—

"But more interesting are some very early works by G. A. Storey, A.R.A., which show that this artist was once amongst the disciples of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The pictures here resemble somewhat in strength and brilliancy of colour some of the first works of Millais. One called "Inspiration" (The Annunciation), a devotional subject, has remarkable touches of beauty of a quaintly archaic kind."

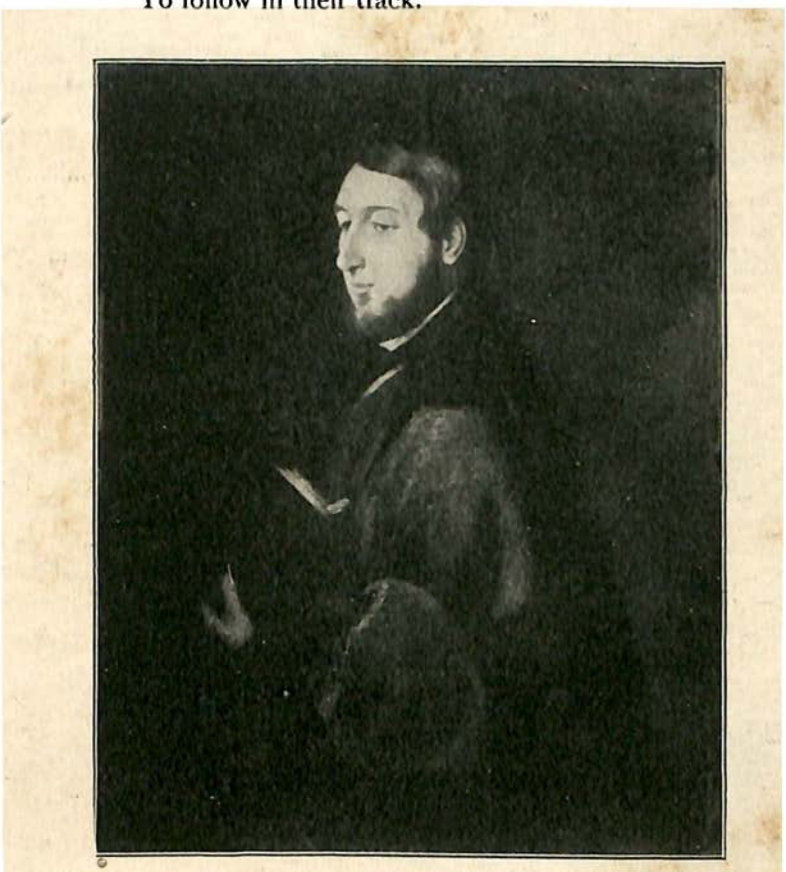
And the *Morning Post* says—

"Among the modern pictures are two by Mr. G. A. Storey, probably the best he has ever painted, 'Juliet' and 'Inspiration,' works remarkable for beauty of colour, poetic grace of design, and general deftness of execution."

However, these works did not sell till years afterwards, at very reduced prices, and for a long time I was most unsuccessful, so much so that I

again wept in words, and, like Shelley's nightingale, sat and sang in darkness—

> "My young companions run before me fast,
> Full of success they turn their faces back,
> And seem to wonder that I should be last
> To follow in their track."



EDWARD CRESSY.

These "young companions" were "the St. John's Wood Clique," as it was called, and consisted of Calderon, Marks, George Leslie, Hodgson,

Yeames, and Wynfield, besides myself; and of these I shall have occasion to speak by-and-by. They took a more practical view of art than I did, and no doubt deplored that I should give way to melancholy and conceive such subjects as the "Closed House," an incident in the Great Plague of London, "A Song of the Past," "The Widowed Bride," and "The Bride's Burial." But in addition to these I painted a good many portraits, over a hundred, among them one of myself at the age of nineteen, which is at the beginning of this chapter, and one of Edward Cressy, a learned man and delightful companion, which is on page 119. He was an architect by profession, nor was there any subject in science, art, or literature that he was not conversant with; and yet his chief occupation was to inspect and to report upon the main drainage of London to the Board of Works, which made him say that he lived in the bowels of the earth. He was the first to advise Sir Henry Doulton to introduce the art element into his pottery, who, more out of friendship than with any expectation of business arising from it, had a mediæval salt-cellar, lent by H. S. Marks, R.A., reproduced. This was followed by other experiments, more or less successful, until at length they developed into the magnificent art pottery works of Doulton & Co., which in a certain sense may be said to be the outcome of Edward Cressy's suggestion.

SKETCH FROM THE PICTURE BY VELASQUEZ IN MADRID.

XVIII

SPAIN

IT used to be said some thirty or forty years ago that every one who went to Spain wrote a book about it. And there is something so strange,

so novel, and so romantic in this old country, that there really seems every excuse for doing so.

When I went there in 1862, it seemed to me that I had not only entered a land that was totally different from anything I had seen before, but that I had gone back in time some two hundred years, and that the ways of the people with whom I was living were not as our ways, but belonged rather to some remote period, when it was a common thing to see the oxen treading out the corn, a sight I actually witnessed in my journey from Bayonne to Madrid.

Most of the books on Spain that I have read are either descriptive of its scenery, its buildings, or the outer aspect of its people, with notes on its history, its art, its romance, &c., which are in many cases excellent guide-books, and among them none more excellent than that by Mr. Richard Ford (1847). But they do not, like "Don Quixote" or the "History of Gil Blas," make you intimate with the people themselves, with their thoughts, their friendships, their virtues and their follies, their strength and their weakness, and, I may add, the delightful side of their character, which you can only find out by living with them and being in sympathy with them.

As soon as I entered Spain, and long before I could understand many words of its language, I was dubbed "Señor Don Adolfo," and I felt I had come among friends whom I could trust, whose society I could enjoy, whose hearts certainly were

good, whatever may have been the deficiencies about their heads.

Although, of course, I met with many clever and intelligent Spaniards, true descendants of Cervantes and Velasquez, still, perhaps, on the whole, the description which my little friend Ramoncito gave me of his countrymen, as contrasted with the French, seems to be pretty correct. "Los Franceses," said he, "tienen mucho cabeza pero muy poco corazon: los Españoles tienen poco cabeza pero mucho corazon." (The French have much brain but little heart: the Spaniards, not much brain, but very much heart.)

It may be imagined, then, that my visit to Spain was one of those pleasant episodes in my life which I cannot forget, and which I am only too glad to recall, and to pass through again in these "Sketches from Memory."

As I had an uncle living in Madrid who had made it his home, his *mundo*, as he called it, for more than thirty years, and was acquainted with all the Dons of the capital, from royalty downwards, I was soon introduced by him to many distinguished caballeros. I was also made a member of the one club there, "Il Casino del Principe," where I made many other friends, both English and Spanish. So that, instead of being a mere sightseer or tourist, a stranger in the land, passing through it with my "Murray's Guide" for my only friend, I was at once introduced to the people themselves; and being, as I have already stated,

a cosmopolitan, I was soon almost as much at home in Spain as in England, and felt it quite as natural to be called "Señor Adolfo" as Mr. Storey.

I regret much that instead of hurrying on to Madrid, as I was obliged to do, I did not have more time to linger over the grand scenery of the Pyrenees, and to make acquaintance with the brave Basques.

As I passed through the north of Spain by diligence (the railway to Madrid was not completed), I was much struck by the beauty of the country, which seemed to have as many shrubs and wild flowers about it as we find in England. Groups of picturesque villagers sat in the shade of the trees, laughing and playing the guitar, whilst others danced in the evening sun. The Basque girls, with long plaits down their backs, their rich-coloured dresses, and their glowing faces, are particularly charming; and I felt that I had come to a land where hundreds of pictures were already composed for me, and all I had to do was to copy them, expecting that the farther I went the more rich would be the supply. But, alas! the expected seldom comes to pass.

The first thing that struck me about the Spaniards was a mixture of dignity and simplicity, and about the young women an almost childishness, which, however, was very agreeable. In the interior of the diligence, among my fellow-travellers, were two pretty young ladies, about seventeen and nineteen respectively, who amused themselves during the

journey by spinning a small spring humming-top in their hands. When one got tired of the toy her sister took it up and went on spinning it, even without looking at it, as though she were doing some fancy work, and seemed to have an idea that it passed the time more pleasantly than sitting still doing nothing. But it amused me to see them taking their turns. So did their beautiful language, which I did not understand, but which I could imagine had been invented for the purpose of producing rich and musical sounds, and for making their mouths form themselves into lovely shapes. Now and then they laughed heartily, and their father, a military-looking man, appeared to upbraid them for their childishness. But they laughed all the more, and handed him the top, as much as to say he was jealous, and wanted to play with it himself; but he put it back with a dignified air and lighted a fresh cigar. He was extremely polite to me, so also was another passenger, who had wrapped his head up in several red pocket-handkerchiefs, and looked very like a brown old mummy. Our conversation, if I may call it so, was carried on by signs and nods, with a little French here, a little Spanish there, and a few English words mixed in; the most fatiguing part of it was keeping up a smile. When we arrived at San Sebastian I tried to make them understand that I appreciated their consideration for a stranger in an unknown land.

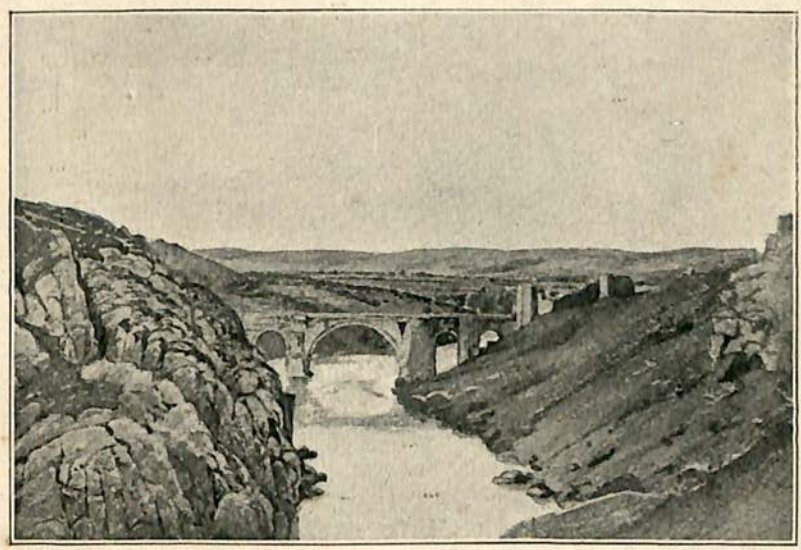
I was to have come out with an English friend, whose business as an engineer on the Spanish

irrigation works made him well acquainted with the country and the language. But he had been prevented at the last moment from accompanying me, and I was wondering how I should get on, and longing to meet with either a Brown, a Jones, or a Robinson, when a thorough Englishman, with rosy face and sandy whiskers, got down from the *coupé* of the diligence and asked if he could be of any assistance to me, as he could see I was a fellow-countryman. Of course I was delighted, and still more tickled when one of the porters of the inn addressed him as "Señor Robinson." I really had then met one of the immortal trio.

Of San Sebastian, the scene of many a desperate fight between the French and English during the Peninsular War, I can say but little. It is at the foot of the Pyrenees, and surrounded by fine scenery. Here we dined, my first Spanish dinner, which I did not at all dislike, notwithstanding the abuse of Spanish cooking that I had heard so much of from the believers in roast beef pure and simple. We were waited on by pretty Basque girls; so what with the novelty, and the fact that I had met a "Robinson," and being very hungry, I much enjoyed my Spanish dinner cooked in oil. The two pretty girls, and my other travelling companions, also dined at the *table-d'hôte*, and then I discovered that the individual whose head was wrapped up in red pocket-handkerchiefs and looked very brown, and whom I took for a man, was their mother!

Thirteen hours' more travelling by diligence

brought us to the railway station at Burgos, but, as it was three o'clock in the morning and quite dark, I have no recollection of it. The rest of the night, and nearly all the next day, we passed in the slow railway train, traversing the dreary plateau of Castile. As I looked out of window, for hour after hour I saw nothing but the same dead flat of dried-



BRIDGE AT TOLEDO.

up country, with here and there a bare granite rock rising out of it. It was like being at sea on dry land, except that it was very dusty. Now and then we came upon a village of dazzling whiteness, the houses with square black holes in them for windows, but no glass, sometimes just a mat hung over them to keep out the sun or the wind. But not a flower

nor a leaf, not a tree nor a blade of grass, for nearly three hundred miles. Where were my pictures? where was the rich colour and the joyousness that I had seen near San Sebastian? And I could scarcely refrain from saying with Touchstone: "Ay, now am I" (in Spain); "the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place, but travellers must be content."

PHILIP IV. (AFTER VELASQUEZ).

XIX

MADRID

MY recollections of Madrid are not altogether flattering to the capital of Spain, "the only Court on earth." A dull-still atmosphere pervaded the place; there was a laziness about the people,

both mental and physical, which was marked in the slowness of their walk. No one seemed inclined to do anything except smoke cigarettes—all business was put off till to-morrow, *manana*. Intrigue and place-hunting were the occupations of the better (?) classes; the bull-ring was the delight of the mob. The women, though graceful, were not beautiful, and I was surprised to see so many who had rather a fair German type than the rich dark eyes and complexions of the girls of Andalusia, though the fact of their wearing veils, instead of the ugly bonnets then in vogue in England and France, added greatly to their charm, and their using fans to shield their faces from the sun, instead of parasols, was another addition to their fascinations. The city itself did not strike me as particularly beautiful, nor even quaint; but still there was one thing which made amends for all its other shortcomings, and that was, and is, the magnificent picture-gallery, which is second to none in the world.

I had not been many hours in Madrid before I visited it. The Museo on the Prado is not a very prepossessing structure, and like everything Spanish, requires to be known a little and understood very much before you can thoroughly appreciate and enjoy it. But whatever the outside of this Museo may be, the inside is full of treasures. The splendid array of pictures by Titian, Paul Veronese, Rubens, Tintoret, and others, is enough to satisfy the most greedy eye for colour; and the grand works by Velasquez are alone worth a pilgrimage to the city

in the desert. And yet, strange to say, when I first saw the latter I felt a disappointment that I can hardly describe, and that I should have been ashamed perhaps to confess, were it not that it was quite natural. They appeared cold and severe by the side of the glowing and voluptuous colouring of the masters just named, and it was only by degrees that I got to understand and admire them. And then each day I learnt to understand and admire them more, especially as I sat in front of them trying to translate them into water-colour sketches, of which I made a good number. Besides, I had just come from England with certain Pre-Raphaelite tendencies and the new school more or less on the brain, and was not prepared at once to appreciate the grand sweep of the brush which expressed in a touch all that the "minutists" expressed in laborious stippling.

I passed many a day in the Museo sketching from the pictures. I began with the "Bacchanal" by Titian, attracted to it by its beautiful colour. It is a companion picture to the "Bacchus and Ariadne" in our National Gallery. While at work on it I kept looking at the "Meninas," or Maids of Honour, in the same room, Velasquez' celebrated picture that Luca Giordano called "the gospel of art," and that Sir David Wilkie said was like a Dutch picture on a large scale. It is so well known that I need not describe it more than to say it represents the Infanta Margarita, with her maids of honour, two dwarfs, a large dog, and the portrait of Velasquez himself standing at his easel, with the Red

Cross of Santiago on his breast, that was painted by the King, who was himself an amateur artist. John Philip was then at work on a portion of the central group, the little Infanta, and a fine piece of work it is, quite in the spirit of the master. It now belongs to the Royal Academy. Strange to say, we did not know each other then and didn't speak, because there was no one to introduce us!! How I regret it! I met him afterwards in London. He said it was a question of which should speak first, but I did not like to approach a Royal Academician. Our modern critics may perhaps smile at the idea of having so much respect for one of the body. He, however, did not remain long in Madrid after my arrival; but Edwin Long and J. B. Burgess appeared upon the scene, and we spent many a pleasant evening together. Long had wonderful facility in copying the works of Velasquez, and his rapidity was extraordinary, sometimes taking only three or four days to a full-length portrait. These copies, and his sketches of Spanish life, were among the best bits of painting that he ever did, for he worked with a surprising freedom which astonished the natives, who seemed to go to sleep over their copying or to live in a prolonged siesta.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Fitch, my mother's only brother, had long been a resident in Madrid. He had fought in the Seven Years' Civil War in Spain and Portugal, and had many a story to tell of his exploits and adventures. He knew every inch of the "Puerto del Sol," the "Alcala," and the

"Prado"; had been in many an engagement in the streets of the capital, as well as on the slopes of San Sebastian and other places. He showed me several marks on the walls and trees of Madrid which were made by shots from cannon which he had directed, one especially on a large old tree near the Prado, which he called "Fitch's Mark." He was also one of the chief movers in getting the English Government to buy the acre of ground, about a mile outside the town, which is now the British cemetery. So bigoted were the Spaniards that formerly decent burial was denied to Englishmen, whose "heretic carcases" were supposed to pollute the soil of Spain; and even those English soldiers who, under Wellington, fell in this country's cause, were allowed no resting-place in it save in the sands of the seashore.

It was many years since I had seen this thorough old soldier, who, in aspect, was not altogether unlike Von Moltke, nor did he seem to have any fear in his composition. I somehow missed seeing him on my arrival in the morning, but found him at the club, the "Casino del Principe," in the evening. Here he introduced me to several of his friends, both Spanish and English, and afterwards we sat in a corner of one of the gilded saloons and naturally talked of family matters until it was time to go to bed. He had taken some apartments for me in the Calle de Leon, not far off, and eventually I was made a temporary member of the Casino for the three or four months that I remained in Madrid.

Here I learnt somewhat of the curious manners and customs, morals and otherwise, of this strange country, and formed some agreeable acquaintanceships that were useful to me. The colonel and I, or Don Juan (pronounced Don Guon), as he was frequently called, used to dine together at the Café Europœa, partly for economy's sake, and partly because we got a very good dinner there, and then finished the evening at the club. A few days after my arrival we were taking our accustomed meal at the above-named restaurant, when we were hailed from a far corner by a merry little Basque gentleman, an old general, who, like most Spaniards, was full of heart—*mucho corazon.* He invited us to dine with him, and kept up a brief conversation right across the dining-room, oblivious of the many people present, who took not the slightest notice, as is their polite custom. He wanted to know who I was, and was informed that I was "un gran ritratista"; just arrived from "Inglaterra"; the nephew of the "Coronel"; that we would not intrude upon his hospitality, as our own dinner was being served. Eventually he came and took dessert at our table. He was very animated, talking partly in English, partly in French, and the rest in Spanish, so that I managed to understand at least the drift of his conversation. Hearing that I was an artist, he said that I must paint a picture of his little boy, and after that a picture of his big boy, and after that his two daughters, and then his wife and himself in a group. Nor were my performances to end there. He would

introduce me to the great Dons in Madrid, who would all wish to be painted by me, and I was to finish up with the Queen herself and the rest of the royal family. Here indeed was fortune smiling at last; my mournful pictures of brides' burials and incidents in the Plague of London were to be succeeded by hidalgos of Spain and personages of the royal blood; the career of Velasquez and Vandyke was opened up before me; I had only to work and be happy. The General Don José de J. told me to call upon him the next day, wrote down his address, and then took leave of us.

When he had gone the Colonel shook his head and smiled. He said Don José, whom he called "Old Jack of Trumps," was a very old friend of his and quite sincere, but I need not build castles in the air from what he had said, and added, "As the Duke of Wellington remarked—'Two and two make four in every other country but Spain.'"

The next morning I started off rather early to call on Don José, thinking that the sooner business was attended to the better. I went up to the second floor, to the flat indicated by the *concierge*, and knocked several times without effect; at length a little wicket or grating about six inches square was opened by a cross-looking old woman, with her head tied up in a silk pocket-handkerchief. I inquired for "General Don José de J." "Who?" said she. I repeated the name. She said she did not know him, he did not live there, and then closed the little shutter, but not before I had noted two

other domestics, with their heads also tied up, sweeping and dusting the apartments.

I went away rather disconcerted, and when I told my uncle of my adventure he at first said I must have mistaken the house or the flat, and advised me to go back in the afternoon. "Besides," said he, "no one ever calls in the morning in Madrid." So back I went, knocked at the same door, which was immediately opened by a tidy little maid. I asked for the General Don José de J. "Oh yes, Señor, he is at home," and I was ushered into the drawing-room. I began to wonder how the mistake of the morning had arisen, when in came Don José leading a stately lady in black silk, whom he introduced to me as Señora de J., his wife. They were followed by two pretty girls, young and elegant, who bowed and smiled, and said a few words of welcome; but the General did most of the talking. These were the daughters whose portraits I was to paint by-and-by. But strange to say, I felt a slight confusion when I discovered that the stately lady in black, now all smiles and affability, was no other than the cross old woman who had opened the wicket to me in the morning, and the two elegant young ladies were the two supposed domestics whom I had seen dusting the furniture. And why should they not, and still be as pretty and sweet, nay, sweeter? But in Spain, though poverty is everywhere and in every class, it must not stand confessed, it must be hidden under a cloak or a mantilla. Often as you pass along the streets

in the evening, ladies, judging from their voices and their elegance, come up to you and beg for some assistance in their sorrow. They do not make a long story like our professional beggars, but the little hand, sometimes gloved, is held out, and more often than not a small coin is dropped into it.

Don José's little boy, with whom I was to begin my long list of portraits, was a pale-faced uninteresting child, and I am glad to say that I entirely forget what my picture was like. I painted it at the house, and soon got on friendly terms with the "cross old woman," who turned out to be very amiable, and also the two young ladies, whose portraits, however, I did not paint, for they told their papa that they were sure they would never be able to sit still enough. As to the young man, he had no time to spare, nor any patience, and Señora was not inclined to have herself portrayed now the bloom of youth was no longer upon her. As to Don José himself, he confessed he would have sat had the othërs consented, indeed, he would not have minded forming part of a group; but alone he did not consider himself good enough to be made a picture of. All that I could say was that I felt the various objections were unanswerable.

The fact is, that in Spain "the text is not always to be taken as it says"; many fair promises are made out of mere politeness, which, on the other hand, it is polite not to expect to be fulfilled. An Englishman does not understand this at first, and often makes amusing mistakes in consequence.

Perhaps, and it only struck me afterwards, Don José did not really want a portrait of his little boy even, and that out of politeness I ought to have said that my engagements at the Museum in copying Velasquez would prevent me doing it at present. And this was rather forced upon my mind by the strange way in which the General set about paying for it. The price was £10, not much, one would think, for a General living in Madrid, with a large estate in Bilbao. However, nothing was said about payment, of course, and as I went to the club every evening, I saw Don José constantly, but he never saw me. He went straight to the tables where they were playing "Trente et quarante," staked a goodly pile of duros, which were regularly swept up by the croupier night after night, and then he hurried out of the place. I watched this proceeding for several evenings, and saw piles of silver coin swept away that would more than have paid his small debt to me. Of course I guessed his object, and had half a mind to go up to him and tell him that if he were risking all this for me not to do so any more; but the Colonel shook his head, and told me I did not understand the Spaniards. At the end of four or five evenings the little General came up to me in the most amiable humour, and said he had been looking for me to say how delighted he was with his boy's portrait, and put £10 into my hand, adding that for several nights he had been trying to win the money to pay for it, but that fate would not

have it so, luck went against him, and he felt it would continue to do so until he had paid his debt.

No doubt there is a good deal of superstition among the Spanish gamblers, some even going so far as to think the Almighty takes an interest in the play of those who call in His assistance. I remember one elderly gentleman, of a staid and serious countenance, who used always, on entering the card-room, to go up to a corner and say a short prayer in his hat before he risked his duros and his gold onzas.

Upon another occasion the play was in full swing, the table covered with silver and gold, the banker just exclaiming, "Couleur gagne," when a little tinkling bell was heard in the street below; a procession of priests and acolytes was passing on its way to administer the last sacrament to a dying man. In an instant every voice was hushed, and every one in the room was on his knees. The sound of a dull chant, mingled with the fumes of incense, rose amid the dead silence that for a minute or two reigned round the gambling table, and not until it had entirely died away did any one rise or attempt to resume the game. I was naturally impressed by this scene, although an English friend kneeling by my side scoffed at it. I said, "Why do you kneel?"

"Because," said he, "I should have a dagger into me if I did not."

At what stage faith becomes superstition I do

not know, nor how far a forgetfulness of religious and Christian duties goes against the luck of the player at the tables; but certain it is that these things have a sort of connection in the minds of some of the Spanish gentlemen who frequent the Casino del Principe. My uncle and I were leaving the club one night in company with a man who had won a considerable sum, when a beggar woman accosted him at the door. He was for a long time diving into his pockets among the onzas, duros, and pesetas, to find the smallest coin of all, namely, a real, worth twopence-halfpenny, which he gave her, ostensibly in the name of charity, but in reality because he believed it to be unlucky for a winner to pass a beggar without giving something.

XX

SPANISH INTERIORS

MANY things, even in Madrid, "the only Court," made me feel that I was living about two hundred years ago instead of in the nineteenth century. There was much that was primitive, very primitive, in the domestic arrangements of the house where my uncle and I had taken up our abode; but since they were of that nature which English reticence bids us ignore, I leave them only thus dimly suggested as part of the background to my picture.

My apartments consisted of a small drawing-room with marble floor of the old chessboard-pattern, walls and ceiling of what appeared to be white china highly glazed, and a little bedroom or alcove shut off from it by glass doors hung with gauze curtains. The furniture was dainty, a white sofa covered with red silk and chairs to match, the table, sideboard, curtains, &c.,

in keeping with the rest. There was a window with a balcony looking on to the street, which was in a good situation, for just opposite was the house in which the great Cervantes is said to have been born, although his real birthplace is Alcalá de Hernares. I had a little entrance-passage with an outer leather door to keep out the noise of the house, and altogether, as my uncle said, I was lodged like a gentleman, and need have no compunction in inviting any of the Dons of Madrid to visit me.

On my arrival I was received by the old lady of the house, Señora Maria, and her two daughters, one a very young, fat, fair, and rather pretty girl, and the other dark, rather older, and rather prettier; they were both graceful, easy in their manners, and very cheerful. Besides these were Gregoria, the servant, and one or two lodgers, who all crowded into my small room, all talking at once. I could not understand a word, but I could see by their looks and gestures that I was the subject of their conversation. When I asked my uncle for an explanation, he said, "They are all anxious to make you happy and comfortable, and are squabbling as to the part that each is to take in doing so. They also want to know all about you, how old you are, whether you are rich like most Englishmen, how long you are going to stay? Am I glad to see you? When did I see you last? Do you like Spain? Have you come a long way, and are all Englishmen like you? Are you well or an invalid? Are you a doctor? Are you married?"

I made some sort of answer to each of these questions, which my uncle translated to them, with no doubt some little additions of his own, for every now and then there was a round of laughter. Then it was: "He must see the Prado, and the Puerta del Sol, and the Museo, and the Retiro, and the Palace, and the bull-fight, and the señoritas, and learn Spanish, and go to the dance, and be delighted."

When my uncle informed them that I was not a doctor but an artist, *un retratista*, they all exclaimed, "Oh, he must take my portrait;" and "I will sit," said the old lady, "if Señor Adolfo wants an old woman."

"And I," said Manuela, "if he wants a young one."

"And I," said Gregoria, "if he wants a servant."

Gregoria was a pretty girl, as neat and clean as could be desired, but she must have been in the middle of her domestic duties when I rang the bell, for without waiting to deposit a certain article which she was carrying back to one of the rooms, she opened the door to me with it in her hand. Of course I was surprised, but I had been told that in Spain I must expect to be surprised. However, when she offered to sit to me for her portrait, I could not help saying to Don Juan, "Would she like me to sketch her just as she is?" At this question all eyes were turned towards her, and she too, looking down to survey herself, suddenly

became conscious of her forgetfulness, and rushed screaming out of the room.

I was questioned very artfully by Señora as to what sort of beauty I admired the most, to which I could only reply that the Spanish type, especially the dark-eyed Andaluce, had a particular fascination for me. At the termination of this interview I thanked them for all their kindness, and said I hoped I should soon be able to speak to them in their own beautiful language, without the aid of an interpreter. At this they clapped their hands and said they would teach me, and furthermore, I should make as many pictures of them as I liked.

For several days after this I was amused and instructed at the same time. Either the mother or one of the daughters would come into my apartment with a feather-broom to dust and arrange the furniture, making signs, pointing to the various objects, and trying to make me understand her; teaching me the Spanish name of each thing as she came to it, which I had to repeat. Pointing to the chairs, she would say "las sillas," to the window, "la ventana," to the door, "la puerta," and so on all round the room. So great was their desire for me to learn, that for several days I was never free from one or the other, including the brother and the servant-maid. If I wanted to write home, one of them would pull the paper away and say "papel," or move the ink-bottle to the other side of the table, saying "tinta," or take my pen out of my hand and say "pluma." All very instructive, no doubt, and

perhaps the easiest way of picking up a language; still, now and then a little embarrassing.

But with all this naïveté and apparent simplicity there was a certain cunning and duplicity that rather astonished me. I soon picked up enough Spanish to understand the drift of a conversation, and while lying on my sofa I sometimes found myself an eavesdropper without intending it. Old Maria and the people of the house, thinking that I did not understand a word, would sometimes talk upon the most private matters in my presence, and thus make me acquainted with many more phases of life and character than I should have learnt by knowing the language thoroughly. Not that they would have minded, for I told them one day, with as much Spanish as I could muster, that I was now beginning to know enough of their language to understand what they were talking about, and that if they had any secrets they did not wish Señor Adolfo to know they had better not tell them before him—not that he would for a moment betray them. They were not displeased with this avowal; but, on the contrary, seemed delighted that I was beginning to understand and to talk so well, and for anything that might seem strange to English ears they excused themselves by saying that it was human nature. I had several conversations with the old lady, especially when I was kept a prisoner in the house by my enemy, the ague. The ingenious manner in which nearly every vice was palliated showed that however strong the faith, the moral

training was elastic. Poverty had to bear the blame of much doubtful proceeding, and the great question often lay between the choice of two evils, a "fat sorrow and a lean one"!

THE STORY OF LISETA.

She told me a very affecting story about a poor girl named Liseta, who had been deceived by a caballero who passed himself off as having great wealth, and professed great love for her. As she was very pretty, there may have been a certain amount of truth about his passing affection, which could not have been real love. She, on the other hand, was very poor; so was her mother. Her father, who had been an officer in the army, was dead, and these two had to battle with the world, and though ladies born, had to live in the meanest apartment and on the scantiest pittance. I need not enter into the arguments, for and against, that were made use of before the fatal step was taken; suffice it to say that the fat sorrow was chosen rather than the lean one, and that for a short time these ladies lived in a beautiful house and on the best of everything. Suddenly the caballero disappeared from the scene; for days nothing was seen or heard of him. Had he been assassinated by some jealous rival? Impossible! the sweet Liseta had no other lover, all her affection was given to this one. Oh, how cruel is fate! And he, what was he? A mere adventurer, a prodigal son who had been

entrusted with certain sums with which to transact business for his father, and had spent it all in pleasure; and not only that, but had incurred debts on all sides, and had escaped from Madrid with the officers of justice in pursuit. The fine house the unfortunate women were living in was not paid for, and they were turned out into the street worse beggars than they were before. The mother soon died of grief and remorse, bitterly reproaching herself for listening to the voice of the tempter and the pernicious arguments in favour of a fat sorrow.

"God," said she, "will never forgive me; but do you, Liseta, forgive your wicked mother!"

Liseta begged of her mother not to add to her grief by such speeches, and as she knelt by her bedside she said, "If God can listen to the prayers of such a tainted wretch as I, He will forgive us both."

"" The mother died soon after this, and poor Liseta was left entirely alone, and what she did I do not know. She had been seen occasionally on the Prado in the company of an old duenna, and well dressed; but suddenly she, too, disappeared. One of her acquaintances, anxious to know what had become of her, went to her lodging and found her almost in rags. She was in the poorest dress imaginable.

"How is this?" said her friend. The girl pointed to a number of candles and a wreath of immortelles that she had just made, and said—

"Oh! what a kind Providence to send you to me now! To-morrow, you know, is All Saints' Day,

when we visit the graves of those we love and pray for their souls. To-morrow, then, come and fetch these candles and this wreath, go to my mother's grave, light all the candles, and place this wreath

LISETA.

on it; pray there, and do not leave till the candles are burnt out. I know you will do this for me."

"Poor Liseta!" said the other, "I will do as you wish. But first you must tell me why you do not go yourself on this errand of love."

"Oh that I could!" said Liseta; "but look at these rags—how can I disgrace my mother by going

to her grave in this plight?" and she buried her face in her hands as she knelt on the floor, the true picture of a Magdalen.

"But where is your fine dress and your veil, that you were wearing not many days ago?"

"There," said she, pointing to the candles and the wreath. "I sold them to buy these things for my mother, that she may know I do not forget her. To die and to rest by her side is all that is now left in this cruel world for me to wish for."

SKETCHED FROM THE PICTURE BY VELASQUEZ.

XXI

EL CASINO DEL PRINCIPE

THE casino was a fine club occupying a suite of handsome saloons extending half-way down the Carrera San Jeronimo, one of the principal

streets in Madrid. It was furnished most luxuriously, and decorated in the florid French style, with chandeliers, mirrors, and all the extravagance of velvet and silk, marble and gold.

It was the one club where you met all the dons, dukes, marquises, ministers, ambassadors, members of the different foreign legations, &c., &c., &c. To be in Madrid and not to belong to the Casino del Principe was to be out of it, out of the world, out of everything, for this was the centre of its life, its juntas, its plots, its intellect, nay, even its passions.

As you sat on one of its velvet couches smoking your *breva* you saw pass before you a procession of human life, and if you had a knowing friend by your side, he would perhaps tell you many a secret history that would surprise you. Here is a little gentleman, good-looking, young, well-dressed, but apparently empty-headed. He comes to the club regularly at a certain hour, goes straight to the billiard-table, loses every game he plays, and leaves precisely as the clock strikes twelve. Why does he always lose? Why are his hours so regular? And why may I not answer these questions? My friend tells me he is a place-hunter with a pretty wife.

Here is Checa, the jovial doctor, jovial when he is not thinking of play, with his hat at the back of his head, his body thrown back in his chair, discoursing in his splendid language and with great animation on "el situacion." And there is friend

Moreno Benitez pacing the carpeted floor in earnest conversation with a Minister or with a member of a secret junta. Over yonder is Mr. Brackenbury, of the British Legation, talking to Higginson, an Irish engineer who is engaged with Higgins on some important irrigation works very necessary to dried-up Spain. There is old Jack of Trumps and the Colonel, being bored by a man with a martingale, with which he expects to win all the money on the tables if he can only get sufficient capital to start with; and over in that corner, sitting close to a marble column, is an old gentleman telling some pitiful tale to the bystanders. Let us go and listen to him for a minute or two.

"Yes, sir, I always thought her the most honest woman in the world, and could have trusted her with all my belongings—in fact, I did. Never was any one more attentive. I am an old bachelor, and depended entirely upon her for all my little comforts. When I went home from the Casino—rather late, as you know, gentlemen—there was my lamp burning, my slippers and dressing-gown placed ready for me, and perhaps a bunch of grapes to cool my palate with; everything thought of and attended to. And when I awoke in the morning I had but to put out my hand, and there was my cup of chocolate, my *bizcoches* and *vaso de agua*, which I took, and then dozed off again till I felt inclined to get up. I rang for hot water, and everything appeared like magic. My toilet over, I had but to open the door of my room leading into the dining-

room, and I found a sumptuous breakfast ready for me; never was anything more perfect. Her kindness was beyond everything, her faithfulness undoubted. She had been with me for four or five years, and I had learnt to look upon her as almost part of my existence. She was, though not very young, a decent-looking woman, with no vices that I could ever discern.

"Well, gentlemen, the other morning, on awaking I put out my hand as usual; there was my chocolate, my *bizcoches*, my *vaso de agua*, everything as usual. I struck my bell for hot water—no answer. I struck it again—no answer. She is out on some errand, thought I. I waited, rang again—still no answer. So unusual a circumstance made me feel anxious; I went into the breakfast-room, and—imagine my surprise, when I discovered it was empty! denuded of everything! not a stick, not a chair, nor a table, nor a curtain, nor a rug! Nothing! I went into the drawing-room—it was as empty as the other; not a carpet on the floor, not a picture on the wall, the whole place cleared as completely as a swarm of locusts clears the plain. I went through the house even to the kitchen—every pot and pan, plate and dish, spoon and fork,—gone! What did it mean? I went down to the porter's lodge, and I said to the *concierge*, without betraying my emotion—

"'At what time was my furniture moved away?'

"'Oh, quite early,' said he; 'between five and seven o'clock, señor. The señora had three or

four porters, who were enjoined to do their work as quietly as possible so as not to disturb el señor, who, when he woke up, would find that all his things had been moved to his new house, where he would follow at eleven o'clock and find his breakfast ready for him, and then while breakfasting, the contents of his alcova would be removed without any trouble. You see, señor, she has managed the whole business very cleverly, as she does everything.'

"'You did not follow the direction of the vans, or ask where the new house was?' said I.

"'I did, señor. I asked, but was told that you would inform me yourself.'

"I was thunderstruck, I could say nothing. I would wait; perhaps Doña Susana would come back and explain. She could not have so suddenly changed her nature; she could not all at once have become a thief; she could not have robbed me! I who had been her benefactor! I will wait. Eleven o'clock—no Susana. Twelve—no Susana. She did not come back to fetch the rest of my furniture out of the alcova. And from that day to this, now nearly a week, I have neither seen nor heard anything of her. She may have gone to Valladolid, or to Burgos, or to the devil, I know not."

I just now mentioned my friend Dr. Checa, who was as fine and warm-hearted a fellow as ever lived. He had been doctor on board an English ship, so spoke a "leetel Eengleesh," though not so well as his own magnificent language.

He had left the group of talkers and was playing

at "golfo," a sort of whist, at one of the side-tables. I sat looking on, but without understanding why so many duros were lost at the turn of a single card; and I supposed that "golfo" meant a gulf that swallowed up all your money. The doctor was in grand spirits, for he kept winning, and had taken about £30 from his opponent, when the latter said—

"My dear Checa, I must leave off playing, for you have entirely cleared me out."

The Doctor, without a moment's hesitation, threw a £10 note over to him, saying, "You can pay me back another time." They went to work again, luck turned, I suppose the cards were offended. Checa not only lost all he had won, but all he had besides; so he threw up his hands and said—

"You see, my dear Adolfo, I am always unlucky."

"Yes, Doctor," said I; "it is because you are too good to be a gambler. It seems you did not want your friend to lose, so you lent him £10 to win his money back with."

"No, no," said he; "I felt so sure I should soon win that too that it was for my own sake, not for his, that I did it. I am not so good as you think; you are only a *leetle boy*, Adolfo, you do not understand the *play*. Come and let us take *the coffee*."

As we sat there in that magnificent saloon, with all the luxury around that wealth and taste could supply, I noticed that my friend, generally so lively, had got into a melancholy mood. I tried my best to divert him, told him he should play like that

"Yankee" over there, who guessed how much his adversaries had in their pockets and left off when he had cleared them out; his own stock being small, he never stood to lose very much.

"Yes, but nobody will play with him now; he is too clever."

Checa, although one of the liveliest and kindest of men, with a face as open and honest as any Englishman's, moving in the best society, and with considerable property, still was made miserable by this wretched gambling. He said he tried to get away from it, he went into the country to hunt, to shoot, to change the scene; but all the time he was longing to be at the cards again, that he might win back what he had lost; not only for the money, but for the honour, "the satisfaction of conquering."

"I go to the opera, I don't hear the music; I go to the comedy, I see a farce at the 'Zarzuela,' but I can't laugh at the performance, I am thinking all the time of getting back here (to the club). Wherever I go, I am as it were haunted by this demon."

"There, Doctor," said I, "you have hit it exactly! This demon! I believe we all have our demons, our little demons. Perhaps both you and I have one sitting on our shoulders at this very moment. I should say they were about the size of monkeys and as nimble. We sometimes think we will catch them and strangle them, but they are too cunning and coaxing for that; the more we curse them and strike at them the more do they dodge and laugh at us, and as they are invisible we can't actually lay hold

of them. Perhaps if we said the Lord's Prayer or told our beads they might go away for a time, but then we want them back again. They are stronger than we are although they are so little; and not only that, but we are too fond of them. We say at one moment, 'Hence! vile poisoner of my peace! destroyer of my immortal soul! Back to the great fiend whose minister thou art!' And then the next moment we look for them, fancy we have them on our knees, stroke them down and caress them, and say, 'My dear little demon, I did not mean to offend thee, or to hurt thee;' and then perhaps he whispers, 'You shall have luck,' or, if he is another kind of demon, he tells you to 'look on the Prado for that pretty damsel who will be sauntering there this evening with her friends,' and at the same time he winks at the other little demons who are all around us engaged in the same sport, some making capital out of one weakness, some out of another. Besides this demon of play and this love demon, there are hundreds of others ready to gratify any wish or fancy we may have, provided it will lead to our destruction. Although we may not always be aware of what our own little demons are doing for ourselves, we can often see the mischief they are doing to others. And I could tell you, as no doubt, doctor, you could tell me, many stories of how good fellows we have known have come to grief through these enemies. With some it is indolence, some vanity, some avarice, some wine, and some temper, and so on through all the list of man's vices and follies.

Perhaps the little demon on Moreno's shoulder is ambition; on that little fellow's who plays billiards so badly it may be indolence; but you know as well as I that there are many others besides these, who, while they seem to be ministering to our pleasures, are luring us on to our ruin. But I begin to feel as if I were preaching a sermon, so no more of it."

The Doctor, who seemed amused and yet perplexed at this speech, said he believed it was quite correct, and that I had described his own state like an artist.

"Let us get away," said he; "let us go to the theatre or to the opera—somewhere for distraction, for I am restless here."

In Madrid, you can go the round of the theatres in an evening. You have but to pay the *entrada* or entrance fee, either two reales (5d.), or, as in the case of the opera, a peseta (10d.), and you are admitted to a promenade at the back, where you can see what sort of entertainment is going on; and if you are pleased with it and wish to see it comfortably, you pay for your stall or your box and walk in. In the case of the opera, as so many of the señores take stalls, they are pleased to let you occupy them when not there themselves, and you have but to ask for one or the other, they, of course, having told you to do so. The stall-keeper soon gets to know you, and will say at once if you ask for such and such a seat, "That is occupied, señor, but"—some other which he knows belongs to a friend of yours—"is vacant." Of course the prices of stalls in Madrid

A PORTRAIT.

are not, as in England, almost prohibitive to any but the rich.

The Spanish acting is admirable, but it would take too long to speak of it here. I will only mention one actor, whose name I now forget, but who performed the character of "Sullivan" in a play of that name, which I have since seen in England under the title of "David Garrick." The play was practically the same, only the name of Sullivan, probably the original one, was replaced by that of David Garrick when acted in London by Sothern. However, the Spaniard's acting was magnificent, and the English men and women of the time were very comic, and made me laugh much. But the surprising part of this story is that the same actor who had played Sullivan, again appeared as a modern Englishman, in a farce, after the serious piece was over. He had the red whiskers, the jolly face, the rather awkward or shy manner of a stranger, and was got up to perfection as a British tourist. He was being taken round to see the sights by a cicerone, and, among others, he had been brought to see some Spanish dancers. The way in which he expressed his admiration for their performances was irresistible. So also was the shy way in which he tried to refuse the invitation of one of the pretty girls to dance with her. However, he at last consented; and here again was a capital piece of acting, for he did the slow, stiff English waltz that was then in vogue, and formed a complete contrast to the grace of his Spanish partner. This over and duly applauded,

he was then approached by all the dancers, who begged him to give them an English dance, "un baile Ingles." He put up his hands as if shocked, laughed, blushed, shook his head, but at last, amid great applause, went to the end of the stage and stood with his arms folded. I was not a little tickled and surprised to hear the orchestra strike up the well-known "College hornpipe," with all the vivacity peculiar to it, and to see our friend from the back of the stage suddenly start off, like a jolly British tar, and go through all the figures to perfection. T. P. Cooke, in his best days, never danced it better, and yet this performance was by a Spanish tragic actor. The piece concluded with a supper for the ballet, provided by the generous Englishman.

I mention this as one only of the many capital performances that I witnessed. But on that particular evening, when we invented the "Little Demons of Madrid," the Doctor and I went to the opera to see "Martha." I remember Queen Isabella was present in the royal box, but Checa said "Don't look at her," and frowned and shook his head. As we came out every one was singing or humming the air of "The last rose of summer," which is introduced into Flotow's opera, and had evidently caught on.

We sauntered along for some time talking and laughing about many things, and then went back to the club like moths to the candle. It was past eleven, and the tables were in full swing.

"Adolfo," said Checa, "my 'little demon' is worrying me to play."

He took a five-pound note out of his pocket and was going to put it on the table, but I said, "If you must play, let me play for you;" so, taking the note, I threw it down anywhere, taking no time to consider.

"Adolfo," said he, "you play the wrong game."

"What does it matter?" said I. "It is a game of chance. (*Trente et quarante.*) Perhaps the wrong game may win, since you, who always play the right one, always lose;" and, while we were talking, another £5 had been added to our stake. So taking up one and leaving the other, I said, "Put this back into your purse, Doctor, it will do to play with to-morrow night."

He laughed at me, and said it was the "*leetel boy* who played like that." Again the roulette had stopped, again £5 fell to our share. This I left, and as I did not care whether we won more or lost what we had gained, I left it there till it mounted up to some £80 or £100. Then I took it up and handed it to my friend; he was very pleased, but asked why I did not leave it longer, as I was in such luck? "We should have won more, Adolfo."

"No; that is what your 'little demon' tells you."

Just then the game was announced "Couleur perd." The game had turned, we should have lost our £80. But the gambler is never satisfied, and he said if I had left the other £5 on the table we should have won £160 instead of £80.

"It is quite true, Checa; and then you would have lost that."

"You are right, Adolfo."

But here comes the Colonel and Moreno, another Spanish friend who was "muy sympatico," a tall handsome man, who also spoke English a "leetel." He was a Member of the Cortes, Gold Key of the Bed Chamber, and eventually became Governor of Madrid.

Among my Spanish friends none were more amiable and sympathetic than Señor Moreno Benitez, at whose house I was a constant guest. He afterwards came to England on a visit, and was much delighted with everything he saw, especially the beauty of some of our English ladies. The opera-house was, he said, "like heaven, full of angels," but his greatest pleasure was to take a seat in Hyde Park, near Rotten Row, and watch the passers-by both on foot and on horseback. He said he never saw anything equal to it in the whole of his travels.

I generally left the Casino between two and three in the morning, and on getting to my street, the "Calle de Leon," not very far off, I had to sing out at the top of my voice for the watchman, the *sereno*. He would answer, perhaps, from another street, or from the end of this one, asking what house I wanted. Presently, he would appear with his spear, and lanthorn fastened nearly at the end of it, which he could unhook; under his coat or jerkin was a belt with keys hanging all round it. He had the

keys of every house on his beat, and in some cases of each flat. He first opened the large street door, then came up with me to my floor, and let me

A STUDY.

in with a "Buenas noches, Señor." I was forcibly reminded of "Dogberry and the watch," but these men were no Dogberrys, being strong fellows who

knew how to handle their spears and to dazzle the eyes of any opponent with their light, and more like our British bobby in pluck, for it was said that no thief was ever known to pass them. They came round at different times of the night and early morning, and intoned the hour in the good old style. My particular man got to know me—his name was Antonio, a good name to sing out—and many a tale could he tell of the doings of Madrid in the small hours, though all seemed as still as the grave, and on a moonlight night nothing could be more calm and beautiful.

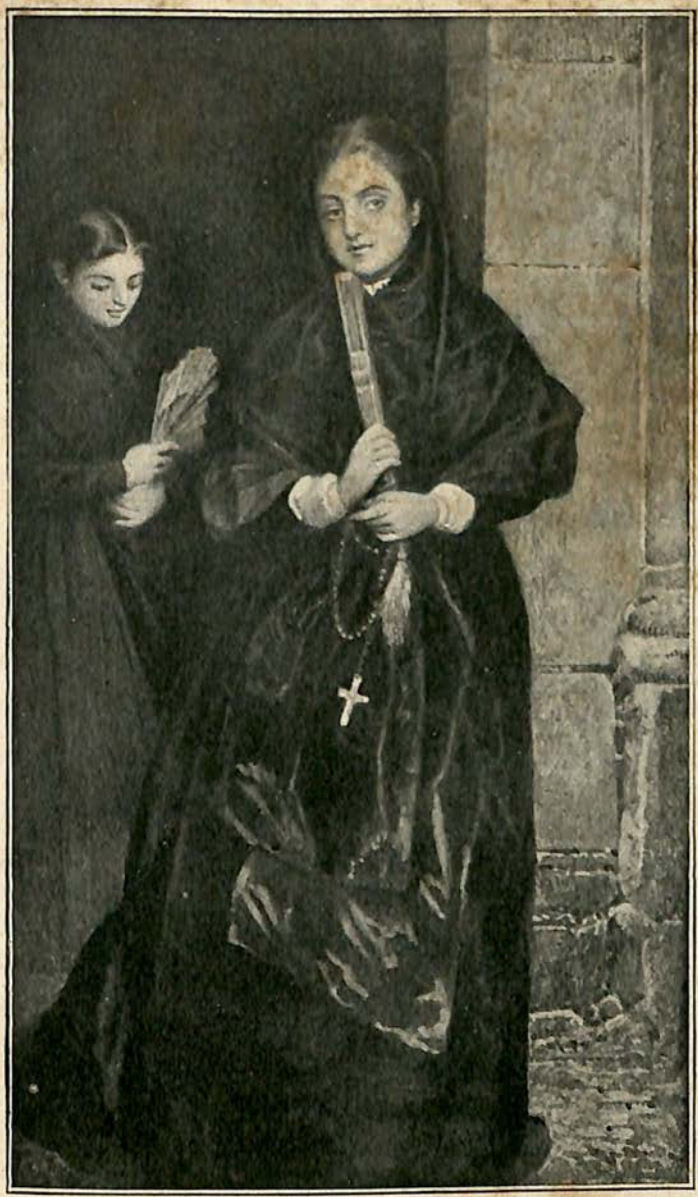
XXII

DOÑA EMILIA

I NOTIGED a peculiarity about my Spanish friends which at length I got accustomed to. In the warmth of their hearts they made promises which upon cool reflection they found they were unable to carry out; and there never was a country where it is so necessary to apply the old adage and to "Strike the iron while 'tis hot."

The portrait of Moreno was to be followed by that of my friend Dr. Checa and of Señor Romano (the son of a marquis), who had been educated in England.

Both of these I began. The Duke of Alva, also, had asked me to paint a picture for him, but it would be two or three months before I could begin it, as his people were away. On their return I was to go to his palace, and probably into the royal presence. But in Spain nothing is positive except onzas, duros, and pesetas, actual cash; this, and this only, do they call the "positivo." The Doctor, notwithstanding the lucky chance of my winning £80 for him, had managed, in endeavouring to redeem his honour and his fortune, to lose a thousand. His "little demon" had fooled him to some purpose, and he was thoroughly



DOÑA EMILIA.

cast down. I was very sorry for him and said I would paint his portrait for nothing, but he was in no mood for sitting. He did not keep his engagements; when I called he was out, and at last his friends got him an appointment as consul in China or some far-away place to get him away from the cursed tables. Yes, they were cursed to him! I shall never forget when one night at the club he saw me stake two duros at "trente et quarante," he rushed up to me and dragged me away.

"Oh, Adolfo, my dear! Oh, do not play! never, never!"

"I have only risked two five-franc pieces, Doctor."

"Never mind—I began with two five-franc pieces, just as you; now I am nearly ruined, not only in purse but in mind. I have no peace, Adolfo, I am miserable; I can enjoy nothing. Once I was happy just like the little boy. I am fond of you, Adolfo, and I do not want to see you as wretched as I am."

"My dear good Doctor," said I, "if only to show you that I have the same feeling for you as you have for me, if for nothing else, I promise you I will never play again. You see, while we have been talking, my two duros have disappeared; let us come away and think about other things."

As to Romano, a jolly little chap, as dark as Othello, who lived in comfortable quarters at his father's expense, he had no money for pictures. He would probably try to win it at the club, as Don

José had done; but still it struck me that the business of portrait-painting could hardly flourish under such conditions, and I had better spend my time in the Museo in front of Velasquez and Titian, and learn from them how to paint portraits instead of wasting day after day in waiting for sitters who did not keep their appointments. Or, if some dark-eyed Morisca from Andalusia could be found for a model, had I not better paint her than these ephemeral dukes and dons and hidalgos of Castile?

Strolling along one afternoon with a friend who knew every nook and corner of Madrid we spied up in a balcony, almost hidden behind the striped awning hanging over it, the very face and the very figure I was in search of.

"What a lovely girl!" said I. "What think you of those eyes, Don Federigo?"

"The finest in Madrid, sir."

"How I should like to paint them!"

"Perhaps you may," said he. "I know the Señora who lives here; let us try our luck."

We went up to the flat where we had seen the young lady, and asked if Doña Leonor was at home.

"Si, señores," said the little maid who opened the door.

We were shown into a very elegantly furnished drawing-room, and were received by an elderly lady who was sitting at work to pass the time. Don Federigo introduced me, told her I was an artist visiting Spain in search of the picturesque,

and that I particularly admired the Spanish type of beauty, such as a young lady we had caught sight of on the balcony.

"She is my niece from Seville," said Doña Leonor, "and is paying me a visit; I will ask her to come in."

Doña Emilia, for that was her name, soon made her appearance, and certainly she was a very beautiful girl, about nineteen or twenty. Hearing I was an artist, she immediately began to talk about the pictures at the "Museo" and the "Academia." She thought nothing could be more lovely than the pictures of Murillo. "The expression of his Virgins," she said, "was truly divine."

It seemed to me that the Spaniards thought much more of this painter than of Velasquez. She then asked me what I was painting. I told her I had been doing some portraits of men—*los señores*—but that I longed to paint a Spanish girl of the Andalusian type, in fact, like herself. Had she ever sat for her portrait?

"Oh no, señor, who would paint me?" she said, blushing and laughing at the same time.

"I will, señorita, if you will sit to me."

"If my aunt consents," said she, looking very pleased.

"Oh! Doña Leonor will be glad if Señor Adolfo will make a picture of her."

So I said I would paint two pictures if I might be allowed.

"Two!" said Emilia. "Why two, señor?"

"One for you and one for me," I said.

She seemed very pleased at this arrangement, her eyes brightened, and I quite agreed with Don Federigo that they were the finest eyes in Madrid.

Doña Leonor entered into the scheme of the portrait with evident satisfaction, showed me through her apartments that I might choose a room with a favourable light to paint in, and asked me what hour would be most convenient? I chose the morning, which she said would also suit her and Emilia the best. A momentary flush passed across the face of the young lady as she smiled and nodded in acquiescence.

In writing of Spanish interiors I may be treading on delicate ground, for it must be understood that they are much the same as they were when Asmodeus took Don Cleofas to the top of the steeple of San Salvador, and showed him the hidden life of Madrid by taking off the roofs of the houses, so that he could see all that was going on in the different apartments at different hours of the day and night.

There is much apparent simplicity and a kindly courteousness among the Spaniards, which proceeds, no doubt, from their hearts, that for the moment seem full; yet the outward appearance is but too often a cloak thrown over the reality, to keep the sorrow, the poverty, and perhaps the shame, from public gaze.

My success in meeting thus easily with such a

beautiful model was so satisfactory that it did not occur to me to trouble myself about her private history. To me she was a picture, a pure type, a dark-eyed beauty from Seville. I lost no time in beginning work, and was soon installed in my new studio. Emilia seemed born to be looked at, and therefore made a perfect model. She took almost a childlike interest in the progress of the work, and was pleased with herself in the *ritrato*, sometimes expressing surprise at its rapid progress. We talked partly in signs, which helped out my limited vocabulary and led to laughter, and by her expression she appeared one of the most amiable of girls. We soon became very friendly, and indeed she seemed to look forward to the sittings. She said one day—

"Why did you want to paint my portrait, Señor Adolfo?"

"What a question for a pretty girl to ask an artist!" said I.

"Do you think me pretty, then?"

"I think you beautiful, *muy hermosa;* the moment I saw you half-hidden behind the awning on your balcony, I said, 'That is the face I am looking for!'"

"Are you not flattering me?" said she, laughing.

"Why should I flatter you, Doña Emilia, when the greatest compliment I can pay you is to speak the truth; besides, you have consented to sit to me, what more should I gain by flattering you? You are helping me to make what I hope will be a

beautiful picture; it may not be, but we always hope when we begin a work to excel in it."

"And why do you hope that? Is it that you will get a large price for it?"

"No, that, perhaps, would prove that I had succeeded, but it is an afterthought. I believe it is the artist's nature to wish to do beautiful work, quite regardless of any other consideration. I know when he fails it is a great sorrow to him."

"If I am helping you to paint a beautiful picture I am satisfied. I am doing some good with my face, although it has not done good for me."

Her look changed from brightness to sadness as she made this short speech, nor did I like to inquire the cause. In Spain one does not ask questions; it is a kind of impertinence, for it may require the one questioned to give an evasive answer or to tell an untruth. This feeling has always clung to me, but whether it was engendered in Spain or not I cannot say. In a country where things are not always what they seem, it is better to accept them as they appear than to assume the office of a father confessor.

One of Emilia's friends, who may have overheard our conversation, just then came into the room to have a "peep," as she said, and made some silly observation which I did not catch. In a moment Emilia's eyes dilated, her colour rose, she drew herself up to all her height, and in a voice full of passion, though not loud, and with the

most disdainful expression, exclaimed, "Muger!" as much as to say, "Woman, begone!" The other withdrew, and Emilia soon after resumed her accustomed calm, and then smiled.

"I wish, Doña Emilia, you would do that again," said I.

"Oh, why, señor?"

"Because I should like to put it on canvas."

"Oh, no, no! *muy feo* (very ugly); I thought you said you liked to paint beautiful things?" said she, laughing.

"But this was beautiful; it was like a thundercloud succeeded by sunshine."

She laughed again, and soon forgot all about her friend's observation.

And so the picture, or rather pictures, went on day by day until their completion. I worked alternately from the finest art in the Museo, and from the most beautiful nature in the person of Doña Emilia.

I arrived one day rather earlier than usual at the house of Doña Leonor, when I saw Emilia and several other señoritas doffing their mantillas. I asked if they had been for a walk.

"No, señor, we have been to church; we always go to mass in the morning."

Was, then, the establishment of my kind friend a seminary for young ladies finishing their education? "What return can I make, señora, for the privilege of using your apartment as a painting-room?"

"Oh, none, señor," said Doña Leonor.

"But for your kindness, señora?"

"Nada, señor."

However, I made a sketch of the old lady, which she wanted to pay me for, but I said she had already done so, and as I took leave of her and of my pretty model, she said, as is the Spanish custom—

"A Dios, Señor Adolfo; se recordar que mi casa está á la disposicion de usted."

Perhaps, if Asmodeus had taken me on his cloak to the top of the steeple of San Salvador that evening and unroofed the house of Doña Leonor, I might have been quite as astonished as was Don Cleofas.

XXIII

THE PORTRAIT

LAVINIA.

AMONG other important events, political and social, that were initiated at the Casino del Principe, one was that I should paint the portrait of Don Juan Moreno Benitez, Gold Key of the Bed Chamber, for the forthcoming Exhibition. It was not only to make my fortune but to establish my fame. A fine figure of a Spanish gentleman with his cloak thrown over his shoulder!—could anything be

more promising? especially if I could introduce the Gold Key!

The time for sending in the pictures to the Madrid Exhibition was Monday the 15th of September, but the portrait of my "Señor" was not begun till the 18th. How could I hope to exhibit it, knowing that in England even the President of the Academy must send his work to the day and hour, or keep it for the next year. Not so in Spain. Through my friend the Doctor, who knew the Minister of Public Works, I had a fortnight allowed me to finish my picture in. The Exhibition would take a month to arrange, and a place would be reserved for my work. I naturally felt a little nervous about having a place reserved for a picture that was not even begun, but set to work, and in two or three days covered a large canvas with a life-size figure.

I was getting on very well, but visitors began to drop in during the sittings; and what with their cigars, and talk, and laughter, and flattery, I was a little put off; for painting a portrait is anxious work. Among the visitors was the Duke of Alva, who said I should paint a picture of his children; but in the midst of it all I had a feeling of the ague coming on. I got weaker and weaker, and could not work for four or five days. My fortnight's grace was up—certainly the picture could not be finished for the Exhibition. Another application was made to the authorities, another fortnight allowed, the picture need not be sent till the day

before the opening, a place was reserved for it. Was ever such indulgence? They must have been told of the fine quality of the work, and that it would raise the whole tone of the show, for how otherwise could they allow such latitude? The picture was sent at last, and on the next day the Exhibition opened to the public.

I suppose I must have overslept myself, for the next morning, at about eleven, my uncle came and woke me up. He had already been down to see after the picture.

"Get up," said he. "I have been to the Exhibition, and your picture looks beastly! It is hung right at the top of one of the rooms, and the light shines down upon it, so that you can't see it at all."

I felt privately that, considering all things, how could I have expected anything different, and also that there was a certain humour in my reserved place being at the top of the room. However, I was soon up, and went round to my friend the Doctor and explained the matter.

"This must not be, Adolfo," said he. "We will go to the 'Ministro';" but first we drove to the Prado and saw the picture. The Colonel was right, it did look "beastly." Next we went to the "Ministro de Fomento" (of Public Works), with whom we had a cigar and explained the serious nature of the case. He quite agreed in our views, wrote at once to Señor Madrazo, the Director of the Exhibition, which had an immediate effect. The picture was taken down from its ele-

vated position, and put in a centre on the line, a place of honour. Nor, I am glad to say, did any unfortunate artist have his picture removed to make place for mine; another room was thrown open, which gave the hangers the opportunity of not only placing mine, but several other works, to advantage.

Although the result of all this was to a certain extent pleasing, I did not feel quite flattered by it; but what did flatter me and give me much pleasure was the remark made by two brother artists. I happened to meet Long and Burgess at the Exhibition, and as we passed through the room where the portrait was placed, one of them pointed to it, and, without knowing it was my work, made some very complimentary observations about it.

XXIV

THE NOVILLOS, OR COMIC BULL-FIGHTS

MANDOLINE PLAYER.

THERE is something about this Madrid that likes me not. Much as my heart warms to certain individuals, such as my friends Moreno, Checa, and several others, as a whole I love not this "only Court," this capital of Spain. Its promenades are dusty and hot; its trees have to be watered two or three times a day to keep them alive; its atmosphere is still and stuffy, and one feels one would like to open a window in the heavens to let in some fresh and pure air, for its winds are still and treacherous,

coming like a stiletto to their unsuspecting victim. There is neither that gaiety which one finds in Paris, nor the industry and intelligence which makes France rise like a phœnix from the flames of revolution and of anarchy; from bad government and disastrous wars. All in Madrid seemed like torpor. Even its amusements were often brutal, and the bull-ring had few charms for me. It did not seem like wholesome enjoyment, not like our cricket matches at Lord's, or our boat races at Putney and Henley. It was stained with blood, and the risk of death to the glittering Espada, the booted Picador, and the nimble Bandillero, added an unwholesome excitement to a people whose indolence required much pricking to rouse it from its lethargy. I speak of over thirty years ago; perhaps things have changed since then?

There was, however, one entertainment in the Plaza de Toros which was really amusing, and not bloodthirsty, though even there accidents might happen. "Los Novillos" were young bulls that were trotted into the arena with cushions on their horns merely for a game. They were not killed, nor were there any poor, blindfolded horses to be ripped open. A high mast was placed in the centre of the arena, gaily decorated with flags and ribbons, and near it a fine bedstead in which was an invalid, in night-cap and gown, receiving the condolences of his friends, and the terrible attentions of the doctors. Just as one of the faculty was approaching with an enormous syringe or stomach-pump,

the bull was heard behind the gate of the ring. This was the signal for all the sympathising friends, including the doctors, to take to their heels, leaving the poor invalid waving his arms in an agony of despair. Presently the gates were thrown open, and in rushed the bull and made straight for the bedstead; but just as he got his horns under it on one side, the invalid very nimbly slipped out on the other, and ran for his life amid roars of laughter. The bedstead and all its paraphernalia was in the meantime tossed up into the air by the infuriated animal, that only caught sight of the runaway when he was nearing the fence. The bull, however, gave chase, but was too late.

A number of men in baskets then attacked him with their harmless spears, and the bull rolled them over without hurting them, that is, without piercing them with his horns. A good deal of fun was got out of these men in baskets, which encased them like a very awkward sort of armour, for when down they could not get up without assistance, and had to roll out of the way, and no sooner were they up than they were down again like so many ninepins. Many other pranks were played by the professionals, who seemed to be perfectly at home with Señor Toro, one running up the mast like a monkey, making faces at him, the animal trying in vain to get at him. And as to playing with the bull, I remember seeing a celebrated Espada, Il Tato, perform the most extraordinary and elegant feats, which showed that there was something in bull-

fighting when perfect art was brought into play. Having despatched one animal with a single thrust of his sword, which is the great achievement of the arêna, he lighted a cigarette, calmly waiting for a second bull that could be heard bellowing just outside the barrier. The gates were flung open and in he rushed, making straight for Il Tato, who, with the little red flag on his sword, stood ready to receive him. But just as the bull lowered his horns to toss or pierce his opponent, the latter, with a slight movement or half turn, stepped just clear of him. This movement was repeated several times, and the effect was very much as if the Espada was waltzing round the arena with the bull; at length the creature became bewildered and made one more run at his enemy. This time the nimble Torero, with the quickness of lightning, put one foot on the bull's neck, stepped along his back, and leapt off at his tail, coolly taking off his sombrero to him and then vaulting over the barrier."

To show what a national sport this bull-fighting is, on the occasion of the comic bull-fights, or the Novillos, at certain signals the occupants of the seats are admitted to the arena to play what pranks they like. They rush in in crowds, and no doubt many an incipient Toreador tries his skill for the first time; but though there is some fun, there is also danger, and I remember on one occasion the bull, finding his horns were useless, knelt on one of his tormentors and crushed him to death.

When the bull that was not to be killed had

finished his performance, a number of bullocks, called the *nurses*, were sent into the arena, and surrounding him, he became as tame as they were, and went out as quietly as a lamb. Even a furious creature that for some reason is judged not fit to continue the combat is taken out in this way, and I have seen the very Torero, who a minute before was within a few inches of his horns, go up to him and pat him on the back as he went out.

I sometimes discussed these bull-fights with Moreno. He said the art of a real bull-fight was for the Toreador to defend his horse and not allow the bull to get near it, but in that case he was armed with a real spear and not the blunt pole with a kind of nail at the end of it, which is used at these shows, and only serves to pierce the skin and irritate the bull; and the triumph of the whole thing lay in the skill and courage of the Espada, who faced the bull and planted his sword in a particular part of his neck and plunged it into his heart, so that death was instantaneous. And again, when the same performer would be alone with the bull, and, as already described, elude all the animal's thrusts by making a half-turn on his heel, apparently without the least exertion. I remember seeing one of these celebrated bull-fighters sitting calmly in the middle of the arena smoking a cigar just before the bull was let in. As the latter rushed towards him, he very quietly got up in the nick of time. The chair went high into the air, but the Espada stood there smiling and bowing. As to the wretched horses

with a bandage over one eye, their bones almost protruding from their skin, they were half-dead before they entered the arena, and finished their days gloriously in the bull-ring instead of going to the knacker's, and their butchery was more to please the mob than the better class. My friend admitted that that part of the performance was not artistic.

I peeped into the chapel just outside the Plaza de Toros, where the bull-fighters hear mass and make confession before entering the ring, never knowing whether they may come out of it alive or dead. This struck me as characteristic of the people, whose Church is not a mere Sunday business, but spreads her wings over her children, from the highest to the lowest, and at all times and in all places; whether they are at their devotions or at their pastimes. In a former chapter I have noted how, at the Casino, the play at the roulette tables was instantly stopped at the sound of the passing bell, that a gambler would say a short prayer in his hat before risking his duros, and that even the doncellas at Señora Leonor's went to mass every morning.

THE FERRY—TOLEDO.

XXV

TOLEDO

I HAD passed three or four months in Madrid, had seen some of its strange ways and doings, and began to long for a change of scene. I had heard much of Toledo, the ancient capital, "the Crown of Spain," and thought that two or three months might be profitably spent in sketching some of its picturesque buildings, with their Moorish arches and famous Patios.

I started on my new exploration at the beginning of December 1862, arriving at Toledo rather late in the evening. There was a coach to bring

the passengers up to the town by a road cut in the rock, and ascending in zigzag. There was a splendid moon shining, and the old place looked very picturesque, and dreamy, and solemn.

I went to the Fonda del Lino, expecting to be heartily welcomed and to get some refreshment after my journey; but cooking was over for the day, and nothing was to be had for love or money. As I knew no one, and was left by the porter to shift as best I could, I said, "Travellers must be content," ate my last stale biscuit, took a pipe and a glass of water, and then went to bed. The town, as well as the inmates of the house, was fast asleep, though ten o'clock had only just struck. What a change from Madrid, thought I, and being tired I soon dozed off.

The next morning I sallied forth in quest of better quarters, taking with me a letter of introduction from my Madrid friend, Romano, to Señor Ojéda, his brother-in-law, who was "Ministro de Fomento," and also an amateur artist. This letter of introduction was in an enormous envelope about the size of a page of *Punch*, with a seal as large as a five-shilling piece, and as it was addressed to a Spanish Minister I thought I could not do better than walk about with it till I met with some one who would direct me where to deliver it.

Presently I saw coming towards me a very gentlemanly individual, and handsome withal. I held up the great letter, at which he smiled, then politely taking off his hat, said in French, "Monsieur Storey, n'est-ce pas?"

"Oui, Monsieur," said I, "est-ce que par hazard cette lettre est pour vous?"

"It is," said he, in English, "and I am quite at your service. I heard of your coming from Moreno and Romano, and was on the look-out for you."

I told him of my comfortless hotel, and he recommended me to go to some rooms in a *casa de huespedes*, or boarding-house, kept by Señora Abad. For a fine apartment thirty-five feet long, eighteen feet high, furnished with old picturesque chairs and tables, the floor covered with a handsome matting, two windows looking on to separate courtyards, with massive grey-green shutters composed of about a dozen small panels each, a great door six inches thick, with twenty or thirty of these panels, and a bolt nearly half a yard long, all made to last; and leading out of this room, an alcova, or bed-room, with a bright steel bedstead—the charge, including all my meals, which were excellent, a brasero or fire-dish containing smouldering charcoal, and a bottle of good wine, *Vino del Pais*, was one duro (four and twopence) per day. *No extras.* And I not only had a kind hostess but excellent company. There were several Spanish officers living in the house, gentlemanly fellows, and not unlike Englishmen in that respect; a priest, Don Ramon, Canon of the cathedral; Ramoncito, or little Don Ramon, a very amiable young gentleman, besides several ladies. As the drawing-room and dining-room were open to all, we frequently met, and never without some fun or entertainment.

There seemed a purer atmosphere, both physical and moral, about this place than about Madrid, besides which, I could see at a glance that there was ample material everywhere for the pencil.

STREET IN TOLEDO.

In coming from Madrid, which only takes three hours, I seemed to have travelled six or seven hundred years into the past. In Madrid all is modern; here all is so old that I believe some historians trace it back to the days of Adam, who was said to be the first king. At least half of the city is the work of Moorish hands, and the rest, perhaps, might be attributed to the Goths. But it is slowly falling into ruin, and splendid palaces are now inhabited by mules and muleteers. There is only one level street in the whole town, the others are all uphill and down-dale, and some so narrow that there is only room for one donkey with his

pack to pass at a time. There are no cabs or carts, for they could not pass through most of the thoroughfares. There were, I believe, some small vehicles, but even for these grooves are cut in the walls to admit the axletrees, and then again the streets turn and twist about in all directions, so that one never knows exactly where one is.

But to return to my lodgings. Having settled with Señora Abad, and given directions about my baggage, Señor Ojéda (pronounced O'Héda, with a sort of guttural on the j) took me to his own house to lunch and introduced me to Señora Ojéda, who came forward most gracefully, as all Spanish ladies do, and, addressing me in perfect English, said, "You need not speak Spanish to me, Mr. Storey, for I was brought up in England, and was for some time at school in Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood!" mentioning her schoolmistress's name. I remembered then that she was the sister of Señor Romano, who had also been at school in England.

On the table in the drawing-room, which was furnished *à l'anglaise*, were *Punch*, the *Illustrated London News*, and several English books—and these, in what seemed to me the most ancient, ruinous, and outlandish place in the world; although this *Corona de Espagna* was said to be the light thereof.

My new friends were very amiable, invited me frequently to their house, where I made sketches of some of the apartments, which have since been

useful to me as backgrounds to my so-called "Dutch pictures." Here is a kitchen, for instance, drawn tile for tile, pan for pan, thoroughly Spanish,

KITCHEN AT SEÑOR OJÉDA'S.

and yet not unlike some of De Hooghe's effects. I have used this, and others taken in my own

apartments at the Casa de Abad, for my "Shy Pupil," "Double Dummy," "The Duet," and others which have been looked upon as inspired by the Hollanders, but notably in my picture called "No Wife," or "The Padre," which is almost a portrait of my apartment, whilst the priest is a reminiscence of my friend Don Ramon el Canonigo.

So what with my comfortable home at the Casa de Abad, and my kind friends Señor and Señora Ojéda, besides others that I was soon introduced to, I felt I was in anything but a strange land and among strangers.

The old walls and the tumbledown palaces soon became familiar. I only wished that I had more knowledge of the past history of this venerable city, that I might reconstruct in imagination its glories and its beauty. But I must take it as I find it and make the best of it. Here I enter, as it were, a family circle of warm-hearted people, as well as a city full of strange dwellings and solid stone records. These are the backgrounds sketched on the spot, the others are the figures that I shall sketch from memory.

XXVI

LA CASA ABAD

I HAD no sooner settled down at the Casa Abad than I began to look about to see how I should employ my pencil. I had had a good deal of enforced idleness at Madrid, although I had worked pretty regularly at the Museo, but I found nothing in the city itself to inspire me; this could not be said of ruinous old Toledo, this monument of the past which dates back to the Deluge.

After Manuel (the boots) had brought in my frugal breakfast, which consisted of a cup of thick chocolate, a biscuit and a glass of water, I dressed, and from the window in my room, which looked on to a courtyard, I saw plenty of material without going out for it. There was nothing particularly grand about it, but there was useful detail in the way of pavement, a fountain, or what had been a fountain, but was now filled with mould and rubbish, an old well, old brick and stone walls, a picturesque doorway, a row of old chairs, besides sundry articles of clothing hung out to dry. These were nothing in themselves, but the variety of tints in grey and red, and touches of green and yellow, all pervaded by the warm glow of sunshine, were nevertheless

a good study, and might be useful hereafter (which

PATIO OF THE CASA ABAD.

they were) for foregrounds and backgrounds. True

colour is only to be obtained by getting it direct from objects in the pure light of day, and this sketch, ungainly as it may appear, is a dictionary of varied tints.

But there was another advantage in starting the work. It interested the inmates of the house; and Señor Adolfo working at a craft of which they were all ignorant, and for which they were full of admiration, made him a much more important personage in their eyes than were he but an idle tourist. It formed a sort of bond of union with them and set them at their ease, seeing that their English visitor had come there with a purpose; a purpose flattering to them, and not to be a sort of spy upon them, or to turn up his nose at them, as so many of my countrymen are unfortunately given to do.

While I was busy at my sketch, Don Manuel was performing certain duties in the courtyard. He was cleaning the boots, attending to the braseros—that had to burn for a certain time in the air to get rid of the noxious vapours of the charcoal before it was safe to place them in the apartments, cleaning knives, drawing water from the well, and so forth.

Nicolassa, a good-looking girl, a combination of cook and housemaid, was sweeping out the gallery above and doing the various rooms that opened into it, and as both she and Manuel lightened their labour by singing, it was not a little amusing to hear how they improvised the words of their song, which was sung to a droning kind of chant or *jota*.

Manuel began by singing something about the

Estanquera or tobacco-girl, but thought he preferred "La hija del Zapatero," the daughter of the shoemaker, as it gave him pleasure to polish the boots that had passed through her beautiful hands. Nicolassa, feeling, I suppose, slighted by his not referring to "la cocinara," the cook, on whom our whole existence depends, sang out from the balcony to the same tune, "What creature is that below, whose groans are like those of a dying cow?" To which Manuel replies, "I did not know there were cats in the place, but I hear one now for certain; what is she mewling about?"

Then the subject of their lyrics was changed, Manuel beginning, "I thought I loved Nicolassa." To which she replies, "Don Manuel is a donkey." "Yes, that's what the women say when you love them, and they are right." This sort of badinage went on as long as the duties of the duettists lasted, the performers pausing now and then to collect fresh ideas.

"Bravo!" said I, from my window. "Bravo, Don Manuel! bravo, Nicolassa! sing away, there's nothing like music to make you work," and they both laughed like good-tempered children.

After my morning's painting I was summoned to breakfast, to the *almuerzo*, which was a big repast like a luncheon or mid-day dinner, consisting of many dishes, with wine instead of coffee. At this meal I generally met a good many of the other inmates of the house, and it was not long before I began to feel like one of the members of a large

happy family. My hostess was anxious to please "El Señor Ingles," and when she found out the different dishes that I had a preference for, she would say, as I went out to my sketching, "If Señor Adolfo likes stewed eels and roast partridges, there will be stewed eels and partridges at half-past eleven to-day;" and Señor Adolfo took care to be at the table at that hour.

KITCHEN AT THE CASA ABAD.

The kitchen, often the most interesting and picturesque apartment in an old house, was, I thought, worthy of being depicted, but my sketch is rather a view of the stove than the apartment itself, which was lofty, with whitewashed walls and pale red tiles. The various pots and pans here displayed are all portraits, and the Moorish tiles

that decorate the face of the stove are faithfully copied. The stove itself is like a French one, with a number of small open grates for the different sauce-pans, frying-pans, &c., to be placed thereon, so that a great variety of dishes can be cooked at the same time; these were served up as they were done, the lodgers taking what happened to be ready at the time of their sitting down; but the usual thing was to give some notice of it, or to have a fixed hour.

Señora Abad superintended this department, but had numerous assistants, and one of them was Nicolassa, whom we heard singing in the balcony just now; she is here represented in the act of plucking a fowl. She stood very patiently, and was amused at being portrayed, but the fowl was plucked and cooked long before I had time to finish its picture. I had to hurry over the girl's dress and figure too, because it was the busy time of day, and to have an artist in the kitchen just then, was no doubt rather a nuisance; only that he is such a quiet passive creature.

Although the *almuerzo* was a pretty substantial meal, consisting sometimes of eight or ten dishes, we had a dinner at five or six o'clock, which was also on a generous scale, and, as far as the meats were concerned, did not differ very much from the breakfast. We had fish, game, entrées of various kinds, and sweets in perfection; but the standing dish was the *puchero* or universal stew, into which an odd mixture of beef, mutton, pork, beans, carrots,

onions, and I don't know what besides, were all cooked together, and which was, I thought, very good. Of course, from a great earthen vessel full of this combination of soup, meat, and vegetables, many different plates could be extracted, first the rich liquid, with bread, then the pork, then the beef, then the *garbanzos*, or round Spanish beans—not bad—and haricots—blancs, &c. No doubt many English people would not care for this sort of hotch-potch, but I can assure them that it was fifty times preferable to our underdone cold mutton and plain-boiled potatoes, neither of which abominations did I ever see in Spain.

These may seem trivial details, and yet what we eat and drink is of importance to our well-being; nay, even to our happiness. I must confess there is a certain pleasure in looking forward to a good dinner, and a three weeks' invitation gives us, at all events, three weeks of pleasurable anticipation, in addition to the feast itself. Nor do I think there is anything derogatory in such a confession. Does not Brillat-Savarin, the great Professor of the Art of Dining, of "La Physiologie du Goût," tell us that the destinies of nations depend upon how they eat and drink, and that the discoverer of a new dish confers more happiness on the human race than the discoverer of a new planet? Surely this is not to be denied, and, furthermore, he says, "Tell me how you dine and I will tell you what sort of man you are." Some might say it is a question of money. I think it is a question of cooking, for

this olla podrida can, by careful and dainty management, be made a very palatable affair, and is certainly inexpensive since there is no waste.

It is the custom with the Spaniards, when they sit down to a meal, to first offer it to whoever else may happen to be present, and it is also the custom for the other individual to politely refuse it with many thanks, and the hope that it may do his friend good, with other compliments. On one occasion I was at table waiting for my dinner, when Ramoncito, who happened to be sitting opposite, was first served. He immediately, according to custom, offered his dish to me, but instead of refusing it, I said I would accept it with pleasure, and, looking at me with some astonishment, he passed it over, perhaps thinking I should pass it back again, instead of which I began eating it. He then sat back in his chair, and stared at me for a minute as if he were at a loss to know what to do. In the meantime Manuel appeared, carrying in a cover for Señor Adolfo; but before he put it down I asked Don Ramoncito if he would do me the kindness to accept my dinner, since I had done him a similar favour in accepting his. He burst out laughing, said it would give him much pleasure to do so, adding that he could see I had been mocking at one of their foolish customs, which was to say things they did not mean and then call it politeness. But I told him it was with no view of correcting him or the custom, which I thought a pretty one, but simply for a bit of fun, which I hoped he would forgive.

Don Ramon Tenes was a most obliging companion; he was ready to take me anywhere, to show me all the nooks and corners of the ancient city, to go for walks with me into the country, and on several occasions we rode out on hired steeds that might have been the descendants of the famed Rosinante. But we shall meet with Ramoncito again.

A FAIR MUSICIAN.

XXVII

DON RAMON EL CANONIGO

DON RAMON was a fine good-looking man, who came from the south of Spain, where he had some little property (I forget the name of the town), had taken holy orders, and was, when I met him, one of the canons of the Cathedral of Toledo. He had a rich voice, and a vein of humour and good-nature that made me take to him. I had now been in my new home for two or three weeks, and was tolerably acquainted with most of the inmates of the "Casa de Abad." I had got on with my Spanish, too, and, although I could never speak it very fluently or correctly, I could make myself understood, and could understand a good deal.

I was sitting in the dining-room one evening with an old guitar on my knee, when Don Ramon came in and sat down to his dinner. After the usual compliments, he took his repast, and at the same time read his breviary, so that as each mouthful of the one helped to sustain him in this life, each sentence of the other prepared him for that which is to come.

Seeing how he was engaged, I kept silent, and quite inadvertently sounded a few notes and passed my fingers lightly over the strings of the guitar.

"I beg your pardon, Don Ramon," said I. "I was not thinking that you were engaged with your breviary."

"Oh, that is nothing, Don Adolfo; you do not interrupt me. I am accustomed to read my prayers at all times and in all places. I shall soon have finished, so please do not mind me." A minute or two afterwards he closed his book with what seemed a slight bang.

"Why do you not play, señor?" said he.

"In the first place, because I am ignorant, and in the second because this instrument is so out of tune that even if I were a musician I could not play it. Do you play it, Don Ramon?"

He raised his hands, put on a very grave look, shook his head, and said—

"You know, señor, that the guitar is not the instrument of the Padre."

"Why is that?" said I. "Is it that it is not solemn enough, and that you cannot play sacred music on it?"

"Not altogether that," said he.

"Perhaps, then, it is because it is the instrument of the *Amanté*, the vehicle of profane and not of sacred love?"

"Si, señor, that is why it is forbidden."

"But you were not always a priest, Don Ramon. Perhaps, when you were a student you did as students do, and could play a bolero or a fandango, or 'La Jota Aragonesa.'"

"Es posible," said he.

"Surely, then, you must know how to tune the guitar if you do not play it. You see how dis-

LISTENING.

cordant this is." I then handed it over to my

friend, asking him if he would, at all events, put it into better form. He looked all round the room, then at the door, and then taking the wicked toy in his hand, as though he were half afraid of it, he began screwing up the strings and touching a few chords.

"Can you not remember some of those student songs?" said I. "I wish I could play, I would sing you a pretty old English ballad, which begins—

> "Will you hear a Spanish lady
> How she wooed an Englishman?"

And I hummed part of the tune, which he thought "muy bonita." Then going towards the door and looking up and down the passage to see that no one was about, he said there was really no wickedness in music, and he wished he might never commit a greater sin than singing a love-song. So he struck up a lively romance, which I wish I could remember, and sang it with all the spirit of a Leporello. One of the lodgers, attracted, I suppose, by so unusual a sound, was heard coming towards the door. Don Ramon passed the guitar over to me, saying, "Bravo, Señor Adolfo, muy bien, muy bien."

The new-comer wished me to continue, but I said I was tired, and it would be for another time. The lodger who had just entered was Ramoncito, and I could tell by his look and a little wink he gave me that he understood the situation, and accepted my lame excuse. The links of friendship are not, perhaps, always confined to the pure

virtues of the saints of the calendar. Sometimes even our weaknesses may teach us to sympathise with each other, and establish a confidence which those more difficult attributes might occasionally interfere with. I do not mean that we should condone offences that are positively vicious, but there are many little disobediences of the strict rules of orthodoxy which may be attributed more to kindly, though perhaps weak natures, than to the actual temptations of Satan, and which, I think, are infinitely more pardonable than the cruel deeds and heartless zeal of some religious enthusiasts and of those terrible bigots who would commit murder for the love of God! Why then should not Don Ramon play the guitar, and Ramoncito wink his eye, and Don Adolfo pretend to be a musician?

I intended to have painted a portrait of Don Ramon, and I much regret that I did not. He had promised to sit to me in his splendid robes, all silk and gold lace and embroidery. When dressed in these and walking in procession during High Mass at the Cathedral he looked grand; there was the priest in all the pomp and pride of the Church; but in the "Casa de Abad" he was the genial good-natured man.

As I passed one morning through the suite of rooms that were open to all the household I saw him appealing to a pretty girl, a niece of the Señora's, who was sitting at work in one of the windows. He held a pair of black silk stockings in his hand which were in sore need of darning, and addressed her in a half-plaintive voice.

"The poor Padre," said he, "must appeal to your goodness to mend this little rent for him, for, alas! he has no wife to help him in these difficulties."

"Ah, Don Ramon," said she, "there is the mistake you have made. A fine man like you should have gone into the army; then you could have had a wife to cheer you and make you happy, and do these mendings for you."

"Yes, that is true, señorita, but we cannot fight against our destiny, and must learn to be content in whatever path in life it has pleased God to call us."

This little incident remained in my mind, and I painted a picture of it, which I called "No Wife," or "The Padre," and exhibited it in the Academy in 1888, just twenty-five years afterwards.

Christmas was coming, and I had not expected that away in Toledo it would be at all like our festival in England. Much then was my astonishment when I found it resembled it in all respects, if we leave out the roast beef and plum pudding, which I suppose is quite British; foreign "ros-bif" being as inferior in nature as in name to the home article. But in the "Casa de Abad" we had a famous roast turkey, and the table positively groaned, with a loud voice, beneath the weight of good things which our Spanish hostess placed upon it; and all honour and glory to her, entirely at her own expense.

I was sketching one of the courtyards out of my window when I saw a fine turkey strutting about as proud as a peacock, neither he nor I thinking that

he would be served up a few hours afterwards as the *pièce de résistance* of our Christmas dinner; but so it was. Christmas Eve, however, was the occasion of the great merry-making of the season. We were all invited to assemble in the large hall, where we were called upon to enjoy ourselves with song and dance and any games that might be improvised. The servants sat in a row on one side of the room, with Don Manuel at their head, and the old guitar already mentioned in his hand. These were the orchestra; they sang, or rather intoned, a sort of ta-ra-ra, beating time with their hands and feet as accompaniment to the "Jota Aragonesa," for the Spanish dancing is somewhat Oriental, and consists rather in graceful movements and turns of the body and throws of the head than in jumping about, and for this the *jota* is very well suited. But there was a desire on the part of the young people for a waltz, a polka, or a quadrille, and our orchestra was not up to the music for these dances. So Ramoncito, who had overheard our Padre's performance when he interrupted us a day or two previously, took the guitar from Don Manuel, and, with a very graceful bow, presented it to Don Ramon, and begged him in the name of the whole company to play for us.

Don Ramon, in his rich voice, at first excused himself on account of his cloth. "No, señor," said he, "impossible, I must not play to you," and would have handed back the instrument, but the rest of the company came round him, all saying, "Yes' yes, we know you can play, Don Ramon, and it is

Christmas Eve." At length his scruples were overcome, and he played dance after dance for us with all the spirit that it was possible to put into the instrument, nor do I suppose there were any bad marks recorded against the kind Padre for thus assisting the merriment of the evening.

I endeavoured to do my part towards the entertainment by singing some English songs and performing an English dance, namely, the "double shuffle," with which they were highly amused, and which took on, for the next few days all the young people in the house, servants included, were trying to dance the "baile-Ingles"; and when Nicolassa and Manuel brought in my breakfast, one carrying the dishes and the other the plates, they entered the dining-room dancing the double shuffle, and singing to the tune of the *jota* "El Almuerzo de Señor Adolfo."

ONE OF THE INNOCENTS.

XXVIII

THE CATHEDRAL

THE Cathedral of Toledo is a vast and magnificent structure, over 400 feet long and 200 feet wide, with five naves, the centre one being 160 feet high, with a very forest of pillars and piers, splendid stained glass, a great number of chapels,

about seven organs placed in different parts of the building, many of their pipes, like gigantic trumpets, spreading out in all directions, sending their notes into every corner of the place, the effect of which, when they are given their full force, is tremendous, and all very characteristic of Spain, which is a country of strong light and shade, with no twilight and few half-tints. In addition to this, there are countless works of art of all descriptions; the labour of centuries of the finest craftsmen is here to be seen. But it would take months to see it, and a thick volume to describe it all.

It seems to me that there is no work of man that can compare in grandeur and in lofty conception to a fine cathedral. Like the ancient temples of Egypt and Greece, they are monuments of faith, and are the highest form of art; since it is art dedicated to the service of God, to the building of God's house, in the days of belief and devotion, by faithful hands and loving hearts. In the days when the workman and the artist considered it sufficient for his name to be known and remembered by Him whom he served, and had no thought of his own glorification, he did not sign his name to his work, nor was it even recorded in history. The worthy dean, or bishop, or saint, as the case might be, took all the honour to himself, and was no doubt the presiding genius for the time being.

But when I look at these sacred edifices, or rather soar into them in thought, I feel that they are inspired, and therefore it is that the workman,

if he put any name to his labour, would put that of the Eternal Being he worshipped and believed in. It seems to me that these relics of an age long past—and I am now thinking of our English cathedrals—still bring us sacred messages, and teach us reverence.

But apart from all this, they teach us what a strange, and beautiful, and mysterious thing is art. How did it enter into the minds of men to conceive, and mould, and build these forms? It was not one man's talent, it was not then as at the present day, when some clever individual is held up for our admiration as the only one worthy of praise; but it was one great purpose with many willing hands and hearts to carry it out, each taking his place in a well-ordered freemasonry. It may have been one of their secrets not to divulge this or that maker of a design, for it was made for the honour and glory of all.

And again, let us note how these sacred walls grew on from age to age, from century to century, their styles of architecture altering with the times of their construction. A Norman arch is perhaps surmounted by an Early English, and this, perhaps, is finished by a later style; yet all seems in harmony. And this is part of the strange phenomenon of a cathedral; it seems to me that this house of God is built as no other house is built, but rather as the mountains are built.

It must indeed be a joy to a true artist, one who has the glory of his craft at his heart, to see its

noblest and most beautiful efforts devoted to the highest of all human ideals, all human aspirations, and that it is associated, not only with our life here, but with that which is hereafter. Human, in that in these edifices we seek consolation for our sorrows, and forgiveness of our sins. Divine, in that they raise our thoughts beyond our mortal existence. This, I think, is the real meaning of that often used and seldom understood term, High Art.

But I have allowed my enthusiasm to run away with me, my thoughts are wandering among the lofty arches of Canterbury, of Gloucester, and of Lincoln, and I have got far away from where I set out, namely, the sombre Cathedral of Toledo.

The sombre Cathedral (I speak advisedly), for it was here that I heard a midnight mass, when the vast building was almost in darkness; this was the most extraordinary, if not the most beautiful, service I ever attended. It was Holy Innocents' Day, and a great crowd had assembled in the nave. Many of us from the Casa Abad were present, and, as Don Ramon attended in his clerical capacity, Ramoncito accompanied me in that of *cicerone*.

The service began with a solemn chant, and, if one kept the story in mind, one might imagine the voices of the shepherds and of the angel announcing the birth of the Saviour, the adoration of the Wise Men of the East—the old king, the middle-aged king, and the young king—and their returning by a different way into their own land. From another part of the Cathedral came the sound of

distant voices. Then might be imagined the voice of Herod commanding the murder of all the babes under two years, the meeting of the mothers, and then a babel of sounds, followed by the most heartrending screams, and angry voices of men. So startling was the sudden burst of rage and despair, the hideous groans and infant cries, that for the moment I supposed some fearful catastrophe had happened, that the Cathedral was on fire or falling in. But they ceased, and far-off sounds, which might have been intended to denote the flight into Egypt, gradually died away, and for a minute or two all was silent, a death-like stillness prevailed. Then again came voices as of children singing from heaven, the Innocents themselves, the eleven thousand martyrs were rejoicing far above our heads. These sounds mingled with the lamentations of the mothers on earth and the consoling voices of the angels. And then a burst of joy from all parts of the Cathedral concluded the service, which was intensely dramatic and realistic.

IDLENESS.

XXIX

DON MANUEL

DON MANUEL was one of those simple-minded characters of whom Sancho Panza is a type. He was the boots and general man-servant of the establishment of Señora Abad, and when his various menial employments were over, which began early and ended late, he sat up for an hour or two studying Greek and Latin. I asked him why he did this; he then told me he was studying for the Church, and, since it was not his destiny to be drawn for the army, he intended to be a priest, and was beginning by learning the first duty of a Christian, namely, humility, by cleaning people's boots.

I was sitting with my feet on the fender in the dining-room, for, it being winter, we had a coal fire there, when Don Manuel came in to attend

to it. He then sat down to keep me company, as I was all alone, and thus our conversation began. It seemed odd to me that Manuel should be studying for the Church, but I found that its ministers were recruited from all classes of society from the highest to the lowest, and perhaps each was allotted a duty suitable to his station. I did not pursue the subject, as Manuel's eyes were evidently fixed on a pair of boots I had just purchased, and was wearing for the first time. The toes were quite square, and over four inches wide.

"You have very wide boots, Señor Adolfo," said he.

"Yes," said I. "I bought them to-day in one of the shops here, where I was told they were the best for the streets of Toledo, which are so steep that when you are going up them you want all the grip that you can get, and when you are coming down, these boots enable you to resist the tendency to too rapid a descent; nor do they get in between the big stones with which the roads are paved, as those pointed toes would be likely to do, and send you tumbling down, like Jack and Jill. Then there is another reason. They do not cramp the feet, but let the toes expand, so that you do not get corns or bunions, and you can walk in them with ease and comfort."

"All that is very true," said Manuel, who seemed interested in this subject of boots.

"But there is yet another reason, Don Manuel, for having them so wide."

"Another reason, señor?"

"Yes; it is well to have many reasons. Can you not guess the third reason?"

Manuel shook his head.

"Well," said I; "it is this. If I should happen to lose one of these boots, I can put both my feet into the other."

This made Manuel laugh. It was another story for him to tell about the "Señor Ingles."

Those individuals who do not worry their brains over abstruse problems of science and philosophy are the more likely to have them free to revel in the pictures of the imagination, and to receive as gospel anything which amuses without taxing their intellect. So I sat there for some time entertaining my companion with the wonderful things I had done, and those I intended to do if I could only find a faithful squire who would accompany me in my adventures.

Although these adventures consisted chiefly of feats performed with the pencil and not with the lance, it was not difficult to make them appear like daring exploits of knight-errantry, such as Don Quixote, attended by his faithful Sancho, was in the habit of performing whenever he went abroad. I had carried off from Madrid not only some of its finest pictures, but one of its most beautiful maidens, in the person of Doña Emilia. I had taken possession, by stratagem, of the Castillo de San Servando, a mere ruin, but which commanded Toledo, and I was about to invest the city from that point.

"But what will you do with it, señor, when you have taken it?"

"I shall carry it with me to London."

"And the señorita?"

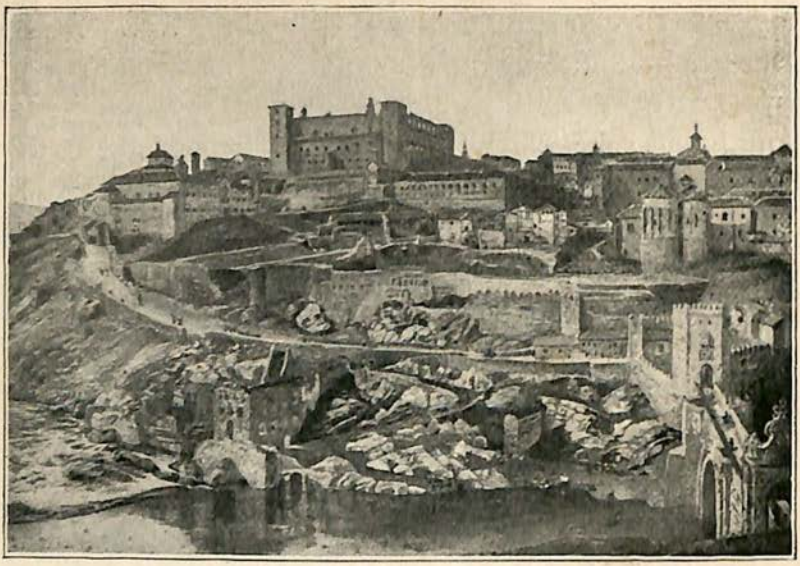
"I shall take her also."

I could see there was a good deal of the same kind of simplicity in Manuel that makes Sancho Panza immortal, and it was pleasant to study this phase of Spanish character. I had little or no experience of the darker side of it, of the dagger Spaniard, ever ready to revenge an insult, or to provoke a quarrel, or to draw the sword and enter into a midnight brawl on some affair of jealousy, as is so often met with in the novels and plays of popular authors. I was mixed up unexpectedly in a veiled lady and jealous husband affair, but that was a mere farce, and scarcely worth mentioning, especially as one of the actors was French, another Italian, a third German, and only one Spanish; but it does not come in here.

While sitting over the fire with Don Manuel and smoking a quiet pipe, I allowed my fancy to run on, and talked of the many things I could undertake if I had but a faithful squire. I knew where there was a suit of armour. I had used it once or twice (to paint from); and I might get one of those horses cheap that I rode out on occasionally with Don Ramon Tenes, and Manuel could provide himself with one of those fine jackasses that carried the waterpots about the town; and if he took his guitar with him, we might do a little

serenading, and perhaps turn an honest copper that way, or even earn a dinner now and then; for we might occasionally be hard put to it for food both for ourselves and our animals. I then told him of all the adventures I had gone through and intended to go through, and of the treasures that I was confident I should find if I could only go about where I pleased, and be entertained at the various palaces, mansions, farmhouses, and inns that we came to without any expense; and about twenty more chapters of the same sort of thing, until Manuel became so interested that he said he was quite willing to throw up his situation, and even his Greek and Latin, and follow me round the world.

It may be imagined that the wildest stories were circulated in the Casa Abad about Señor Adolfo, and his boots, and his captive maiden, and his projected adventures with his faithful squire Manuel in search of treasure, besides his projected capture of the Castillo San Servando, and his taking of Toledo.



TOLEDO.

XXX

THE SKETCH FROM THE ROCK

SEÑORA ABAD wondered whether I always painted old walls, and could not understand why I had selected such a subject as the *patio*, which was so untidy. I said it was only a beginning—old walls made very good backgrounds for figures; besides, there was a great deal of beauty of colour in them which only artists could see; but I intended to make a much more interesting sketch of Toledo itself, and I was starting that very morning for the Castillo de San Servando, from which a magnificent view of the whole city could be ob-

tained. "But should the weather prove too cold (it was then January) I shall stay at home and paint my own room, and if your niece will sit I will put her into the picture," all of which was arranged, and both works started.

The Castillo de San Servando is a very dilapidated ruin standing on a rock on the opposite bank of the Tagus and just outside Toledo. Although not a particularly interesting object itself, it is a good place to sketch from. The ruins in Spain are not so picturesque as those in England, the mantling ivy, the rich vegetation, and the overshadowing trees being wanting. But from this point can be seen much that is of the greatest interest; and the first thing that strikes one, as it dominates everything, is the Alcazar, a great square building three or four times the height of any other near it. It is the principal feature of my sketch, which I shall ask the reader to examine. One day, accompanied by a young *capitan* who was staying at the Casa Abad, I went half-way round the top walls from tower to tower; note on the right side of it, which is in shadow, that daylight is seen through the windows; it was on a narrow ridge just inside these that we walked along, and at each of the open spaces we looked out upon the city and the distant mountains, and then proceeded round the other side to a farther tower. But it made me feel giddy, especially when I had to turn back and walk along a ledge about two feet wide, with a wall on one side of me, with the open spaces just referred to, and a

depth of about two hundred feet on the other. I almost shudder to think of it even now. My friend, who was in front, kept looking round with rather an anxious expression; I said I was all right, but I did not feel so, and I did not want to get frightened then, so I went down on all-fours and crept slowly along, trying to keep my head steady; and never did I feel such a sense of relief as when I landed at the tower, with the winding stairs, by which we had ascended. It seems curious that I should have felt so nervous in coming back when I felt nothing in going.

Still, I was well repaid for my journey, for the panorama was grand, and one felt the immensity of the Alcazar. The wretched French under Soult had gutted the place. This peculiar infatuation for destroying beautiful buildings (some of their own included), is difficult to understand, but wherever one turns in Toledo there is the trace of their malice. It almost makes one hate them for the time being, and one wonders whether it is an idea of cheap bravery which actuates them, or is it a passion—a peculiar delight—which Foy calls the "sublimity of destruction." I had seen the same thing in Paris in 1848, and have already mentioned a dirty little creature with a big sword, who smashed an enormous looking-glass in the Tuileries, and seemed as proud of his valorous deed as though he had won the battle of Waterloo with his single arm. Perhaps if nothing was destroyed there would be no incentive to produce new work, new forms of

beauty; and in this iconoclasm, even Nature herself sets the example. And while we blame the French, we must in all fairness blame ourselves, not only for destroying the most beautiful work of our forefathers, but for not endeavouring to replace it. The French, at all events, if they destroy, can and do build up again, and in most cases more magnificently; but we too often destroy beautiful art because we are indifferent to it, or even because it is hateful to us, that is, to those among us who are still puritanical. The depredations of Cromwell and his soldiery surpassed even the vandalism of the French. Their excuse, no doubt, was what is called religious zeal, that is, religious hatred of any other creed but their own, and especially the old Catholic faith, which they replaced by one which looks upon all that is beautiful, not only in art but even in Nature itself, as the work of the devil, and sets up all that is hideous, cruel, miserable, and uncanny, as pleasing to the Lord. I hope those who disagree with these observations will excuse them on the ground that they are inspired by my recollections of a Scotch sermon.

This wonderful Alcazar was once the palace and fortress of Toledo; now it is a gigantic empty shell, or was when I saw it. But that is more than thirty years ago, and I believe it has since been converted into a military college.

If the reader will examine this sketch made on the spot, in fact the one I started upon at the beginning of this chapter, he will see down below on

the brink of the river, another ruin, with no roof, and empty window holes. This is where the water-works used to be. An enormous *noria* or water-wheel, ninety cubits in diameter, forced up sufficient water to supply the whole of the town, about 600,000 buckets daily. The current here is tremendous, and this grand engine was constructed by the Jews of Toledo long long ago. But the Christian Spaniards turned out the Jew and the Moslem, and with them the industry, and, in a great measure, the intellect of their country, only retaining as much of their gold as they could lay their hands on. Now when this water-wheel got out of order and ceased working, as there were no Jews to mend it, and the Spaniards could not do so even with the assistance of the saints, it fell into ruin. And as I sat there sketching the place, I saw donkeys laden with water-pots, descending and ascending the twisting road, and the water-carriers dipping each jar separately into the stream in the most primitive manner, which made me say one day at dinner, that I thought there were more donkeys in Toledo than in any other place I had ever been to. This remark (not a very judicious one perhaps) elicited a volley of outcries from my neighbours.

"What! Señor Adolfo, do you mean to say we are all donkeys?"

"You do not go about with six water-pots fastened on to your backs, do you?" said I.

"Oh no, indeed!"

"But do you ever go out, do you ever go any-

where in this city without meeting certain animals that do?"

"No, they are everywhere, these *borricos*."

"Very well, then, is not Toledo full of donkeys, as I said?"

At which they all laughed. But these donkeys are very fine animals, and not at all like the little creatures one sees on Hampstead Heath, and they must be very strong, for not only do they carry water-pots, but one sometimes sees haystacks moving along in a mysterious manner, and even a great pile of furniture and other goods, that seem progressing by magic, or of their own accord; until one discovers four sturdy little legs underneath the weight, and perceives, as I used to say to Ramoncito, "some more of the inhabitants of Toledo."

And now please look at this sketch again, and note in the foreground a bridge with its *tête-du-pont* and portcullis, and at the other end the battlemented towers. This is the Puente de Alcantara, the "bridge of bridges." The Castillo de San Servando commands this bridge, and guards thus the principal entrance to Toledo. After I had placed my camp-stool on the height above, and had advanced considerably with my sketch, a young soldier, who was posted there as sentinel, came and told me very civilly that I must not continue it. So I asked him his name and who was his captain. He could not understand why I asked this; but I told him as I knew all the captains in

Toledo, and as many of them lodged in the same house that I did, perhaps if I knew his name I might ask his captain to let me sketch.

"You must have the permission of the Governor of Toledo," said he.

"Oh, very well then, I will ask the Governor," said I; leaving him to suppose that the Governor too was a friend of mine. I explained to the sentinel that I was making a picture, not a plan, of the fortifications, that I cultivated the arts of peace and not of war, and that I had no intention of taking the city by storm; but still I had no doubt he was quite right, and was only obeying orders in preventing me from sketching.

As I went home to breakfast I met Señor Ojéda walking with another gentleman, and told them my adventure with the soldier, and said I had promised to see the Governor and to obtain his permission to sketch, which had much impressed the young fellow, who evidently thought I must be somebody if I knew the Governor of Toledo. At this they laughed, for the other gentleman happened to be the Governor himself, to whom Ojéda formally introduced me. He was a tall, refined-looking man, quiet in his manner, and kindly withal, for he at once gave me his card, and with it permission to sketch anywhere I pleased, making a note to that effect. He said the sentinel was quite right, and that he was only obeying orders, which were very strict on that point.

When I went back to my work in the afternoon

I showed the Governor's card to my sentinel, which considerably increased his respect for me. He was another Don Manuel, quite as simple and quite as good-natured, only his destiny had been to go into the army instead of into the Church. He was especially pleased when I told him that the Governor had said he was only doing his duty in not allowing me to sketch, and I said what a pity it was he had not told me his name, as I might have recommended him for promotion. After this we became great friends; he took the keenest interest in watching me at work, and I could not help noticing how different this Spanish private was to a French officious soldier of the same grade, who would probably have marched me off to the "Corps-de-Garde," under the impression that he had captured a spy.

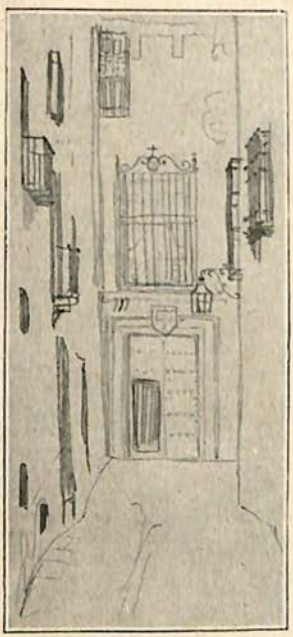
If the reader will now cross the "bridge of bridges," as shown in the sketch, he will see a wide road, the only wide road in Toledo, running to the right and left, and, in fact, all round the city with a double wall, one of which was built by good King Wamba—who is almost as fabulous and remote an individual as our good King Arthur—and the lower one by Alfonso VI. Note also the many elegant buildings to the right and left, mostly convents and churches, the former almost tenantless and the latter much despoiled of their treasures, with few worshippers at their shrines, but whose bells still ring out with such a hammering, that to hear them you would think it was an alarm of fire, so loud and

rapid are the strokes; and I sometimes wondered, when I heard them early in the morning, whether they were intended to wake up the faithful, or to frighten away the devil and all his angels.

There is perhaps too much in this sketch, nor is it a pretty subject, and yet I was so fascinated with it that I started a large oil-painting of it, which I worked at in my room in the Casa Abad, paying constant visits to the rock to get fresh material, but all resulting in a failure. I got wrong somehow in the proportions, and the work when finished looked black, dull, and uninteresting; but it taught me a paradoxical lesson, which is, that "it is more difficult to paint a bad picture than a good one." I could write a discourse on that theme, but not now. This sketch, moreover, is much better than the picture.

XXXI

SOCIAL EVENINGS



STREET IN TOLEDO.

DON RAMON, who knew many of the best families in Toledo, and was everywhere welcomed for his kind, genial character, asked me if I would like to accompany him in some of his visits, which he generally paid in the evening. I was, of course, only too pleased at such a proposal, and the first call we made was on Doña Conchia Carmen.

After wending our way through many narrow and tortuous streets, we arrived in front of a gaunt wall in which was a grand entrance; but the old gate swung on its hinges, nor was there any porter to open it, so we entered unchallenged, crossed the *patio*, and mounted a grand staircase; each step inlaid with rich Moorish tiles. We then found ourselves in a large hall, that had once been glorious,

but from which the glories had departed, for it seemed more like a vast tomb, silent and gloomy, and in semi-darkness. Our footsteps reverberated as we followed on from one fine apartment to another, but in which no vestige of furniture was to be seen, and from whose walls the gorgeous tapestries had been torn down, leaving only a few ragged hangings here and there. Still we went on ascending and descending till we reached a retired part of this gaunt mansion, and saw a light and heard voices.

We soon found ourselves in the midst of a small family circle, and were graciously welcomed by Doña Conchia and her two daughters, the little party being afterwards increased by the entrance of the Vizconde de Sedilla and another gentleman. The ladies sat at the table working and chatting, and the men entertained them with bits of news, amusing stories, and now and then a song. Indeed, it was very like some of those quiet evenings at home in England which are so enjoyable because they are without ceremony, and bring out the sociable qualities of all assembled.

I remember we had plenty of fun and laughter, as the Vizconde was very lively and amusing. He talked about the English, of whom he knew but little, and would not believe that I was one, because I was so cheerful, and he seemed to think that all my countrymen went about as if they had bilious attacks.

"But are not the Spaniards a very grave race,

señor?" said I. "Indeed I think they are more so than we English." But, considering that every one was laughing, our gravity was not fairly illustrated on that occasion.

It was sometimes amusing to hear the strange notions of this country and its inhabitants that seemed to have become fixed in the minds of the good Toledans, and of which I had frequent examples as we sat round the dining-table at the Casa Abad.

One stranger informed the company that England was only a province of Spain! He then went on to say that no law passed in it after five o'clock in the afternoon was valid, because by that time all the members of Parliament were so drunk that they did not know what they were doing; indeed, this failing was so prevalent in the "province," that not only members of Parliament, but every man, woman, and child was intoxicated at that hour.

"What have you to say to this, Señor Adolfo?" said Ramoncito.

"Has the gentleman ever been to England?" said I. The answer was "No!" so I pointed to a nut which was on the table, and then to an enormous melon that was close to it. "Now this nut," said I, "represents the size of my brain; that is my capacity for seeing and understanding the things around me, as compared to this melon, which represents the size of the brain of the señor who has just spoken."

"Why?" said they all.

"Because he is acquainted with facts about England, although he has never been there, that I am quite ignorant of, though I was born there and have lived there nearly all my life. And I should be glad if he will further inform me in which part of Spain England is situated, as I see he is a great traveller?"

Here the company all laughed.

"Of course," I said, "the señor has only said this for fun."

It was the best way of settling him, and we heard no more of him, for he left after the meal. I found out afterwards that my allusion to his being a great traveller was a nearer hit than I intended it to be—he was a commercial traveller.

I remember on another occasion being sent for by three students belonging to the Military College who lived in the house, to settle a disputed point about the Thames Tunnel. Two of them said it was an impossibility, the third declared it was a fact. "What says Señor Adolfo?" I told them it was a fact, and that I had been through it. The two were astonished. One of them told me that he should like to go to England, because there were three things there he should like to see before he died, namely, the Crystal Palace, the Thames Tunnel, and Madame Tussaud's Waxworks.

But I am forgetting that I am spending the evening with Doña Carmen and her fair daughters. I often visited them after this, and made sketches of the young ladies and of parts of the old house,

among others a tribuna, a window looking into the church from one of the rooms. Doña Carmen told me that instead of going out to church they could kneel at that window (which was railed) and say their prayers, listen to the Mass, and hear the sermon.

THE TRIBUNA.

I also paid many visits to Señora and Señor Ojéda, dining and passing the evening with them frequently. These were always sociable parties,

but no grandeur, no display of wealth, although I often met members of the old aristocracy of Spain. I believe that in the whole town there were scarcely any doctors, and I never even heard of a lawyer. Nothing, I suppose, could prove the poverty of the place more than this last melancholy fact.

Señor Ojéda was my constant companion in my walks and in my sketching expeditions, and he showed me many of the places of interest of the old city. To tell of a tithe of the things that struck me would fill many pages. But every day I saw something to note, such as beggars living in a palace, a *posada* covered with ancient Moorish tracery thickly whitewashed. It had once been a mansion. At another time I saw a race, "The Toledo Derby," which consisted of a number of horses, mules, and donkeys, decorated with ribbons, running after each other round a tavern, amidst the shouts of the populace, with other such-like trifles.

Toledo, once the capital of Spain, is so full of historic and archæological interest, that to describe it all would be quite out of the question. Besides, it cannot be included in *my* Sketches from Memory. Had I gone there with the intention of writing a history or a guide-book, I should have been better prepared to talk of the Cid Campeador, of Pedro the Cruel, of the Black Prince and John of Gaunt, of Don Alvaro the King's favourite, who began his career as page in the service of the Queen Catherine, was the chosen companion of the young King Juan, who could not

bear him out of his sight, became in time Constable of Castile, and was beheaded at last by order of his former playmate. Not a bad subject for a tragedy. One can hardly realise, in looking at the present state of Toledo, that great kings and prelates, brave knights and fair princesses, paraded its streets, and splendid processions passed along them. Nor can one imagine, from the gentle and homely nature of the people, how they could tolerate for a moment such a monster as Pedro the Cruel, or take delight in an *auto-da-fé*, and the merciless deeds of the Holy Inquisition. But I never saw them roused to anger, and I am glad of it, nor did I have any difficulties with them on the religious question.

One day, when we were all sitting down to dinner together, which was generally the case on Sundays, Ramoncito was opposite to me and Don Ramon the curé was by my side. The former, leaning over in a mock threatening attitude, said across the table—

"Soi su enemigo de usted, Señor Adolfo." (I am your enemy.)

"Why?" said I.

"On account of religion," said he.

"That should not be," said I. "The Christian religion teaches us to be friends and not enemies, *amigos é non enemigos*. What say you, Don Ramon?"

To which our good Padre replied, "It is very well said, Don Adolfo."

Another who was at table and had seen me at

church in the morning during mass, said he should have thought el Señor was a Catholic, for "he knelt when we knelt, and rose up when we rose up, but whether he is or not he is a Christian."

I said I was born and brought up a Protestant, but I liked going to their churches, and when I did go I considered it but right that I should do as they did, otherwise I ought to stay away; for to stand up and gape about whilst they were at their prayers would be simply to insult them on the most tender point, and for no other reason than to show them how ignorant, rude, and uncharitable I was. This speech was much applauded, especially by the Padre.

"And did you take the holy water, señor?" said Ramoncito.

"No! because that would have been either a mockery or an acted falsehood; I do not pretend to be a Catholic, and I should only have been a hypocrite to take it!"

But it is time for me to close this chapter, and to bid farewell to Toledo, and to my friends Ojéda, and Don Ramon, and Ramoncito, and Señora Abad, and Doña Carmen, and Manuel, and Nicolassa, and the Capitan, with his Toledo blade, which he could bend up to the hilt to frighten me; and many others. I should have liked to linger on in the old city, and to have sketched more *patios* and *palacios*, to have brought away more reminiscences of the Puerto del Sol and its Moorish arches, of the cathedral and its richly wrought cloisters, of the

church of San Juan de los Reyes, with its votive chains, built by Ferdinand and Isabella, of some of the convents, with their silent corridors and empty cells, of Santa Maria la Blanca, that was once a synagogue, and Los Baños de la Cava, where the beautiful Florinda and her maids, whilst bathing, were espied by the amorous King Roderic, with dire consequences to Florinda and to Spain. For it led to Count Julian, the father of this Gothic Bathsheba, betraying his country to the Moors, and to the disastrous battle of Guadalete, in which King Roderic lost his kingdom and his life, and which resulted in Spain doing battle with the Moor for nearly eight hundred years to recover her lost territory. But all these things are matters of history, or of romance, and can be read elsewhere.

My departure from Toledo was much regretted by my kind-hearted friends. I had received a letter from my mother asking me to return home as soon as possible, and I had to tell Señora Abad that I must leave her and all my friends at Toledo, where I had been so happy. She was "so sorry. When must you go, señor?" I told her I must leave the next day, and apologised for so sudden a departure.

"Oh! that is not your fault," said she. "At what time do you leave?"

"Soon after mid-day."

"Then you will miss your dinner, but you must make a good déjeuner."

After this I walked to the river meadows with

Don Ramon Tenes (Ramoncito), who had helped me to pack. I gave him a sketch to keep in remembrance of me. I also gave a portrait (a drawing) to Doña Carmen of one of her daughters, and paid several other farewell visits.

Wednesday the 4th of February was my last day in Toledo. I found time in the morning to sketch the doorway of my room, which led into the hall, and was opposite another doorway leading into a suite of apartments occupied by my hostess. I have made use of this sketch in the background of my picture of the "Padre."

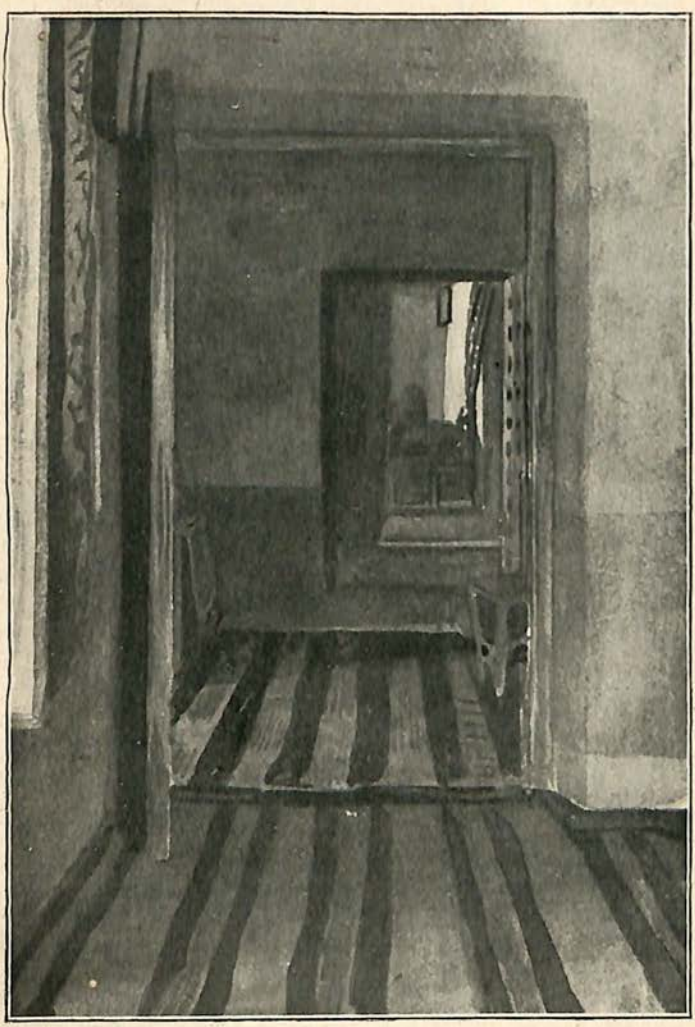
As I could not stay to dinner, Señora Abad was determined I should make a good breakfast, and she filled the whole dining-room table with every dish that she had found out I had a liking for. Stewed eels, chicken, partridges, puchero, with ham and vegetables, garbanzos, chorizo, &c., a bottle of Val de Peñas, asparagus, artichokes, grapes, and sweets—the table groaned under the weight of dishes, and there was no room for any more.

"For whom is this repast?" said I. "Are any guests expected?"

"None, señor; it is all for Señor Adolfo!"

I tried to do justice to it, but I was not in a mood for eating; I was sorry to leave my kind friends, but this generosity touched me. No doubt nothing was wasted; still, it was so pretty, and so different to what one sometimes experiences at lodgings. Ojéda called to see me off, and laughed

at my sitting down to a repast sufficient for an ogre.



DOOR OF MY ROOM—TOLEDO.

"The table is bidding you farewell," said he. And it was so indeed.

It was time to start, I must go by the omnibus to the train ; Manuel carried my portmanteau, others carried sundry of my belongings, every one wanted to help. The whole establishment came to see me off. Most of them hugged me ; Don Ramon gave me his blessing, and I felt the tears coming into my eyes. I said as I drove off that I should always remember my good friends with affection, for like them I have "mucho corazon," and these pages are proof that I have kept my word.

XXXII

MADRID AGAIN

THE CARNIVAL

AFTER passing two happy months in Toledo, I returned to Madrid for a short time before shaping my course homewards. There were still several pictures at the Museo that I wanted to copy, and a hundred others besides if I had only the time, for there is infinite pleasure in sitting and sketching before a beautiful work, whether it be of Art or Nature. Nor is it to be described; it is only to be felt by those who really love Art for its own dear beautiful self, forgiving even its faults for the sake of its goodness. Then besides the pleasure there is the profit, the teaching. It is only by studying the finest works of the great masters, scrutinising, finding out, noting their colour arrangements, effects of light and dark, their composition, drawing, manipulation, and so forth, that we can truly learn our craft. This apart from the sentiment, the conception, the poetry, &c., which are additional sources of enjoyment and instruction. And then again, when we do know our craft, we

can carry away, as I told Don Manuel, very many treasures, not only pictures, but lands and cities, and even beautiful maidens.

It must not be supposed that while in Toledo I passed all my time in visiting, and in dancing the "double shuffle," nor that in Madrid I dozed away my time or lounged on the velvet cushions of the Casino with a *breva* cigar in my mouth; for I find that during my stay in Spain, which was between five and six months, I painted forty-four pictures in oil and water colour, that is, counting my copies in the Museo and my outdoor studies.

The last scene I witnessed in Madrid was the Carnival and the Bal Masqué at the Opera. At the former the men are disguised in all sorts of costumes, grave and gay, and wear masks beautifully made of fine wire gauze, and further, to preserve their incognito they skip along instead of walking, and squeak or talk in high falsetto instead of their own natural voices. The effect is very comic, but gives great latitude. The ladies are not disguised, but sit in their balconies or their carriages looking on, and receiving compliments and sugar-plums from the gay maskers.

Of course, Señor Adolfo must join in the fun with his friend the Doctor. We both went out as Pierrots, each with a large silk bag filled with sweets, sometimes climbing into the balconies to say a few words in the ears of the laughing doncellas, making imaginary appointments, uttering

sentences of eternal devotion, and any other nonsense that came into our heads. How very brave and devoted one can be when disguised!

Friend Romano was got up like John Bull, dressed very neatly like an old English gentleman, but with an enormous bull's head on his shoulders. It was amusing to see him standing on the step of an open carriage occupied by four laughing girls, and this enormous bull's head with great horns in their midst, turning first to one and then another, giving expression to his admiration by bellowing like the animal he impersonated, and twitching his ears.

Among the very pretty sights were whole regiments of students daintily dressed in the old Spanish style, with breeches and stockings, &c., each with a guitar; they came dancing along the Prado, singing a *jota* or some fandango, and seemed as perfect in their performances as a trained chorus at the Opera. By-the-bye, what a scene this would make at Drury Lane if properly done!

To describe it would be interminable. I have seldom seen anything so gay and pretty. There were blots here and there, and vulgarities somewhat in the French taste, but (as far as I saw), everything was orderly; my astonishment was that the grave Spaniard could be so lively.

As the men had it all their own way in the morning, so it was to be the ladies' turn in the evening, or rather the night, when the Bal Masqué at the Opera took place. Here all the men were in

ordinary evening dress, and the ladies in their bewitching black masks. A great deal of the fun consisted in proving to the fair one, or the dark one, that you had discovered her identity. I asked one young incognita to dance—

"Oh, why do you ask me, señor, who am a perfect stranger?"

"Because you do not seem to me to be a stranger; and as I am soon returning to England, I should like to carry away with me the remembrance that I have danced with the fair Manuela."

"Oh, I am not Manuela, señor."

"Then this is very strange—you must be a very dear friend of hers."

"No, indeed; you are mistaken."

"Then I have every reason to be so; for you are, I am sure, as much like her as that pretty bracelet on your arm is like the one she showed me only the other day."

"Señor Adolfo," said she, laughing and raising her mask, "I had forgotten about my bracelet."

Many such adventures, no doubt, took place that night. The ball at the Opera, like the Carnival on the Prado, was orderly and select. It was not given over to the *demi-monde* as in Paris, for even the Queen and royal family attended it. Dancing went on till about six o'clock in the morning; and I came out just as the watchmen were going off duty. So it was in vain to call Antonio to let me in to my lodgings; I must wait now till the household wakes up, or go to one of the cafés on the Puerto

del Sol. This last I did; and after refreshing myself with a cup of coffee I fell into an armchair and dozed off.

Two days after I was on my way to Alicante, where I took my passage on board the steamer bound for Marseilles, and so home again.

XXXIII

FAREWELL, CHECA!

I HAVE often alluded to my friend the Doctor. Soon after I left Spain he went out to Hong-Kong as Consul. The appointment was probably given him to get him away from his old haunts in Madrid, and especially the roulette tables, which were ruining him both in pocket and in mind.

He had not been out there very long before he fought a duel, and behaved with his characteristic pluck and generosity. His adversary was the ex-consul of the place; but I do not know for what cause he sent Checa a challenge; some said it was out of jealousy at being superseded; some, that it was "une affaire de femme." As the Doctor was the one challenged he had the choice of weapons, and selected swords, at which he was a good hand; but his opponent, who was an excellent shot, pretended that he had hurt his arm, and could not, therefore, use the sword, so suggested pistols. The Doctor said, "Let it be pistols then." Lots were drawn for which should fire first, and it fell to his adversary. The latter, on the signal being given, walked up to Checa, and when within the stipulated number of paces fired straight at him, the bullet just

grazing his nose. The doctor then said to the seconds, "You see, gentlemen, my opponent has tried to take my life, and would inevitably do so if I gave him another chance. I would willingly fire in the air; but, under the circumstances, I must stop his pistol practice for the future;" so saying, he

BOWED DOWN.

walked towards him, and, when within the allotted distance, lodged a bullet in his right shoulder, and he was carried from the field with his arm helplessly hanging down.

I am sorry to have to add, that the kind, brave, merry, but unhappy Doctor, only returned to his

native country to die. Whether the climate of Hong-Kong did not agree with him, or whether he pined for home again and the roulette tables, I cannot say, but he was seized with typhoid, and died a few days after he got back, truly regretted by all who knew him. And no doubt many of his troubles and misfortunes, and all his unhappiness, could be traced to that little demon who used to sit upon his shoulder and lure him to the gambling-table.

Farewell, my dear Checa. If I could have three wishes as in the old fairy tale, one of them would be that we could again see the pleasant faces of our departed friends, and listen once more to the voices that are silent for ever. And yours, my dear Doctor, would be among the first I would recall. But am I not doing so now? For I can still see you smiling, and can still hear you calling me "the leetel boy," though only in far-off memory. And this, though part of the pleasure in writing these pages, is still a sorrow. For it makes the past seem like a dream, and my dearest friends like passing shadows.

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CLARISSA.

XXXIV

HISTORIC GENRE

ON my return from Spain I found my young companions going fast ahead. One is close on being elected an A.R.A., and all have pictures on the line at the Royal Academy Exhibition. Historical and semi-historical pictures are the staple of their performances; Queen Elizabeth, Anne Boleyn, Henry VIII., Henrietta Maria, John Hampden, Arabella Stuart, James I., and several other royal notabilities, make their appearance on canvases that hail from St. John's Wood.

I could not quite believe in this so-called

"Historical Art," although I joined the ranks of its adherents and followed for a time the fashion of the day. But what did I know about Arabella Stuart and James I., except what Miss Lucy Aikin had told me in her two volumes, and what I could pick up from prints of the period? I got up my accessories just as a stage manager would do for a new piece, borrowed costumes from Nathan & Co., and dressed up my model like a pantaloon, to signify the canny King of Scots who was afraid of a drawn sword, but could sit calmly by and see a poor wretch burnt for witchcraft. I tried to imagine William Seymour as a sentimental lover, and to make Arabella pretty, despite her bald forehead and her dreadful farthingale; but with the Madrid pictures still fresh in my memory, the real big historical pictures of the "Surrender of Breda," of the "Meninas," and others by Velasquez, I could not feel enthusiastic about the modern "Genre Historique," however well it was done.

In the work of Velasquez I knew that not only were the costumes correct, but the actual men of the time were there before me, the period stamped, not only on the dress, but on every face, in the very attitudes even of the figures; the whole belonging so completely to its own day, even as the hand that wrought it, that I felt I had a true page of history before me, and not a theatrical make-up of a scene only dimly realised in the pages of some book written many years after the event. I could not help laughing to myself at the

absurdity of making old Guinette (my principal model), sit one day for James I. and the next for William Seymour. In the latter character he stood close to the window of my studio (which was over a baker's shop), squeezing the hands of a lay figure and looking lovingly into its face, notwithstanding that its nose was bashed in, and that it had no hair on its head. As the costume of the period consisted of trunk-hose, &c., and a peculiar collar that looked something like the square sail of a ship, the appearance to me was droll enough, but what must it have been to those outside! I remember Guinette, who was a most polite and obliging old man, after saying what a remarkably beautiful lay figure I possessed, told me that they had an "audience." As I was busy with my work I took no notice, and asked him if he minded being looked at.

"Oh dear! no, Mr. Storey, sir; an actor likes an audience, you know, sir."

Still working on, I asked from time to time, "Well, how's the audience?"

"It's increasing, sir."

"How many are there?" said I, thinking there might be two or three little boys.

"I couldn't count them, sir."

I then went to the window, The street was one dense mass of heads, gazing up with wonder and awe at what they supposed to be a lunatic making love to a dummy, but from which I was painting the meeting of William Seymour and

the Lady Arabella Stuart. Decidedly I was working at a disadvantage.

Still, as it was the sort of thing the public and buyers wanted at that time, and as many others were gaining fame and fortune thereby, I went in for yet another "historical work," which I called "A Royal Challenge"—Henry VIII. in his young days challenging a sturdy yokel to a bout of cudgel playing.

For this work I made many studies of costume and other details. I have a book now before me containing nearly a hundred sketches of dresses of the period, of models in various attitudes, and several notes made at a real fair and merry-making to which I went for the purpose of studying the groups, the games, the tents, the booths, and the characters, and I wonder now why I did not paint the real scene before me instead of putting it back to the time of Henry VIII. Was it, in the first place, because the hideous and tasteless costumes of the crinoline days deterred me from representing it, or was it that in painting my own time I thought I should not be painting an "historical picture"?

There can be no doubt that want of taste in dress and other surroundings often obliges the artist to present his fancies in the costumes of periods when articles of clothing were in themselves works of art, instead of in the shifting fashions of the day that in a year or two not only look out of date, but stand forth in all their native ugliness and vulgarity, which was condoned on account of their

novelty, but, becoming stale, make us wonder how we ever could have tolerated them. However,

A GOSSIP.

flesh and blood and character are what an artist should look to; the dress may aid in this, and I

hold it as quite legitimate, and even a duty, for him to alter the dress of his own time wherever he can improve upon it. In portraiture this was done by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, whose pictures remain as valuable works of art, though the sitters have long ago been dead, buried, and many forgotten.

XXXV

GIG

GLADYS.

AMONG my many kind friends and patrons was one who went by the name of GIG, pronounced Jig, the short for one much more imposing. He was as good as gold, of which metal he possessed a plentiful share, and which, as a very shrewd companion of mine remarks, makes it comparatively easy to be good and kind and even generous. Gig was all of these, and I believe he was thankful to Providence, as I should be myself, for having put it in his power to exercise these three amiable qualities. But, besides this, he was an educated gentleman of super-refined ideas and manners, and withal, as he informed me on my first introduction to him, he had no personal vanity.

Although his wealth was in a great measure accumulated on the Stock Exchange, he frequently hinted that he meant to give up business and take to poetry. He had often exercised his pen in the

columns of the *Daily Blank*, and had crushed out impostors by his powerful leaders, but otherwise he was a mute inglorious Milton, and he would greatly have preferred that the printers had set up his blank verse instead of his articles for the *Daily Blank*. He told me that he loved art and artists, for art beautified life and taught us how to enjoy it, whilst the artists themselves were, as a rule, right down good fellows, and he believed that the reason they were so often abused was because their critics had no taste.

"Taste was such a rare quality: and although I have no personal vanity," said he, "I have so much taste, anything vulgar positively hurts me; it grates upon my nerves. I have highly strung nerves, my dear Dolly, and do you know that I am so sympathetic that everybody loves me; in fact, it is one of the curses of my life to be loved."

Gig was a character—a good character and a good friend. In early days he was acquainted with a Doctor E., and took a liking to his two sons, Henry and William. The former he knew at Eton, and the latter, a dashing young fellow, was then at Sandhurst preparing for his examination for the army. He was his mother's pet, nor was she satisfied till she saw him in the elegant uniform of a subaltern in the Guards, although I am sorry to say that his military achievements soon came to an end. I also knew them in those days, and, as a boy, I can remember feeling very proud at being driven round Regent's Park in their splendid

carriage, and I still possess a book on drawing which the Doctor presented to me when I was extremely juvenile, but, as it would seem, had shown some artistic proclivities. I merely mention this *en passant* as a guarantee of the genuineness of my story and of Gig.

And now a cloud comes over the scene; the curtain falls and many years elapse, and when it rises again all is changed. Instead of wealth, instead of a house in the Park, instead of carriages and coachmen and footmen and grand dinner-parties and all that, there is poverty in a little lodging. The young officer, no longer in the Guards, has to pawn even to his shirt to get a meal for his old mother; she, once the reigning queen of loud assemblies, handsome, extravagant, and bedecked with jewellery, is now a poor old woman, who might almost have come out of an almshouse. The learned Doctor—Doctor of Law—had died, leaving between eighty and a hundred thousand pounds to his magnificent widow; but she, not satisfied with this, must needs speculate, gamble in fact, and lose all in bogus railway shares at the time when Hudson was the Railway King.

Gig had, by his contributions to the *Daily Blank*, helped in a great measure to dethrone this monarch, and had, by some means or other, become estranged from his early friends. It was many years since he had either seen or heard of them, but he was prosperous, and although possessed of no personal vanity, lived in clover, and having the

purse of Fortunatus, was, as he said, loved by everybody.

He happened to be passing by one of the minor theatres—the name I suppress—when, attracted by the poster outside, he entered and went to the little pigeon-hole behind which sat the man who sold the tickets; he asked for a stall, and as he paid for it, the face of the ticket-man brought certain recollections to his mind, but in so vague a way that he passed on to his seat, and for a time the suggested thought faded away. But when the curtain rose, the first performer who made his appearance was a sort of young dandy, who played a minor part, and whose face and voice also brought back certain recollections of old times.

"Can it be?" said Gig. "Is it possible?" He sat out the first act, but his heart was beating, his interest was engrossed, not with the piece but with a deeper drama of human life that seemed to him to be enacting behind the scenes and behind the little pigeon-hole of the ticket-office. He *must* settle the question. He strolled out into the corridor, he strolled round to the ticket-office, he stood and looked inquiringly at the man there. The latter glanced at him for a moment, then looking intently down, began counting his takings.

"Are you not Henry E.?" said Gig.

After a moment's hesitation, Henry E. looked up and said, with an expression impossible to describe, "Yes."

"And do you recognise me?"

"I do."

"How is this, Henry?"

"I cannot tell you now. Why do you ask?"

"Thank God I have found you again. This must not be. I will wait for you when the play is over, and for William, too; you must both come home with me, and we must see if something can be done."

The two men shook hands, squeezed hands, through that little pigeon-hole, and I am not sure that tears did not stand in both those men's eyes.

Gig, although he had no personal vanity, had much sentiment, and a kind heart. He was both a man of the world and a man of feeling; he saw the situation in which his friends were placed, through no fault of their own. He admired their pluck in their humiliation, and he longed to reinstate them in their former position.

The evening they passed together after so long an estrangement can be imagined. Henry, the ticket-man, had been educated at Eton, and was a gentleman every inch of him—quiet, modest, and sterling; and not long after this meeting he was installed in a well-known city bank, to which he eventually became secretary, at the same time contributing many articles to the *Daily Blank*, all through the kind offices of Gig. William, having passed from the army to the stage, became a member of the Stock-Exchange, and junior partner in the firm of his friend Gig. Yes, Gig was a good fellow and no mistake, whether he had any personal

vanity or not; and if I mention some of his peculiarities it is not to hold him up to ridicule, but simply because he appears to me to be a character well worth sketching from memory—pleasant memory.

My first introduction to George S., of No. X., not far from Eaton Square, and of a sumptuous palatial hall near Windsor, and also of an elegant suite of apartments in the Champs Elysées, Paris, Esquire, otherwise Gig, was at the first-mentioned residence. Mrs. and Miss Gig were away at some château, and so Mr. Gig gave a little bachelor's dinner to Henry, William, and me. Of course everything was served in the best of taste, for taste, as Gig frequently told me, was his *forte:* he was proud of his taste, and considered, with Brillat-Savarin, that eating and drinking should be, in its way, as much a fine art as painting and sculpture.

"That may be," said William; "at the same time, if I am hungry, I like a good cut off the rump."

"Yes, William; but you are too coarse. I hate coarseness. I have no personal vanity, as you know, but I am most refined; coarseness grates upon my nerves."

"Quite so; but at the same time I can't see what connection there is between eating and drinking and painting and sculpture."

The quiet Henry ventured to suggest that, as painting had to do with the palette and sculpture with carving, there might be some relation. At this Gig put up his hands and looked sad, and I

must confess that the joke gave me an opportunity of laughing at Gig.

And so the little dinner went on very pleasantly, the dainty dishes being interspersed with *badinage.*

William, who was full of fun and spirits, winked at me every now and then, as much as to say, "I'm only drawing him out;" and it was not a little amusing to note the contrast, either real or assumed, between the two greatest friends,—Gig all sentiment, dreaming only of poetry and art,—and William, practical and prosaic, looking upon poetry and art as all bosh.

I glanced from time to time at the pictures hanging round the room, which were very imperfectly lighted by the shaded candles that stood on the dinner-table; but I could distinguish a De Hooghe, the "Pink Boy" by Gainsborough, a Panini, a Vandyke, and a Dutch battle-piece painted on copper.

"You seem to have some good pictures, Mr. S.?"

"Indeed I have; but don't call me Mr. S., call me Gig."

"I will, by-and-by, I can't do it at first, you know."

"How nice of you, Dolly."

In the course of the evening I got as far as calling him not only Gig, but even Gig dear, for he was truly, as he said, very sympathetic, and it did not take long to feel perfectly at ease and at home with him.

He was anxious that I should see his collection, although he had a strange way of showing it; for after telling me that they were all signed pictures, he took a candle from the table and dashed it from one to the other before I had time to see whether it was a landscape or a figure subject.

"This," said he, "is a fine sea-piece by Bakhuizen; but come and look at my Claude," and before I had time to see either of them the light was wafted away to his Hoogstraten, his Lingelbach, and his Paul Potter, "all signed pictures," more importance being attached to that, than even to the works themselves.

I was interested in a De Hooghe. "Oh, don't look at that; but tell me what you think of my 'Pink Boy'[1] by Gainsborough, the companion to his 'Blue Boy.'" I could not, in the dim light, see what that picture was like; but I examined the Dutch battle-piece painted on copper, and could not resist giving it a gentle tap. I was then called off to look at some monks by Van Somer, painted expressly for Gig.

"You have modern pictures as well, then?" said I.

"Oh yes; and I must have one of yours. What are you painting?"

[1] The "Pink Boy," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1879 (No. 39), is a portrait of Master Nicholls, grandson of Dr. Mead. It is described in the catalogue as: "A full length, standing, in a landscape, in a red and white fancy costume, holding a red hat with ostrich feather in left hand; long, fair hair. Canvas 65 by 44½ inches. Lent by John Naylor, Esq."

"Some children at breakfast, sitting under an oriel window, at Hever Castle."

"I must have that picture; it must be lovely; consider it mine."

For the moment I did, but a minute or two afterwards I did not. I recollected my enthusiastic Spanish friend, the little General, who gave me a commission to paint himself, his wife, his sons, his daughters, the aristocracy of Spain generally, and all the royal family, which ended in a little boy; and even he was not intended.

In a somewhat similar manner, Gig bought nearly every picture I painted for several years. True, the transactions never came to a final settlement, because he said that if anybody else wanted the work he would waive his claim to it and take the next. So, although Gig was one of my greatest patrons, he never succeeded in obtaining a picture of mine for himself, but generously and invariably let some one else have it.

It was time to adjourn to the smoking-room, so the further contemplation of Gig's masterpieces was postponed to another occasion. I may note, however, that although he never succeeded in obtaining one of my productions, he sent me as a present a beautiful sketch by Vandyke, which I still have and value, not only for its intrinsic merit, but for the sake of and in remembrance of the kind giver.

"How about that picture you are to paint for me?" said William, as soon as we were settled

down in the smoking-room. For William, the bluff, although he had seen the ups and downs of life, had again come to the ups, since he was in a position to give orders for pictures; and, notwithstanding that he looked upon poetry and art as bosh, he was not averse to having pretty things about him in the way of furniture, china, and paintings. "Have you thought of a subject, Dolly?" said he. "You know I should like it to be something spicy."

"Spicy!" said Gig with a sigh. "The idea of a *spicy* picture! as if it were something to eat. You are too fond of eating, William. You allow your animal nature to preponderate. You should feed your mind as well as your body."

"Why don't you say carcass, Gig? I only go by the book. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die! and *you* haven't a bad twist, old boy."

"Oh, William, you are incorrigible!"

"I stand corrected, Gig. But let us come back to the picture."

I said I had thought of a subject.

"Let's have it then," said William.

"Well—it's from Euripides."

"Blow Euripides! Who the devil cares for Euripides?" said William.

"William," said Gig reprovingly, "you shouldn't speak of a great poet like Euripides in that manner. You know, Aristotle says he was the most tragic of all the poets."

William. "Oh, was he? I beg his pardon."

Gig. "Let me read one of his tragedies to you. Let me read 'Hecuba.'"

William. "Not now, Gig. Thank you all the same. I'm afraid it would tire you."

Of course Henry couldn't help joining in with—

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?"

Gig was a very good reader, and was especially great in pathetic scenes. He was anxious to do the parting of Hecuba with Polyxene: "Woe is me, I faint and my limbs are loosed," &c., but William still thought that the effort would be too much for him. So Euripides was set aside, and the subject I eventually painted was, "The Lost Labour of the Danaides," who pass mournfully to and fro in Hades, with their broken pitchers, which was intended as a poetical representation of Human Life, Time for ever running out.

But to continue the account of our little evening, I must tell you that, although Gig was not allowed to read the tragedy of Hecuba, William thought he would make up for it by asking him to read the "Bridge of Sighs," as he said he could understand that better, and, after a great deal of pressing, Gig began:—

"THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS"

(with emphasis, and as though he were intoning).

"One more unfortunate——"

William. "Ah, yes, read that, Gig."

Gig (*in a plaintive voice*). "Why do you interrupt, William, just as I am beginning?

'One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath——'"

William. "I was only going to say that I should like Dolly to hear you read; that's all."

Gig. "But how can I read if you interrupt like that?"

William. "I beg your pardon, Gig."

Gig. "Then I will go on—

'One——'"

William. "You must listen to this, Dolly. It's the best thing he does."

D. "Oh yes."

Gig. "Shall I go on, or shall I not?"

D. "Oh yes, do, please!"

William. "There, we are quiet now. Just let me light my pipe. Now then, Gig."

Gig. "Yes, but if you would rather not listen——"

William. "No, no, Gig! We want to hear it. (*Aside to D.*) I've heard it fifty times, but it pleases him."

Gig. "You are quite sure it will not bore you, Dolly?"

D. "Oh, quite the contrary! I am very fond of poetry, especially Tom Hood's, and I should *so much* like to hear *you* read."

Gig. "Thank you."

William (*nudging D., aside*). "That'll please him."

Gig. "One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate
Gone to her death.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care——"

William. "I always liked that bit."

Gig. "Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
Houseless by night."

William. "Stunning!"

Gig. "The bleak wind of March——"

William. "I beg pardon, Gig, but why do you say *wĭnd?* Why don't you say *wīnd?*"

Gig. "Really, William, you surely know that they always say *wīnd* in poetry."

William. "Oh, all right! only it sounds rum, that's all."

Gig. "You are so prosaic, William" (*continuing*)—

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

William. "Bravo, Gig! thank you, thank you! Beautifully read, isn't it, 'Dolfo?"

Gig. "But I haven't finished yet."

William. "Oh, I beg pardon! I thought you had, and were beginning it all over again."

Gig. "There, I see it bores you. Besides, I'm tired."

Among other little touches that are necessary to complete the portrait of my friend Gig, I must not forget his particular aversion to any one pronouncing their words badly; and if Holmes, the butler, had not been an exceptionally good servant, he would have had to leave at once, because his education in this respect was certainly deficient. Soon after the reading of "The Bridge of Sighs" he made his appearance with the glasses and grogs, and, on Gig's inquiry as to his next week's engagements, Holmes informed him that he was not engaged for "Toosdy." Poor Gig besought him to say *Tuesday*, pronouncing each letter of the word distinctly.

"Don't say 'Toosdy,' Holmes. If you only knew how it grated on my nerves to hear you say 'Toosdy,' I'm sure you would never do it. In the future, please, say 'Tuesday.'"

"I will, sir."

"Thank you."

Scarcely was this little compact made when Hölmes asked if we would like some "corfey," but Gig shook his head, his nerves were again being grated upon; he was silent.

A little later on, the name of Ruskin came up, and Gig, who had a beautiful copy of "Modern Painters," bound in white and gold, rang for Holmes to bring it down. But never shall I forget that serious domestic's bewildered expression when Gig informed him that he wanted to show his "Ruskin" to Mr. Storey and then asked him to fetch it. Holmes blushed and begged pardon, and said he did not know what a "Ruskin" was. Upon being informed it was a book in five volumes, he disappeared and soon returned with the treasures, his face, in the meantime, having resumed its calm, and although he seldom smiled, the corners of his mouth on this occasion had a slight tendency to turn up.

After this first introduction, I saw Gig many times, and generally found him deeply engrossed in some new and impracticable project. The Franco-Prussian War was then raging with all its disastrous fury. News of its horrors and suffering were continually pouring in, and Gig was busy preparing to go out and nurse the sick and the wounded and to assuage their agonies, which, he said, he felt most acutely in imagination; all night he heard their groans, and longed to be of comfort to them.

And notwithstanding the efforts of his friends to dissuade him from his purpose, owing to his own delicate state of health, Gig would go. He enrolled himself as one of the ambulance corps, and had a red cross sewn on to the sleeve of his coat in a very conspicuous place to denote his errand of charity and of self-sacrifice. But no sooner had he arrived in Paris than he was arrested as a Prussian spy. The zealous gendarmes suspected him, and immediately surrounded him with drawn swords and fixed bayonets, and marched him off to prison without ceremony.

"Je le connais bien?" said one. "Il ne nous echappera pas cette fois," said a second; and a third, addressing him with a malicious smile, said, "Nous allons te fusiller demain" ("You will be shot to-morrow morning").

Gig resigned himself patiently to the situation, and addressing his captors in his usual gentle manner, told them that he did not fear death, and that they might shoot him if they pleased. He had sacrificed all the comforts of his home in England to come out to the seat of war, in the hope of being some comfort and help to those who fell wounded in battle; and in doing so he might be sacrificing his life. If they chose to take that life before he had the opportunity of doing the good he proposed, not only by his own personal efforts, but by the money he intended to disburse, it was a pity. But still if they shot him he felt the satisfaction that he would die in a good cause. "But," said he, "in

order that you may not place yourselves in an awkward and regretable position, I beg of your officer to take my card to the British ambassador, who is a personal friend of mine, and will certify that I am an English gentleman, and not a Prussian spy."

The officer took the card, although at the same time he felt it was only a ruse on the part of the crafty spy, and sent it on to the British Embassy. Perhaps, too, he was a little surprised at the quiet way in which Gig took the affair. However, a note soon came from Lord Lyons informing the military of their mistake; that the gentleman in question was an Englishman, and a personal friend of his, a frequent resident in Paris, and well known for his many acts of kindness to the distressed. Of course the release of Gig followed immediately, and the officer and his men not only tendered him their most profound apologies, but wanted to embrace him into the bargain.

He then pursued his journey, and carried out, as far as his strength would permit, the good mission he was bent upon.

. . . . . .

And now, my dear Gig, farewell! Among the many unfulfilled wishes of your kind heart was the wish that I should paint your portrait. Appointments for sittings were made, but fate willed that other pressing engagements should cause those sittings to be deferred until you departed this life, and the picture was never painted.

Perhaps that absence of personal vanity to which you so frequently alluded, may have been at the bottom of this matter. At any rate, my dear Gig, if you could only look on these pages, you might feel a satisfaction, mingled with reproof, that after more than twenty years I have made a sketch of you from memory.

CURIOSITY.

XXXVI

BEHIND THE SCREEN

I HAVE often noticed people when they enter a studio look rather suspiciously at the screen, especially if a picture of "Andromeda," or "La Cigale," or "Lady Godiva" happens to be on the easel. I was busily engaged putting the finishing

touches to a picture of the latter subject, which I had to send to the Royal Academy the next day, when a knock came at the door. My model ran behind the screen, and a large party of visitors then entered, so I wheeled my easel with the Lady of Coventry out of the way. The other picture "on view" was the historical-incident picture of Henry VIII. at a merrymaking, having a bout at singlestick with a yokel, surrounded by court ladies and country folk, with all the fun of the fair in the distance. But somehow or other I could not get my visitors to be interested in this bygone gone-to-sleep world, notwithstanding all the expense I had been at to secure appropriate costumes, and the time I had spent poring over books and other authorities to get my details correct. Curiosity prevailed over a love of art and archæology; every one wanted to see the picture that was turned away because it was turned away; and when eventually it was wheeled round for their inspection some of the lady visitors also turned away, whispered to each other, looked up, then down, and then had a sudden desire to examine the historical work more closely and critically. A slight cough and movement behind the screen gave rise to more whispering. One gentleman of the party was lost in admiration of Godiva.

"Lovely, Mr. Storey,—most beautiful!" Then with a kind of sad, heartbroken tone, he said, "Really I never saw anything so lovely in all my life;" and then, after another sigh, "Now, did you paint that from a real girl?"

"From a real girl," said I; and then one of the young ladies wanted to call pa's attention to the portrait of Katharine of Aragon in the Henry VIII. picture. But pa still harped upon Godiva, and especially on the "real girl"; so I told him how pleased I was that he liked the picture, because Fred Walker, whom we all looked upon as one of our greatest artists, had just been to see it, and said it was "awfully stunning! in fact, devilish good!"

Ma, in the meantime, having noticed the movement behind the screen, took the opportunity of just peeping quietly, in the hope, or fear, of discovering the "real girl"; and whether to her disappointment, or whether to her satisfaction, I do not know, but all she saw was a simple maiden completely dressed, eating an apple and reading the *Family Herald*. The party then wished me a good morning, with apologies for disturbing me, and thanking me for showing them my *beautiful* pictures; but probably feeling in their minds that an artist's studio was rather a dreadful place, with its real girls, and its young men who talked about pictures being "awfully stunning and devilish good."

It seems that others besides the lady above-mentioned are somewhat curious on the subject of models. There is an impression abroad that they are not like other people. One young lady—yes, young lady—who sat to me many times, was at a ball in Mayfair, when her partner began talking about the Royal Academy and the pictures, and those who sat for them.

"Queer people these models," said he; "a rum lot, I should say."

"He little thought," said my fair sitter, "that I was one of them."

This young lady was related to a judge—had lived in affluence—but on the death of her father

THE MODEL BEHIND THE SCREEN.

she and her sisters had to get their own living. She was recommended to me by a lady artist, our mutual friend, and thus she became my model. She described some of the means she and her sisters had employed to earn a living, one of them being to make ladies' underclothing for a large

West-End firm, and she assured me that the most they could earn by working hard all day, getting up early and going to bed late, was four shillings a week each! Old friends invited them to stay in their houses, and possibly helped them in other ways, and thus it was that pretty Miss E. appeared occasionally at a ball; but, like poor Cinderella, she knew that when the hour for departure rang out, she must escape from the brilliant company or be seen in rags.

Another instance was the beautiful original of my picture called "Mistress Dorothy" (1873). She was sent to me with a note of introduction by the same kind lady who had sent Miss E., who was Charretie by name and Charity by nature.

Miss S.," the daughter of a lieutenant in the navy, was very lovely and very shy. It was with an almost trembling hand that she gave me the note she had brought from our friend. I asked her to take a seat while I read the letter. She sat down with her hands in her lap, and her face half-turned away.

"Now, please, stay just as you are," said I, and I at once got to work and painted a picture of her, with no alteration except in the hat and dress. As she sat, we chatted. We talked of our friend, Mrs. Charretie, who had also seen the ups and downs of life, and my fair model soon became quite at her ease, and found that sitting to an artist was not such a dreadful thing after all, and had none of the terrors she had imagined. After this she paid me

many visits, and sat for some of the figures in a picture I was engaged upon at the time, called "Scandal."

AT THE STUDIO DOOR.

She had been to me once or twice a week for over a year, and at last felt quite as much at home in the studio as in her own little room. Now and then, when I became engrossed in my work, and

we sat in silence, I noticed a sad look on her face, as if her thoughts were far away, and I would ask her where she had gone to, which would bring her back with a laugh. The picture of "Scandal" was still going on, when one morning—a sunny morning—she entered the studio with a bright, happy expression, which greatly enhanced her beauty, and as she came forward to shake hands, she said—

"I have some news for you, Mr. Storey."

"Indeed!" said I, laughing; "I know all about it; you are going to be married."

"Who could have told you?" said she.

"Why, yourself, of course; I saw it written on your face as soon as you came into the room. Am I not right?"

"You are indeed," said she, laughing.

"Why, my dear young lady, everybody must have seen it as you came along; surely the rude boys must have been calling after you, 'There goes a girl that's going to be married.'"

I congratulated her sincerely, and said that the only drawback to it was that I should lose her. She sat down as at our first interview, with her hands in her lap, and did not turn her face away this time, but looked at me as if she wished me to share her happiness, and again I said, "Stay as you are." I then took a fresh canvas and began my picture of "Mistress Dorothy," and whether it was a good or a bad picture, at all events it was an inspiration. As some of the events arising

from it were curious and unexpected, I will continue the story.

The first sitting was scarcely over when a kind old friend of pleasant memory—Tom Agnew—made his appearance. He was struck with the rub-in—the sketch on the canvas.

"What's that?" said he.

"It is a picture I am painting for you," said I. "I was told the other day that you said I could paint children, but couldn't paint a woman, so I am painting this to show you whether I can or not."

Of course this was said half in fun, and I am afraid that saying things half in fun or wholly in fun is not very wise. The world does not always take a joke as it is meant. But in this case it was taken kindly.

"What is the price?" said he.

"One hundred pounds," said I.

"But it is only a portrait," said my friend. And the matter dropped.

He came about a fortnight after, and saw a great advance in "Mistress Dorothy."

"You are going to make a good thing of that," said he, and again asked the price.

"Two hundred pounds," I replied.

He smiled and said, "You told me it was one hundred."

"Yes; but that was a fortnight ago," said I. And again the matter dropped.

He paid me a third visit, accompanied by Mr. Morgan, who eventually became the owner of

"Scandal," to which work his attention was called; but his eyes would wander from the big picture and fix themselves on "Dorothy." As they were leaving, Tom Agnew took me aside and said, "Seriously, now, how much do you really want for her?"

"Three hundred guineas," was my reply, and then he and his friend drove off.

I do not think I quite liked saying that, although it was half in fun, but the fact was that I was not anxious to part with the picture, and therefore I asked a good price for it, although it made me seem a bit conceited and not perhaps quite kindly to my old friend. Still I had no reason to repent the folly of it. The picture was sent to the Academy. Sir Francis Grant was then President, and he too was taken with "Dorothy." When she came up before the Council of Ten, over which he presided, he exclaimed—

"My God! what a fine woman! what a splendid creature! Who's the painter?" and on being informed, said, "Bravo! Storey."

It so happened that that same evening Sir Francis Grant dined with Baron Rothschild, and, still impressed with "Dorothy," he spoke of her in high terms. And to show how curiously events interlace themselves, and how by apparently the merest accidents other events come about that are most unexpected, on the very next day after that dinner in Piccadilly, a splendid equipage, with a pair of prancing and snorting steeds, drove up to my modest dwelling in St. Mary's Terrace,

Paddington, and a handsome young gentleman presented himself to the modest artist to ask if his picture of "Mistress Dorothy" was for sale, and for how much? I named the same price that I had asked Tom Agnew, namely, three hundred guineas, sent a small sketch of the work, and the next day received a cheque for the amount. And, furthermore, after "Dorothy" returned from the Academy, the Baron sent me an invitation to call and see him in Piccadilly, where I found him and "Dorothy" *en tête-à-tête;* he was on the sofa and she on a chair not far off.

"There she is," said he. "I like her to keep me company, and you must come and see her and me whenever you feel inclined. I am always at home on Saturday afternoon." He showed me many lovely pictures in his drawing-room by Reynolds, Vandyke, Gainsborough, and others; he sitting in a chair on wheels which went up and down from floor to floor in a lift. I paid many visits to the great rich Baron de Rothschild, and was always amiably received—and all through "Dorothy."

But I have still more to say about her. At the Academy she was a pendant to one of Millais' pictures (Vanessa) and Millais said of her in his jovial-hearted way, "If I hadn't a wife already I would have married that girl." Fred Walker was quite angry with me for not letting him know about her; he bit his nails and said she was just the sort of wife he was looking for, and when I told him she was another's he stamped his foot and said—

never mind what he said. I do not remember the exact words.

But this is not all. I trust the reader will not suppose I am inventing this story for my own glorification, or even telling it for that reason. It is only because it is a curious phenomenon, a kind of boom or unaccountable current of feeling for a certain something, whether in art, literature, or what not, that does not depend on the artistic or literary merit of it but upon some novelty, some note of sympathy or some passing whim, whatever we may like to call it, that makes these runs upon certain books, pictures, and fashions. Nearly every day after this picture was seen at the Royal Academy I had letters from ladies asking me about the hat worn by Mistress Dorothy. Large hats were not then in vogue; the pork-pie was all the rage, so I suppose there was a novelty in this one, which, after all, was only an old Chelsea pensioner's head-gear twisted into a different shape, and ornamented with a ribbon and a big bow. The name of Dorothy, too, was a revival of an old name that had then gone out of fashion.

The ladies, for the most part, went for Dorothy's *hat*, the men for Dorothy. One of my sisters, on going to her milliner's to choose a costume for the Ascot week, was shown the last new thing in hats, taken from a picture in the Royal Academy, namely, "Dorothy." And yet there seems nothing to me now so very wonderful about the work; I do not feel very proud of it.

And now I daresay you think I have done with the subject; but the most remarkable circumstance connected with it remains to be told.

Let us suppose that seven years have elapsed. Miss S. has long ago been married. Mrs. Charretie and I have been there to tea. The husband is a business man well-to-do, and the little home seems to be a very happy one. But it has all passed on like a picture in a diorama. Mrs. Charretie has passed away too, and I have not seen the rich Baron for some long time, and even Dorothy has almost faded from my recollection. I have moved into a new studio. I have painted portraits of other lovely women, mostly in society, and have even got into society myself, and visited in Mayfair, and Kensington, and all about there; and am invited to fine old English country houses, to shooting parties, and dinner parties, and garden parties, and fancy dress parties, &c. &c. &c., and partake of all the pleasures and luxuries, and, shall I add, vanities, of the rich and titled portion of the community, and this, in a great measure, owing to the fair Dorothy and her big hat.

One morning I received a letter from a lady quite unknown to me, beginning:—

"Sir,—I am indirectly indebted to you for a very happy marriage" ("How on earth can this be?" thought I. "What next, I wonder!" and continuing the letter), "for your charming picture of 'Mistress Dorothy' in the Academy six years ago was incidentally the cause of it." (To think that a picture

by me should be the cause of a happy marriage! This, I must confess, gave me great pleasure, as well as amusement.) The letter then goes on to say: "And our first little daughter" (a daughter, too!) "we called 'Dorothy' in memory of it. I beg to enclose you a photograph of *our* little 'Mistress Dorothy,' now four and a half years old." (Was I then incidentally in some way the cause of this other little "Dorothy"?) However, the letter concludes with the request, a very modest favour, namely, to inform the writer if it is possible for her to obtain an engraving or photo of the picture, which she has long wished to possess, in memory of her good fortune.

Of course my reply to that letter was to send the photograph, and to say that I was always pleased to hear that any work of mine had given pleasure to others; but that it should bring about a happy marriage far surpassed the wildest dreams of ambition that I had ever entertained. I added, that I hoped I should one day have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of my kind correspondent, her husband, and their "Mistress Dorothy," which all came about in due course. The mystery was not difficult to explain. Mr. C. saw the picture and was taken with it. A friend said she knew a young lady very like Dorothy, and introduced him to her; then he was taken with the young lady, and no wonder! and she was taken with him, and so all ended happily; and I hope if they or *their* little Dorothy—who must now be about twenty-one—

should read this, they will not be angry at my writing it, and will let me hear from them to that effect; for like many other pictures in this diorama of my memory, they, too, have passed on, and are lost to view.

It would not be difficult to add many more stories to this chapter; and there is one about little Nora that I should much like to tell, but it is too long and too intricate, and so wrapped up in mystery that I could not tell it here. I can only say that she was the sweetest and prettiest little girl I had ever seen; and I wondered how she could belong to such poor people as those she was with; and that eventually it turned out that she did not belong to them, but was the daughter of parents living not a hundred miles from Park Lane; that her mother was very beautiful, and in society, and eventually bought little Nora's picture to hang in her drawing-room.

Pretty girls connected with the stage have been among my best models. Among these was a sweet Irish girl named Nelly M., who sat to me many times. Sir John Millais has painted a very true likeness of her in "A Good Resolve"; a girl standing with an open Bible before her, and her finger pointing to some passage of Scripture. In my picture of a girl "Going to Church" I have painted another view of her pretty face, which was as kind as it was pretty; and we all know that when an Irish girl is kind and pretty there are few other girls in the world that can beat her. She spoke with

just that tone and accent which is so Irish, and yet

NORA.

so soft and musical, and was delightfully unconscious of it. She said to me one day, with a most unmis-

takable pronunciation, "You'd never think I was Irish by my accent now, would you?"

And another time, when she appeared in a new ulster coat, I complimented her upon it, saying how becoming it was as well as comfortable and useful.

"Yes," she said, "it is, and you know I don't care how wet I get as long as I've got my ulster on."

I repeated to her what she had said.

"Did I now? The fact is, I talk without thinking."

She was in a great state of mind one day because of a dreadful mistake that her sister Jenny had made the night before at the theatre. They had been noticed by Royalty, and were introduced by the manager to the Prince. "And," said she, "we were so nervous that we didn't know what we were doing or saying. The Prince was very pleasant, and said, 'You are Irish, are you not?' and Jenny said, 'No, sir, we come from Dublin!!!' She saw at once what a mistake she had made, and we both coloured up, and didn't know what to do, and poor Jenny will never forgive herself. I'd have given anything rather than she should have said it, because you know the Prince must have thought we were laughing at him."

A beautiful portrait of her was painted by Calderon in his "Gloire de Dijon," a girl holding a basket of roses in front of her. The picture is now in the Gallery at Hamburg, in the collection presented by Mr. G. C. Schwabe to that city.

Models, then, it will be seen, are just like other people, only they have to sit still, and to be able to take an interest in their work; to wear their various dresses and costumes naturally; to have good features, and well-shaped limbs; and especially to be strong. All the fine models, male or female, are to a certain extent athletes, the firm muscle giving the beautiful form.

THE BRIGAND.

XXXVII

MY ITALIAN MODEL'S STORY

CARAVAGGIO, one of my Italian models, was not only an excellent sitter, and shaped like an antique statue, but was also an intelligent companion. He told me some ghastly and wonderful stories about brigands that were enough to make one's blood creep, and one's hair stand on end, and would probably have interrupted my work had they not sounded almost like fiction, and were narrated in a quiet tone, as though he were reading to amuse

me rather than to distract my attention. The facts, horrible as they are, I am sorry to say, are only too true; but that they happened some thirty or forty years ago gives a certain distance to them which is the only thing in their favour.

It is one of those strange things I never could account for that some of the most horrible crimes are committed in the most beautiful places. The fearful doings of the Holy Inquisition were enacted in lovely Venice, and the haunts of the brigands, whose deeds I am about to narrate, were in the rich and romantic country of the Abruzzi.

Near the village of Nisco, the birthplace of my Italian model, were many of these splendid landscapes—dense woods and mountain defiles—that afforded shelter and a home to a band of some twelve desperadoes. Their chief was a young man named Fuoco, who won his way to distinction by committing the most villainous act that a mortal can be guilty of, one which is too revolting to set down in these pages. We can only hope that it is not true. He was handsome and strong, and his horrible crime was looked upon as such a masterpiece that he was at once and unanimously elected to be their captain.

There is surely plenty of scope here for cheap moralising, but I went on painting and Caravaggio went on talking.

This "Diavolo," strange to say, was a clever and fascinating young man, and in one of his early adventures captured a young lady who was exceed-

ingly handsome. He took her to his cave, bound her hand and foot, then went out with his merry men and despatched the rest of the party. He stabbed her father and her mother, and I believe no one escaped that terrible adventure but the coachman, who jumped down and hid himself behind a rock. This splendid "Diavolo" lost no time in acquainting his fair captive that he had sent her father and her mother to a better world, where she should at once follow them if she did not consent to be his bride. Whether it was this sudden disaster which changed her nature and drove her mad, or whether the handsome villain really captivated her heart, I do not know, but she consented without demur to share his love and his dangers, and became in a short time as cruel and wicked a fiend as her spouse.

I have not the time nor the talent to work up these sensational materials into a thrilling novel; I am going on painting my picture for the Royal Academy, and I have to get the expression of a certain "Hungry Messenger," who is one of the principal characters in it, so I say, "Go on, Caravaggio; this Signor Diavolo is a masterpiece of human wickedness."

The above are mere trifles to what remains to be told; they are the overture to the opera of "The Bloodthirsty Brigands" who infested the romantic defiles of the Abruzzi. The joy of plunder was but the first degree, the spilling of blood the second, but torture was the superlative. That seems to

have been the exquisite pleasure of these connoisseurs in the peculiar happiness of making their fellow-creatures writhe in misery and agony.

One fine day these bold adventurers, twelve in number, captured a single individual, a guard of the forest, whom they suspected of giving information of their movements and their whereabouts to the authorities, which if he did he was but doing his duty. However, they intended to make an example of him, and to thoroughly enjoy themselves at the same time. The manner of their proceeding was slow but deliberate, in order to make it the more painful. They began by breaking his shin-bones, then his feet and his thighs, leaving him sufficient time to realise the agony of each operation; they then broke his arms, and not until every bone they could smash was smashed were they content to let the poor wretch die in lingering torture, his captors mocking him the whole time and laughing at his groans. Brigands! and no mistake! there is no beast so cruel as the human beast.

Lest this horrible story should deter the reader from perusing this account any further, I will tell another in which the intended victim was more fortunate; he not only lived to tell the tale, but sat for one of my early pictures. He too was a "Guardia Campestre," and had given offence to this band of brothers by reporting their movements to the authorities.

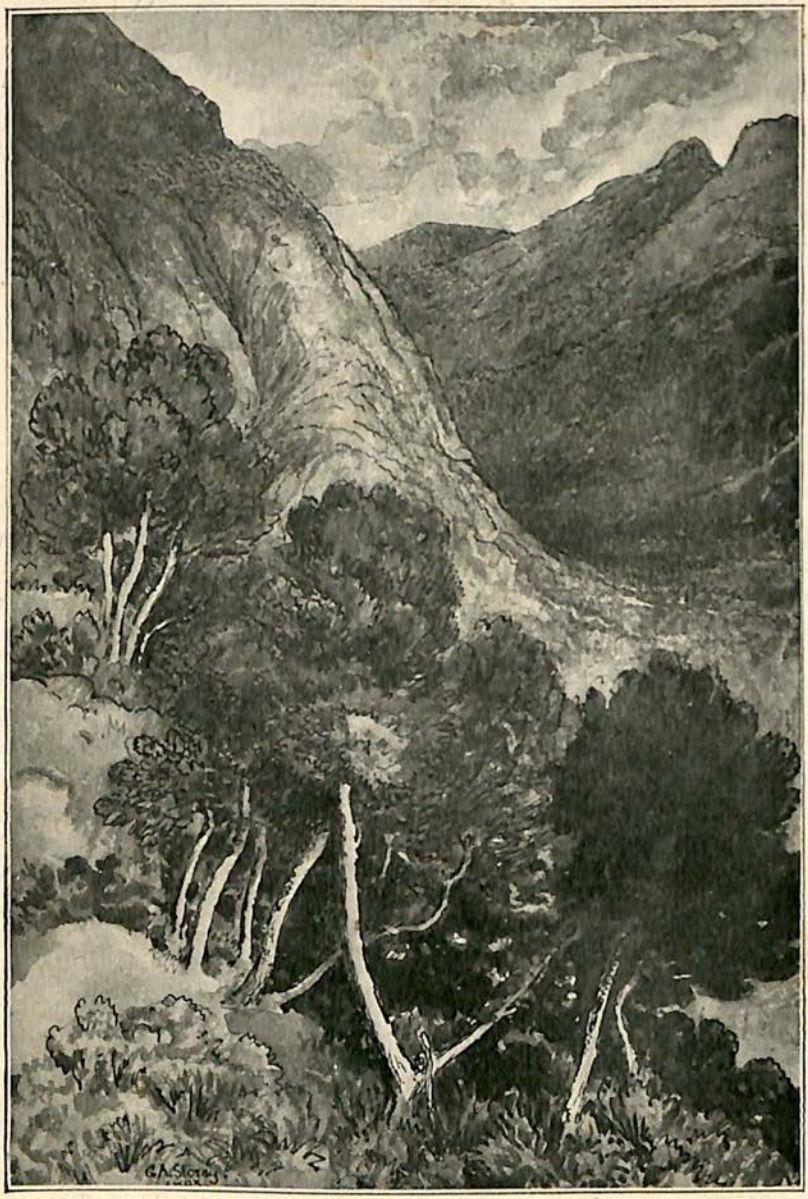
One fine morning he and a young friend took their guns and went for a stroll in the woods in

search of game. They had shot a hare, and were following up another when they suddenly found themselves surrounded by Signor Diavolo's band. They told the young friend that, as they had no grudge against him, he might go free; but as to the other, they intended to wreak the most terrible vengeance upon him, and to kill him piecemeal—he was an old enemy, and they had long looked out for him, but his doom had come at last. The young man, the fair Antonio, who was both brave and honourable, refused their clemency, and said he was bound to stick by his friend, who had only done his duty as a Guardia Campestre, and he would stay by him to the end to comfort if he could not save him.

As to Stefano, he was partially stripped, and stood with his back to a precipice, the bravos glaring and gloating over their prey as they sharpened their knives for the execution. The Sposa del Diavolo, Signora Fuoco, then approached him with a long dagger in one hand and a glass of wine in the other, which she bade him drink, she taking another glass. "Now," said she, "we are about to part in this world, and I am to have the pleasure of despatching you after my friends here have cut your execrable body to pieces. Drink," said she. But the glass fell from his hand, which was trembling.

"How is this?" said she.

"It is because I am cold," he replied, not wishing her to think it was through fear. She was about to hand him another glass, when suddenly



THE APENNINE.

two of the savage but useful dogs belonging to the band flew at each other, and set up such a growling and barking that the attention of the whole company was taken up by them, and Stefano for the moment was left unguarded. He looked at the precipice on one side and at the brigands on the other; death was almost certain in any case; escape was just possible by a desperate leap, escape, at all events, from torture. In an instant he took the leap, and catching at some bushes and branches as he fell, he came to the bottom, an enormous depth, uninjured, for he was enabled to make use of his legs and run for it. When the brigands returned, after separating the fighting dogs, finding their prisoner had escaped, they sent shot after shot at him, but he was not to be hit nor to be caught; he disappeared like a rabbit down a warren, and although all the men were enraged at seeing their prize escape, Satanella was mad with fury, and in her desperate rage she plunged her long knife into the young Antonio, inflicting a mortal wound. An instant after she was sorry for what she had done. The poor fellow was succoured by the brigands in a rough way; they tied him up as well as they could, and he finally dragged himself to his village, was carried home, and died a few hours afterwards. His death brought tears into every honest eye, and maledictions were poured forth on the murderess from every honest heart. For Antonio was a favourite of the village; he was handsome, brave, and good; his goodness to his

friend was proof of this, proof sealed by his own death.

The reason that the brigands were so unflinching in their cruelties to these "Guardia Campestri" was that through their vigilance they were not only baulked of many prizes, but their companions were shot down by the military led on by these men. Their ranks were gradually being thinned, and they were held in such detestation by the villagers that they could get but few recruits. The horrors I have narrated are mere specimens of what must have been of constant occurrence. There was, however, another evidence of their fiendish cruelty almost too horrible to relate, for it was inflicted on a woman. They had reason to suspect that she had given information about their movements, so they entrapped her when she was working in the plains or looking after the flocks with a number of other country girls. The latter they formed into a ring in order that they might witness the agonies of the poor victim, and were kept there till the most revolting excesses of cruelty were gone through: mutilation in its worst form and slow death. This, they were told, was meant as a lesson to them, and that if one of them or any of them ever uttered a word of what they had seen, they would suffer a similar punishment. They were then sent away.

However, vengeance was near, nay, it had been gradually coming on; for the band of twelve was now reduced to four, not counting Satanella, who had disappeared from the ranks.

A singular feature about this weird story is, that the Mayor or Podestà of the little town of Nisco was said to be in league with these desperadoes. He may have been obliged to pay them blackmail, and to send them presents, and also to help them in other ways, as I am about to tell, or rather as my model Caravaggio is about to relate to the artist, who all this time is working at his Academy picture, thinking sometimes of handsome devils in picturesque costumes, amid rocks and forests and the grandest of scenery, under a pure blue sky; and sometimes of flesh tints, and tones, and squeezing out more paint, and of the ultimate fate of his work at the forthcoming Exhibition.

"Go on, Caravaggio."

Things had got to such a pass, and such misery was caused to the whole country round, that the government were determined to clear the place of these scourges of humanity. A detachment of troops was sent down and quartered in the town. The Mayor received both officers and men with open arms. He invited the former to his house, in whose honour he gave a ball and a sumptuous entertainment, to which all the best people of the neighbourhood were welcomed, including travellers who were passing through, and Signor Diavolo himself, the very man on whose head a price was set, the very wretch who had instigated all these atrocities. He was there in the most elegant evening dress, and he might have been taken for a leader of fashion in Rome or Naples, so fastidiously

was he got up, and so charmingly did he play his part. He chummed with the officers, and broke the hearts of several of the fair guests, including the three daughters of the Mayor, who, like their father, were all very handsome. He danced delightfully; he even sang, and sang divinely,—all were taken with Signor Diavolo. At the same time he did not neglect business. He made friends quite casually with Signor Buonamico, a certain rich merchant, and his son Luciano, who were, so they told him, journeying towards Spoleto, and were starting next day in the direction of Campotosto, and hoped they should escape the brigands of whom they heard so much lately.

"Ah!" said Diavolo, "I wish I could catch some of these villains; they have brutally murdered one of my dearest friends, and I long to be revenged on them; but what is a single arm like mine against a band of some forty of the most desperate men that ever infested the country. But the military, as you see, are here in force, and are determined to exterminate them, so I expect they are far enough off by this time, for they soon get scent of any news of the kind, and I hardly think you run much risk at present. Unfortunately I have to go in the opposite direction to which you are travelling, or I should have been glad of your society; but of course you will be well guarded?" "No," said the merchant, "the Sindaco, our friend here, tells me it is not necessary, for there are patrols out night and day, and we have nothing to fear, so I shall trust

to God to protect us, if need be, and to our swift horses."

Of course Signor Diavolo now felt sure of his prey, and his spirits rose in consequence. He joined every group in turn, and seemed to be the life and soul of that goodly gathering. No one knew who he was—everybody was asking, "Who is that charming man?" His appearance among them seemed like a mysterious enchantment.

It is not difficult to surmise what happened next day to the trustful merchant and his son. They were taken prisoners by Signor Diavolo and his three merry men, which the others in their fright and surprise imagined to be about thirty banditti armed to the teeth; nor did they recognise in the captain of the band the elegant dandy they had met at the Mayor's.

The usual business—brigands' business—was gone through; an enormous sum in the way of ransom was put on the heads of the prisoners; they must write to their friends for money, amounting to many thousands of pounds, to be forwarded in three days, or their lives would be forfeited. In the meantime they were thrust to the end of a long and winding cavern, where they were bound with ropes, but were not otherwise ill-treated, except that their food was not of the choicest, nor had they much appetite.

I wondered how a correspondence with friends in such a case could be carried on; but it appears that the shepherds and other country folk were

exempted from the depredations of the brigands, on condition that they carried letters and messages for them, and at the same time revealed nothing. Should they ever be found betraying this sacred trust, they were subjected to the most horrible tortures, and then despatched as in the cases I have already narrated.

The three days passed, but there came no answer to the appeals of the poor merchant and his son. A day's grace was given—they begged for another, but it was not granted. The captain suspected that the delay was caused by a meditated attack on their stronghold, and told his prisoners to prepare for instant death, as he had to decamp that night. It was then that the merchant recognised the lively and charming acquaintance he had made at the Mayor's reception. At first he said it was impossible he would slay them ; they promised, if set free, to send as large a ransom as he demanded, or as they could afford ; they applied every means of persuasion to deter him from his purpose, and even used endearing and flattering terms for dear life's sake. But seeing that this only excited the fiendish nature of their captor, they cursed him as dying men, and told him that his own end was approaching ; that never again would he see the sun rise, but that that very night he would be engulfed in the flames of the Inferno, and would suffer all the torments of hell, and the frightful pangs of an evil conscience. Indeed, so dreadful were the words of the merchant that even this bold ruffian

cringed before him, and would have despatched him there and then had not one of the band rushed in and said that some mules were approaching laden with good things from their friend the Mayor.

This diverted Diavolo's attention. He left his victims to finish their prayers, and mockingly told them to ask God to protect them, as they had boasted He would. The prisoners were left to themselves, and the elder bade his son pluck up heart, for he believed there was still a chance of their escape, although it was now evident to both that their pretended friend the Mayor was in league with the bandits, and was not likely to send the troops to their assistance. "At all events, if we could but loosen these cords we might have a better opportunity of defending ourselves should these assassins attack us." So with their teeth and fingers they managed to loosen each other's bonds, while they kept up the appearance of being helpless.

The brigands, in the meantime, were busy unloading the mules, and bringing in the crumbs that had fallen from the Mayor's table, in the shape of delicacies that these rough mountaineers were not accustomed to, as well as other more substantial viands, besides hams, tongues, fowls, and game, and added to all this was a good supply of wine, which, all taken together, promised a festive evening.

The table was soon spread, and the dingy cave, the cave of blood, was lighted by a lamp, which cast a glorious lustre on the good fare provided for our villains, whilst it threw into deeper shade the

poor merchant and his son, who seemed almost to have been forgotten, although the captain of the band every now and then cast a malicious eye in their direction.

It would, perhaps, have been well for him if he had resumed for a time the character he had played at the Podestà's entertainment, and had invited his prisoners to sit down as his guests, but the old merchant's curses were not yet forgotten, and he sent one man to see that they were secure and another to stand as sentinel at the mouth of the cave. The former returned to say that their prizes were safe enough, for they scarcely seemed to have strength to hold up their heads, and after partaking of a goodly meal he was sent to relieve the outer guard, who came in and feasted in his turn. And feast they did; they ate like ogres and drank like fish, and after they had taken their fill of the meats and the fruits and the liquors they began playing cards, still replenishing their glasses, till all but the sentinel outside were hopelessly drunk, including the gallant Captain Signor Diavolo Fuoco. For a time they indulged in obscene and blasphemous talk, and made merry over their ghastly recollections of the inhuman crimes they had committed, as though they were making confession before departing this life, in the mock hope of forgiveness in the next. At length all three were so sound in their drunken sleep that their loud snoring echoed through the cave.

Now was the opportunity for our prisoners to

pay their hosts in their own coin. They lost no time in freeing themselves from their cords, and as though the weapons for their deliverance had been placed there on purpose, it happened that a rifle was standing against the wall on one side near the son, and a hatchet was within reach of the father. The latter gave the word.

"I," whispered he, "will despatch Signor Diavolo, and leave the other two to you. Use the butt-end of your gun and reserve your fire; you are younger than I, use all your strength."

The captain had laid his head on the table, and was snoring profoundly, whilst the other two, in the same attitude, were joining lustily in the chorus. With one blow of the hatchet the merchant cleft the skull of Signor Diavolo, and prevented him effectually from seeing the rising sun any more. With two blows the younger man literally smashed in the heads of the two other sleepers. The sentinel made his escape, but not before being badly wounded in the thigh by the merchant's hatchet.

The prisoners were now free, and having refreshed themselves with some of the good things sent by the Mayor, having supped, in fact, with the three dead men, they made their way to the little town they had left a few days previously, following the track of the mules, which was clearly marked in the snow. The morning was breaking, and day dawned upon the travellers, who a few hours previously had been told to prepare for death.

The brave merchant, who as a dying man had prophesied to Diavolo that he would never more see the sun rise, little dreaming how his prophecy would be fulfilled, now saw the glorious orb appearing over the peaceful scene, and he and his son knelt down by a crucifix and thanked God for their deliverance; and they had reason to thank God also that they had been the means, all unsought, of delivering the world from such fiends in human form, who had sullied some of the fairest scenes of the Abruzzi with crimes that, if equalled, had never been surpassed.

The Mayor received early intelligence through the shepherds of what had happened, and the news spread rapidly.

A great crowd collected in the market-place when three mules, laden with the bodies of Diavolo and two of his merry men, were led up to the piazza. Here a revolting spectacle took place; the bodies were thrown to the ground for the crowd to trample on, and the pale but still beautiful face of Signor Diavolo was turned upwards as he lay on his back. A woman came forward and with her heel crushed out that face for ever. Her act is easily explained, for she was the wife of the poor Garde of the Forest who had been seized by the brigands some months previously, and had all his bones broken before he was put to death.

Soon after this the only one of the band who remained alive was brought in. After receiving the wound in his thigh from the hatchet, he

struggled on for a short space, and then fell exhausted in the snow. He was thrown into prison, and expired soon afterwards, but not before he had made a full confession, and had informed the Podestà, on his promise of a pardon, where all the treasure the band had accumulated was hidden.

The merchant and his son kept their counsel, and, in giving an account of their adventures before the authorities, said nothing of having recognised in the brigand Diavolo the young elegant who was the hero of the Podestà's entertainment, for, knowing the character of this man, they considered it the safest course to pursue, nor did the Mayor himself suspect that they were in the secret.

I will not prolong this story, although there is still more to tell. In real life events are not all packed into a chapter or into a volume, or even into three volumes, but link themselves on to subsequent ones, and seldom, if ever, come to a conclusion.

Sufficient to say, then, that after this event the Podestà disappeared from Nisco, and was never again heard of.

After his disappearance search was made for treasure said to have been buried by the brigands. The place indicated by the last of the band was discovered up in the mountains, but the treasure itself was gone, and there was every evidence of its having been recently taken away.

As for the daughters—the three Graces—so unprepared for poverty, they were turned out of

their fine house into the street, with nothing but their beauty left them. They found their way to

MADALINA.

Paris, where they sat as models, and became mistresses of the artists, till time effaced their mellow charms; then their lovers and admirers forsook them, and they were left to die in a strange land.

"Thank you, Signor Caravaggio; the sitting is over for to-day. I don't know whether my work is quite up to the mark, but if not, it is because I have been so interested in my Italian model's story."

MR. GAILEY.

XXXVIII

MR. GAILEY

AMONG the many models who have sat to me, there is one whose name has been associated with mine for nearly thirty years. He was certainly not a beautiful model, to me he was not even a useful one, and when I knew him all that time ago he was not far off sixty. How then is it, you will ask, that he and I have been associated for so long?

It is partly owing to his name being "Mr. Gailey." Struck by the oddity of his appearance when he first entered the studio, with his hat in one hand, his wig in the other, exhibiting a very bald head, and looking at me with a terrible squint, I was inspired by the Muse of Frivolity to paint him, not in oil or water-colour, but in verse, and I composed a song which in an unguarded moment I sang at a merry meeting of artists many years ago, and have had to pay the penalty of that folly ever since. Whenever I have been going to a friendly gathering, to a smoke, a supper, or even a dinner, I have felt an inward misgiving that I should be called upon to sing "Mr. Gailey," and too often has that foreboding been realised. Hundreds of times have I had to pipe forth the doggerel lines, and even when I have thought myself quite safe and have plumed myself that I had for once at least escaped the ordeal, some one, prompted no doubt by the offended ghost of Gailey himself, has called for the song.

At all events, in this book I thought I should escape from any such proceeding. I had finished my chapter about models, and had submitted the manuscript to Mr. Chatto, my publisher, when he too, who in the long ago past had heard the effusion, said, "But you have left out Mr. Gailey." And so once more, and for the last time, I will give "Mr. Gailey," although I fear that in print, and without the tune and the chorus, it will seem but a poor affair.

THE ARTIST'S MODEL

I

There is an Artist's Model, and
He calls upon you daily;
He squints, and wears a sandy wig,
His name is Mr. Gailey.
Yes, he is an Artist's Model,
Calling on you daily;
He squints, and wears a sandy wig,
His name is Mr. Gailey.
He is very anxious for a sitting,
Which he finds it very hard in getting;
He's no use for any sort of picture,
For he is such a very shapeless creature;
But yet he is an Artist's Model,
Calling on you daily;
He squints, and wears a sandy wig,
His name is Mr. Gailey.

II

He is not like other human creatures,
There is something wrong about his features:
He was made ere anatomy was invented;
Nature ever afterwards repented.
But yet he is an Artist's Model,
Calling on you daily;
He squints, and wears a sandy wig,
His name is Mr. Gailey.

III

He is very neat in his attire,
Most respectful, which I much admire;

He can sit either with his hair or not so.
And when at last he takes a pose
You wonder how he got so.
But yet he is an Artist's Model,
Calling on you daily;
He squints, and wears a sandy wig,
His name is Mr. Gailey.

IV

He once sat for a broken-down old cab-horse,
And the driver;
I understand that Landseer made him
Sit for his Godiva.
A monk, an ancient gargoyle, or
A priest of low persuasion
He sits for, but for what he sits
You never have occasion.
But still he is an Artist's Model,
Calling on you daily;
He squints, and wears a sandy wig,
His name is Mr. Gailey.

V

Now, if some fair and comely maid
You're anxiously expecting,
And o'er your disappointment you
Are quietly reflecting,
You hear a tap—you say "Come in,"
You think 'tis sweet Miss Bailey;
You turn and see the grizzly beard
And squint of Mr. Gailey!
For O! he is an Artist's Model,
Calling on you daily;
He squints, and wears a sandy wig,
His name is Mr. Gailey.

VI

Now having called, and called in vain,
On Royal Academicians,
Associates, and outsiders, who
All tried him in positions,
He sought some eighty unknown men
In moments unexpected,
The consequence of which was, that
Their works were all rejected!
But yet he is an Artist's Model,
Calling on you daily;
He squints, and wears a sandy wig,
His name is Mr. Gailey.

OLD INN AT KILBURN.

XXXIX

A COUNTRY WALK

IN the old "clique days," as we call them, the days when some seven of us held together in a kind of brotherhood, we used to start off the next morning, after sending our pictures to the Royal Academy, for a country walk, and generally chose some old roadside inn for our destination. Thirty years ago St. John's Wood was quite on the confines of London, and a few minutes' walk from Marlborough Place brought us into green fields and wooded lanes. It was a great delight, after being so long cooped up in the studio, working till we could

hardly see, to feel free again, and we went forth like birds let out of a cage. I had sent three pictures to the Royal Academy, namely, Henry VIII., Lady Godiva, and the Danaïdes. I started the next morning with George Leslie, Marks, Calderon, and Hodgson, for our usual outing. It was a bright sunny day, the air fresh and sweet, the whole landscape decked in the dainty tints of early spring. We made our way through Willesden to a little roadside inn called the "Old Spotted Dog," with a pretty garden, a lawn, a bowling green, and quaint arbours; and it was so retired, so rural, that we could fancy ourselves fifty miles away from London. Here we partook of a frugal meal, consisting chiefly of mutton-chops, vegetables, and pickles, especially pickles. The landlady was very strong on pickles; she made them herself, and seemed to have pickled everything she could lay her hands upon, from young onions to old cabbage stalks. The homely tankard of ale served us in lieu of more costly liquor, and our own spirits were sufficient to keep us cheerful as we wiled away the day in pleasant chat, or tried our skill at the good old game of bowls.

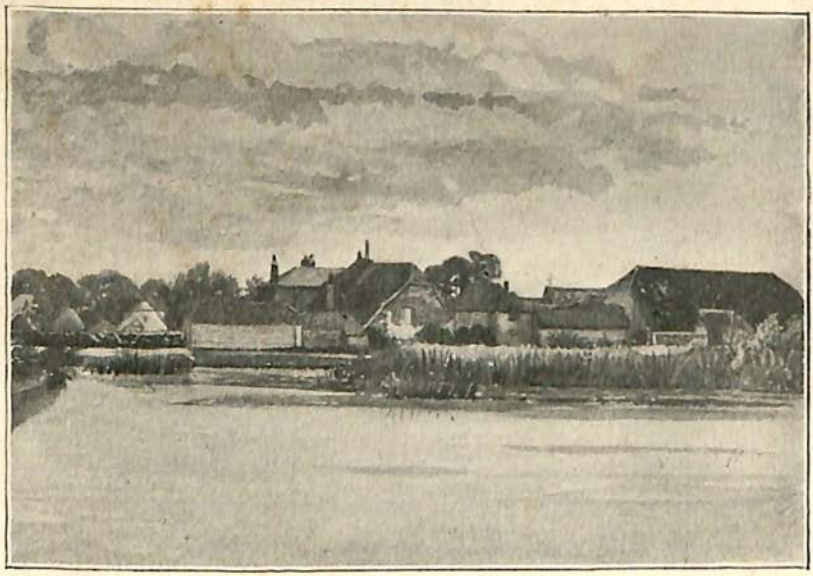
Calderon had just been made an A.R.A., but had sent nothing to the Exhibition. Marks had sent "The Beggars are Coming to Town" and "Feeble, the Woman's Tailor"; Hodgson, "Taking Home the Bride," and Leslie, "The Defence of Lathom House." We naturally discussed our prospects, our hopes and fears, and were pretty

free in our criticisms of each other's work. Not only the pictures but the titles were discussed, and this led to pleasant nonsense and quaint suggestions characteristic of each speaker; Calderon, for instance, whose wit was "un peu malin," proposes as a good title for one of Etty's pictures, "Virtue defending Innocence from the attacks of Chastity." Then Hodgson, always full of quaint sly humour, thinks that "The Albumens throwing off the Yoke: by Egg," would be effective. George Leslie, with his own special line of fun, referring to the works of Inchbold, a Pre-Raphaelite and poetical landscape painter, says that "If you buy an 'Inchbold' you're sure to want an 'El-more'." Marks, a disciple of Dr. Johnson, is inclined to groan at these shallow attempts at wit, but at the same time he adds, in a melodramatic tone, "That the man who would lay his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch, whom it would be gross flattery to call a coward."

And so the day wore on merrily enough, and we walked back as the shades of evening were drawing on. These outings were in our hopeful days. Prosperity followed hope, and nearly all of the little band, including three honorary members, became members of the Academy. David Wynfield was the first to break up the party. He died in 1887, and J. E. Hodgson followed him about four years ago, that is, in 1895. He was buried in Highgate cemetery, and was deeply regretted by all who possessed his personal friendship. I never heard

him say an ill-natured thing of anybody. He was an educated gentleman as well as a good painter, but it was his simplicity of character and kindness of heart which made us call him the "dear old Dodger." It was affecting to see the five surviving members of the "clique," now grey-headed Academicians, standing at the grave of their departed friend, reflecting perhaps on the long ago past when they were all boys together.

NOTE.—Since the above was written two more of the brotherhood have died, namely, H. S. Marks and P. H. Calderon. An obituary notice of Marks, by George Leslie, appeared in *The Magazine of Art* for May, and one of Calderon in the same magazine for June 1898, written by the author of this book.



NEAR HURLEY.

XL

OUR RIVER

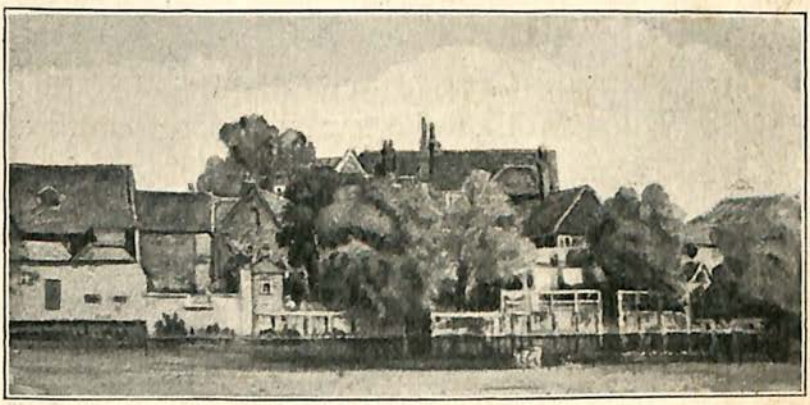
MANY a time has my friend George Leslie convinced me, as we rowed up and down the river, that any man who sat all day in a punt, fishing for minnows and such small fry, must be an idiot. And even when I have entirely agreed with him, if we came upon another individual of the same sort, the convincing process has had to be gone through once more. The fact is, my friend is a true lover of Nature, as his delightful pictures show, and he no doubt feels angry with those who, instead of looking at her beauties, keep their eyes fixed on a little float with a worm on a hook

dangling from it. For who can look upon his pure maidens in rose-gardens, his happy school-girls in their green playgrounds, his river-scenes and his punt-pieces, without feeling that Nature is the sweet mother of his art. But perhaps even a more convincing proof of his affection for her is to be found in his most pleasant book of the Thames, called "Our River"; especially in the latter part, where he discourses, like a Gilbert White of Selborne, on "meadow-sweet, loosestrife, comfrey, and all the rest of the beautiful river-weeds." He will tell you about harebells, creeping-jenny, wild geraniums, potentilla, wild strawberries, toadflax, persicaria, water-crowfoot, water-lilies, osiers, withies, the flowering rush, &c. &c. Or you can refresh your memory about tom swans or "cobs," moorhens, swallows, martins, kingfishers, wood-pigeons (good for pies), willow wrens, woodchats, sedgebirds, robins, wagtails, chaffinches, thrushes, blackbirds, nightingales, flycatchers, lapwings, pee-wits, and herons; besides water-rats, beetles, water-snails, freshwater mussels, crawfish, roach, gudgeon, perch, barbel, pike, carp, trout, gnats, midges, spiders, and so on.

I could not then have had a more useful and agreeable companion for a river holiday which combined rest with work. In July 1867, I stayed with him in a little cottage at Taplow, near Maidenhead, kept by Mrs. Copeland, whom he immortalises in his book. There was a narrow garden at the back which sloped down to the river, or rather to a pretty

backwater. We each had our boat, and went out every day in different directions, to make sketches, returning in the afternoon to compare notes, to take our dinner-tea, and to finish up the evening with a pipe and a chat. Surely nothing could be more delightful than the pursuit of art under such circumstances.

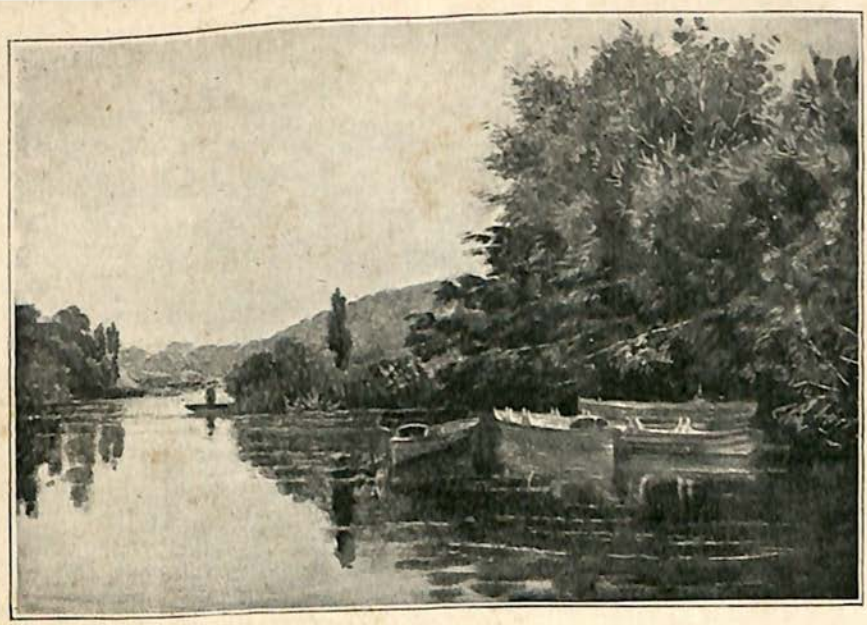
My work consisted chiefly of water-colour drawings made on the river, either from the boat



NEAR HAMPTON COURT.

or from the bank, weirs, backwaters, watermills, and among others Bray Vicarage, and of the Almshouses at the back where Fred Walker painted the scene of his "Harbour of Refuge," one of his finest and most pathetic pictures, now in the National Gallery, the gift of his sincere friend, admirer, and patron, Sir William Agnew.

As nearly all talk of "our river" must be stale news to a Londoner, I shall say no more about it, but refer him to my friend Leslie's book.



NEAR MAIDENHEAD.

XLI

M. GAMBART

DURING our stay at Maidenhead we had a visit from M. Gambart. He had written to Leslie to say he was coming, and was expected to luncheon, but as he did not make his appearance, we took a stroll by the river, and were returning to tea, thinking he had been detained in town, when whom should we see, sauntering slowly along, but our expected visitor.

"Oh!" said Leslie, "we had given you up, and thought you were not coming."

"When I say I will come—I come," was his reply.

"Come back then to the cottage, and see the pictures."

"I have already seen them."

"Not all, for my principal one is put away in the cupboard."

"I have seen that too, for I have looked in the cupboard, and in the portfolios."

"Come then, and have some tea, and a chop."

"No, my dear Leslie, I would not come all the way to Taplow to have a chop."

"No, of course not, we will dine at Skindle's. I'll go and order the dinner."

"I have done that already; we shall dine at seven, so there is plenty of time for a walk."

It was a lovely evening, and our walk was a most enjoyable one. Our friend was in a pleasant humour and extremely amusing; he told us much of his past history which was curiously interesting. How he came to London as a poor Belgian artist, and began his career by colouring prints for old M'Lean, the publisher in the Haymarket; how he found out, by degrees, that he possessed certain faculties for business which he soon turned to account, beginning by taking a roll of prints under his arm to certain country customers, and with the profit he made out of them going into further investments, ending with rolls of bank notes in his

pockets, and by becoming a picture-dealer of European reputation, with a villa in Belgium and a château in the south of France. He made us laugh with his droll stories, but those told of him of his quickness and coolness and shrewdness would fill a volume.

The dinner of course was excellent; whether it was a further proof of this extraordinary man's cleverness or not I will not say, but he did not buy our pictures.

When his house in the Avenue Road, which had been blown to pieces by a gas explosion, was restored, he invited a number of his artist friends to what he called a picnic. As the rooms had not been repapered or furnished we were each to take our campstools and our own knives and forks; he would provide the eatables and the champagne, but we must not mind having a carpenter's bench for a table.

It occurred to the invited guests that he who could provide champagne could also provide knives and forks, &c., and on our arrival we found a most sumptuous repast, served with appropriate magnificence. True, the place was not fully furnished—there was no sideboard, but rows of bottles two or three deep went down one side of the room. These contained the choicest wines, which, M. Gambart said, he expected us to drink. About thirty sat down to dinner; among them were Frith, Ward, Elmore, Edmund Yates, the "clique," and many other well-known artists and writers.

While we were taking our fruit and wine, our host said he had a little surprise for us, and had invited an old friend of our juvenile days to entertain us. The folding-doors at the end of the room, which led into the gallery, were then thrown open, and the real old Punch and Judy show stood revealed. The well-known voice of Punch was greeted with shouts of laughter and rounds of applause by the assembled grown-up children. Whether this was a compliment to the supposed perpetual youth of genius, or the expression of our cynical host's feeling that artists were a parcel of babies and mere puppets for the Gambartian picture-dealer to dangle, is a question that he alone could answer; but as I was a guest and enjoyed even the Punch and Judy I will take the former view.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of this blow-up and restoration was the curious escape of pictures, a fact which should, I think, be taken into consideration by insurance companies.

The first day of the disaster Gambart was going round the place with a friend, when they spied on the floor, amongst the débris, a scorched canvas rolled up like a thin biscuit. Gambart lifted it very carefully, just opened it, but not more than an inch for fear of breaking it, and said, "Ah! that is Tadema's picture."

It seemed a hopeless case, but the picture restorer took it in hand, and when sent back it looked even better than before, the tone was improved.

Frith's "Derby Day" would have been probably totally destroyed, as its place was just over the centre of the explosion, but it happened to be away, and its return had been delayed. Another picture—I think it was the portrait of Rosa Bonheur with a bull—had entirely disappeared, and yet the frame was hanging on the wall. The picture itself was discovered, some two days after, in a garden two doors off. A cabinet of valuable china was a heap of débris, yet not a finger must touch it, it must be left just as it is—not only for the insurance people's contemplation, but for the mender's. On the evening of the dinner-picnic, Gambart showed us this cabinet perfectly restored, and the china, to all appearances, just as it used to be. Many, of course, were the wonderful resuscitations of valuable things, which, had they been in any ordinary house, would have been swept away as rubbish or hopeless ruins. All, of course, was insured; but I believe the company came to some arrangement with M. Gambart, and paid a certain sum on each damaged picture, leaving him the picture to restore or otherwise. The portrait of Rosa Bonheur had to be relined, and as it had naturally got a little scratched, he sent it over to Paris for her to touch up, enclosing a cheque for a hundred guineas for her trouble, which, he said, he had received from the insurance company. The picture was soon returned, and also the hundred guineas, which the artist declined to accept, as the little she had had to do to the

picture could not be charged for, and she was only too pleased to do it for her good friend.

Gambart, however, since Rosa would not take the money, invested the sum in a fine Scotch bull. The animal travelled to Paris and to her country residence, and was the terror of porters and others during his journey; he was accompanied by a note from Monsieur, begging her acceptance of the finest specimen of the sort he could find, which would, at the same time, serve her as a model for future pictures, and be a testimony of his kind regard and esteem, &c. &c.

The details of a gas explosion are perhaps better forgotten than remembered. The one in the Avenue Road resulted in the loss of several lives, and was due, as usual, to the carelessness, if not to a worse fault, on the part of the plumbers. They were engaged to lay on the gas to a large ball-room erected in the garden, and had connected the main pipes so badly that they came apart during the night, and hence the escape of gas and the catastrophe.

This ball-room was put up for the purpose of a fancy dress ball to which the world of art—including guests from France, Belgium, Germany, &c.—were invited, but who had to be put off at the last moment. Such a disaster would have daunted any ordinary man, but not M. Ernest Gambart, for notwithstanding that the tent was blown to pieces, the house shattered from top to bottom, the staircase destroyed, pictures sent flying through the air into

neighbouring gardens, the grand piano shot into the road, and even guests flung out of bed and on to the tops of wardrobes, &c. &c. &c., still Ernest Gambart only *postponed* the grand entertainment, and the ball took place about two months afterwards at Willis's Rooms.

Like most of these affairs, it was a motley show. The men, unaccustomed to be dressed up, looked for the most part like fish out of water or hogs in armour. There was a certain portly R.A., who looked comical as James I. His wide trunk-hose needed no artificial stuffing, his sword got between his legs, his daggers kept dropping about, and his moustache and false beard had shifted all to one side. The Tom Taylors looked like old pictures, but then Taylor was accustomed to the stage. Nor could anything be more perfect than Gambart himself as Count Egmont. Mrs. Gambart—of course got up regardless of expense — was resplendent. The amiable Miss Knight, daughter of the R.A., appeared as Titania, in blue gauze and silver spangles, with gossamer wings and a fairy wand. Miss Palmer the pink lady (my first instructress in drawing and spelling) appeared as Madame Pompadour, with powdered wig, and although her face was over-rouged, was the picture of good temper. Then there was Miss Kate Terry, all in white, and of course perfection, elegant, sweet, and anything else you like to imagine. Several young men from the City were dressed as Spanish bull-fighters, and looked daggers at each other on finding

their costumes were exactly alike and had all come

AT THE FANCY BALL.

from the same shop. Mrs. Edmund Yates as Marie Stuart looked lovely—of course she did—

and Fred Walker as perfect as one of his own pictures, as a citizen of the French Republic—his sister accompanying him as Clarissa Harlowe.

. . . . . .

I may mention that the above is an extract from a letter to my mother, and is not intended as a page of history, but is a specimen of the sort of chat she used to enjoy, when she was leading a somewhat lonely life down at Ramsgate, her deafness increasing her isolation.

There is another story, in which Monsieur shows how ready he is in overcoming difficulties. I was at an evening party at his house in the Avenue Road many years ago, when some mistake had been made about the supper. The dance was in full swing, the house full of guests, and at about half-past ten Mrs. Gambart came up to her husband in a great state of anxiety to tell him that there was no sign of the supper arriving.

It had been ordered at Gunter's.

"Oh, they have mistaken the day, there is some mistake, do not be anxious, I will see about it. It shall be on the table in an hour." He then sent one nephew off in a cab to Callard's, another to some other confectioner, with orders to bring back whatever could be got there; he himself, taking another cab, drove down to Gunter's. As he expected, they had made a mistake about the day, or rather night, and said it was impossible to supply him.

"What is this supper?" said he (a number

of hampers were being sent off). "That is for Lord so-and-so." "Very well, you must send it to me, or part of it, and send the rest by-and-by." After further talk they promised to do so, but to make sure of it, he made them put the things into his cab and took the cook on the box. At midnight a splendid supper was on the table at Gambart's house in the Avenue Road, a good distance from Gunter's, and Gambart came in smiling as if nothing had happened. I remember Herbert, R.A., was there, and was next to me at supper, so I asked him what he would take. He pointed to a lobster, and said in his usual Frenchified accent, "I will take some shell-fish;" as I did not appear to understand him he said, "It is what you call *lobstair*."

Many are the stories told of J. R. Herbert. He was a profound humourist, who joked so seriously that you might almost have taken him for a madman. He seldom smiled, and seemed to treat all the world as fools, or rather as an audience to which he played his part. For some reason or other, he elected to make his speeches in a sort of broken English, as though he wished you to take him for a Frenchman. The only polite thing you could do under the circumstances was to treat him with all the consideration that you would feel for a foreigner who was imperfectly acquainted with the English tongue. Upon his asking for *lobstair* I observed that, as it was Friday, fish was of course the correct thing. "I see you are a

Catholic," was his reply. He knew I wasn't, but at the same time I respected his pretended belief in the same vein.

Soon after the Academy was installed in Burlington House, the Council discussed the advisability of introducing a band to play at the annual soirée. There were many objections raised against it, and the subject was on the point of being dismissed, when Herbert rose with his usual gravity and said in French-English, "I cannot understand this objection to introduce a *sistair* art on such a festive occasion. It seems to me that, in our magnificent galleries, the band of *the* First Life-Guards would sound like the hum of the bee in the desert, and could not, therefore, interfere with the contemplation of the pictures or the conversation of the guests." The band, I am told, was voted unanimously.

HEVER CASTLE.

XLII

HEVER

IF walls had voices as well as ears, what strange whisperings might be heard in the long gallery at Hever Castle, where Henry VIII. courted sweet Anne Boleyn "all in her summer days," and what sorry memories they would awaken of the cruel tragedy and of the lamentations that followed.

But I have not to deal with the history of long ago; in 1866, quite long ago enough, other voices echoed through the long gallery at Hever—the voices of merry children, and of jovial artists in the

high tide of success, namely, Calderon, Yeames, and Wynfield, who, with their family belongings, filled the whole place with life and laughter. Although they formed a pretty large circle themselves there was still plenty of room for their friends, who were invited down and hospitably entertained. Among them was Frank Burnand, the lively editor of *Punch*, who in his "Happy Thoughts" devotes seven or eight chapters to a most humorous description of his visit to Hever, which he calls "Bover." H. S. Marks, George Leslie, Arthur Lewis, and many others, appeared upon the scene, and I also was one of the guests and was made very much at home.

This visit seemed, somehow, to be the turning point in my career—I had been travelling through a long lane for many years, and here I came to the looked-for turning. To show upon what trifles our destinies depend, I will mention two circumstances which occurred during my visit.

One day my sister, Mrs. Calderon, asked me if I had seen the children at breakfast, and said they made quite a picture. So I went to see the children at breakfast, and there were four little trots all of a row, seated at a high table under a large oriel window, the light streaming in behind them, and shining through their fair hair, while the reflection from the white table-cloth lighted up their merry little faces.

Yes, they did make quite a picture, and I painted it just as I saw it. This was my first "De Hooghe,"

and if it bore any distant resemblance to that great master, it could only have been because it was copied from nature, and was not an imitation of the Dutch artist.

I made many studies of the old Castle, its orchard, its gardens, its long meadow, and several interiors; and nothing could be more delightful than this kind of occupation, and in such good company, all favoured by fair weather. And now for circumstance number two.

As we were going in to dinner one evening, Yeames and I, who were walking side by side, made a halt at the door, and each drew back, saying, "After you," which was repeated several times, and we only settled the question by going in arm in arm. "That wouldn't be a bad subject for a picture," said I. I thought it over all that evening, and then decided to carry it out.

The picture was painted, and the next year, 1867, it was in a good place on the line in the Royal Academy; and was the beginning of my success. Sir William Agnew wished to have it, but it was bought by Baron de Stern. So to my visit to Hever I am indebted for a number of useful drawings of its old walls and surroundings, for two oil pictures, and for my first real start in prosperity, besides the pleasant recollection of a happy family party, and much fun and enjoyment.

I will close this short chapter with the pathetic story told me by the ghost of a little gudgeon that I saw one evening, lying on its side among the

water-lilies, when I was idling away an hour or two in the punt, on the moat.

I was a little gudgeon once
In the pellucid stream,
Playing about with pretty trout,
Young roach and gentle bream.
And in the river Eden
I often used to roam
And catch the dainty May-fly,
But wish I'd stayed at home.

For out from Hever Castle
Upon one morning fine,
Came forth three gallant fishers,
With rod and hook and line.
And on that hook a gentle was
To tempt poor silly me,
Which I no sooner tasted
Than I found me up a tree.

Jerked from the gentle river's bed
Full high into the air,
I came down like a thing of lead
Oppressed with pain and care.
Oh! how with meek imploring look
I eyed those fishers three,
Yeames, Calderon, and Wynfield,
And how they smiled on me.

They put me in a washing-tub,
I guessed my fate, good lack!
And then they put me on a trimmer
For to catch a jack.
And there I passed the weary day
And all the weary night,
Whilst o'er my head the sportive flies
Made merry at my plight.

At last the dreaded jack approached,
I knew his hungry look;
I trembled, and I bade him pause,
For I was on a hook.
I strove in vain to get away;
The monster quickly followed me,
And heedless of his fate and mine,
He in an instant swallowed me.

But retribution came full soon
Upon this deadly swimmer,
Who in the twirling of a tail
Was brought to by the trimmer.
For out from Hever Castle
All in the afternoon
Came forth those gallant fishers
To see how I got on.

And when they found a jack was there
A shout of triumph went
Around those castellated walls
And o'er the Weald of Kent.
Full soon they laid him on the bank,
And there they let him die,
Debating, or to boil him, or
To bake him in a pie.

With stuffing and with sherry sauce
They tried to force him down,
His flesh was not worth eating
They all were fain to own.
And then they wished among themselves
They'd packed him up in wicker,
And sent him, with their compliments,
To glad the worthy vicar.

But my sad fate they heeded not—
Forgotten and forlorn,
Like many a poor and hapless wight,
None over me did mourn.
And so a pale and lonely ghost,
I haunt old Hever moat,
Where on its moonlit waters I
Am sometimes seen to float.

"AFTER YOU."

XLIII

SUCCESS AT LAST

I HAD been introduced to Dion Boucicault, the dramatist and actor, and called upon him one day to ask his advice about going on the stage. I always loved art in whatever guise she chose to appear, and the drama was to me one of her most delightful phases. But it was not from purely artistic motives that I turned my thoughts towards the stage; it was rather in the hope that I might earn more on the boards than I was earning by my brush.

He said the success of an actor depended almost entirely upon his getting a part to suit him, and mentioned, as an instance, Mr. Falconer, who played Danny Mann in the "Colleen Bawn." He had been on the stage about twenty years, and had never been able to command a large salary, simply because he had never had a part that showed what he could do. They wanted some one to take "Danny Mann," and "faute de mieux" as they thought, they gave it to Falconer. It just suited his particular talent; he not only made the part, but the part made him, and he was so successful that he eventually took a theatre himself—I believe Drury Lane.

I mention this story, as far as I remember it, merely as an illustration of the same thing which takes place on the stage of life; many of us go on for years before we get a part that suits us, often mistaking our own line, and thinking we are cut out for tragedy, or the classical, when really we are only suited for genteel comedy. In my own art I had tried the sad, the sentimental, the historical, and works of high aim, such as Saints and Holy Families, besides landscapes and nude figures, all with very modified success as far as salary went. At last, upon going to Hever, as before mentioned, I found a part that suited me in my "Polite Gentlemen" or "After You," and the "Children at Breakfast." I took pleasure in painting both these pictures, and as a farther proof that my performance was satisfactory, my salary was raised.

I, so to speak, entered into an engagement with fortune for similar parts, and my next production was "The Shy Pupil." This, says a kindly critic (James Dafforne), evidences still farther progress in all the essential qualities of art: "The costume of the figures, the apartment, and the general effect

PEN SKETCH FOR THE SHY PUPIL.

recall to mind some of the works of the Dutch and Flemish artists of the seventeenth century," &c. &c.

Now, as if Fortune had a mind to have a bit of fun with me, after engaging me for what Tom Taylor described as "French vaudeville" she introduced me to the Rev. J. M. Bellew, who wished me to paint an altar-piece for him, subject, "The Crucifixion."

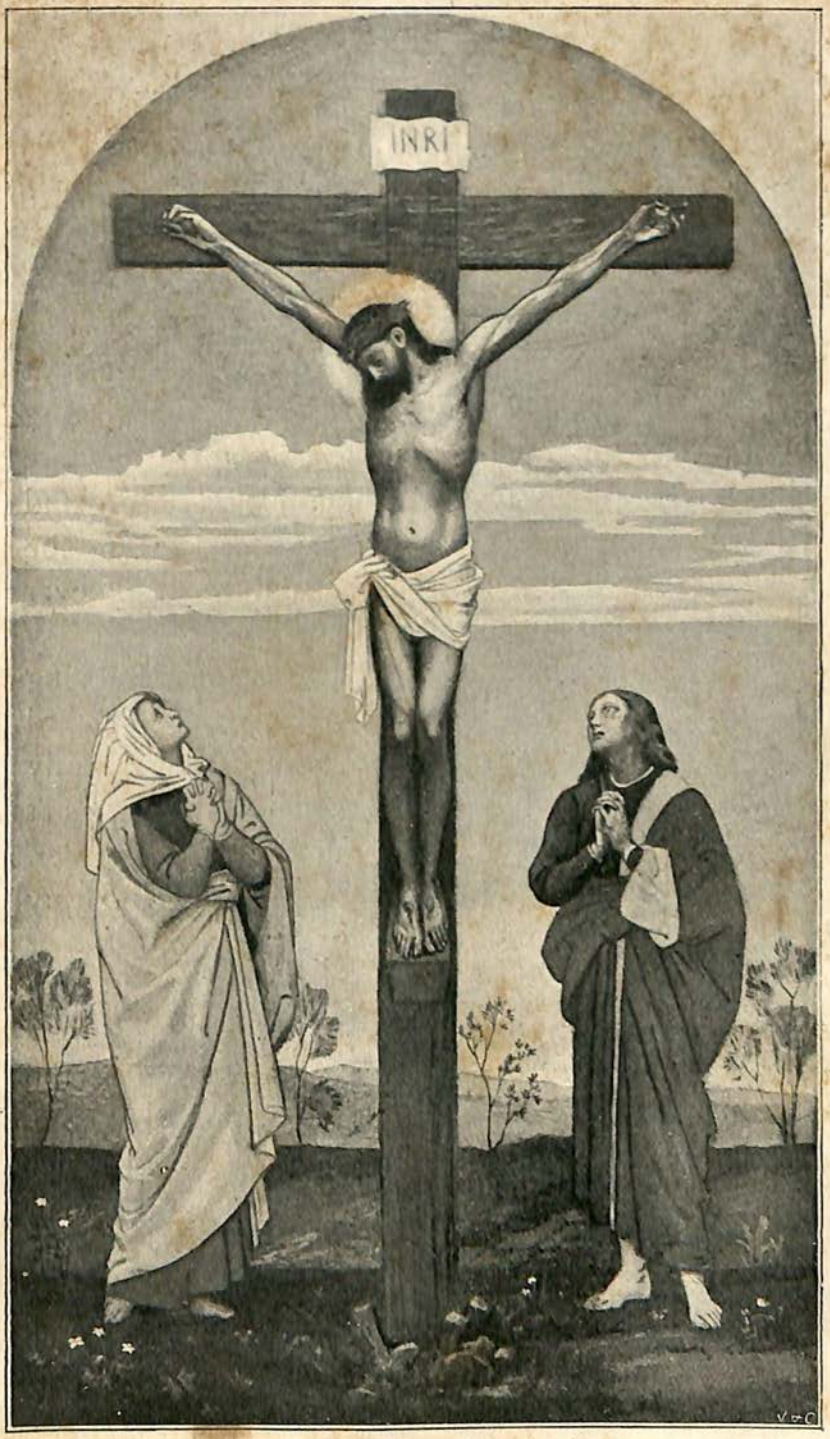
J. M. Bellew was at one time a very popular preacher, and the incumbent of St. Mark's Church, Hamilton Terrace, where his fine elocution, sonorous voice, and handsome face, drew large congregations. He had, however, for some reason which I don't remember, taken Bedford Chapel near Oxford Street, and had got up a subscription for an altar-piece, which he considered would be an appropriate finish or decoration. He spoke to me about it, and I undertook the work, which was to be fourteen or fifteen feet high, the figures, three in number, to measure seven feet, and the price £40; the canvas, &c., which cost £11, to be an extra payment. As I had in my early ambitious days made a design which included the Creation of the World, the History of our Lord, and the Last Judgment, I felt that I could easily undertake the subject of the Crucifixion, treated in the old Italian manner; and also, that to paint a devotional work which was to remain for years in a sacred edifice, would be something to be proud of: so I did not trouble myself about the small price I was to get for such a large canvas.

I resolved therefore to carry on this at the same time as my humbler subject, and made a drawing in water-colours of the complete composition, to be squared up afterwards to the requisite size. (See illustration.) I worked at the picture *con amore*, the subject lending itself to loving and devotional expression, to depict which, is one of the highest pleasures of an artist. The work being on a large

scale and painted with much ease, it flattered my ambitious desire to do a pure and good piece of work, and as it grew out on the large canvas I must confess that my joy was extreme. I could have wished that it had been my destiny to have had more work of the kind to do, but the Church in England is not a generous patron of art.

I had made considerable progress with the picture, when Bellew came to see it, and suggested some alteration in the expression of St. John, showing me, by clenching his own hands and looking up, what he meant. I said if he would remain in the attitude I would make the alteration at once, as I saw the criticism was sound. He did so, but after a few minutes he asked me if he might smoke. He lit a cigar and resumed his impersonation. It struck me that St. John contemplating the figure on the Cross with a "Flor de Murias" in his mouth, was "un peu bizarre," not to say comic, but it did not strike me that if I had painted him in that manner, frock-coat and all, and sent my work to the Salon in the Champ de Mars, I might have been hailed as an original genius and the leader of a new school "tout à fait moderne."

"The Crucifixion" was put up at Bedford Chapel in May 1868 and Bellew paid me for it, promising himself to settle the colourman's bill for the canvas. As soon as I had received the cheque and given him an acknowledgment, he asked me casually how I was getting on at the Academy. I then told him I had sold both my pictures.



THE CRUCIFIXION.

(*Altar-piece painted for J. M. Bellew.*

"What!" said he. "You don't say so! And what did you get for them?"

"Two hundred for one and a hundred and fifty for the other, and the first has already been resold at a profit."

"What!" said he—he paused, and it may have been my fancy, but I thought he looked as if he were going to say, "Why didn't you tell me that before I gave you the £40?" But recovering himself, he congratulated me heartily and I am sure sincerely, for I always found him a kind friend, and if at one time rather a spoilt child of Fortune, he was open-hearted and generous; nor did I ever trace the least malice in his disposition.

But the High Art picture was not destined long to hold its proud position over the altar of Bedford Chapel. The receipts at the collections gradually dwindled down, and even a church, if it doesn't pay, has to be shut up or handed over to another. So it was with Bedford Chapel, and Bellew and my altar-piece left it together. As it was fourteen or fifteen feet high it had to be rolled up, and for a long time, I think a year or two, it stood in his hall by the side of the umbrella-stand. He left the Church of England and ceased to be the Rev. J. M. Bellew, but was for some time as popular a reader as he had been a preacher. He became a Roman Catholic, and presented "The Crucifixion" to the Carmelite Church at Kensington, where it was hung in a side-chapel, and looked, I thought, better there than in its original position. I was much

complimented by the monks upon it, who pronounced it a very devotional picture.

Bellew died soon after this, sincerely regretted by those who knew him intimately, for he was a kind friend, excellent company, and a good host. I have spent many pleasant evenings at his house in Addison Road. He had a great leaning for the stage, and one of his favourite pastimes was to get up acting charades in his back drawing-room, in which he, Shirley Brooks, Frith, Edmund Yates, Calderon, self and others took part.

Some years ago I went to have another look at "The Crucifixion,"—poor Bellew's gift; perhaps with a feeling partly of vanity, and partly of satisfaction at having painted an altar-piece that was to be looked at by generations of worshippers. But here again Fortune, as if to show that she had only been having a joke with me, gave me a slap in the face which I little expected. I went first to the side-chapel where the picture had formerly hung. I saw only bare walls. I went into the Church. Mass was going on. I knelt down, but my eyes wandered about looking for the picture. At last, hanging like a loose rag from an archway, I recognised the old canvas; a portion of St. John and the feet and legs only of our Lord were visible. The use that my ambitious performance seemed to be put to, was to cover part of a window and to keep out the draught. I came away truly humiliated, and completely convinced that I was neither a Perugino nor a Raphael in the eyes of

the Kensington Carmelites. The illustration here given is a reproduction of the original water-colour drawing from which the picture was painted.

"The Shy Pupil," my genteel-comedy picture, was well received by the Council of the Royal Academy, and was very well placed in the middle room. On the varnishing day I was complimented on the work by several of the members, and one of them took me into the council-room to have a glass of sherry. J. P. Knight, the portrait painter, secretary, and Professor of Perspective, was there, and said he could not allow me to drink out of such a small glass as I had before me, and filled up a bumper in a very large one, putting down the little one with such contempt that he smashed it. He told me how they all cheered when my picture came before them, and I was not to think it was through favouritism that it was so well placed, for none of them knew whose it was. It was well spoken of by the critics, especially by M. Burty in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, who said it was like a De Hooghe before time had darkened its tones. He wrote to me saying he should like to publish an etching of it in the *Gazette*, but unfortunately I had no sketch or photograph to lend him. The picture was bought by Sir John Pender (then Mr. Render), and in addition to all this it brought me into business relations with William (now Sir William) Agnew, and his brother, Tom Agnew, of the well-known firm; and I must say that for many years those relations were most satisfactory, and the

Agnews were not only my patrons but my good friends, and helped me on to the success which came at last after waiting for it many years. The first picture that I painted for Sir William Agnew was a portrait-picture of his two little boys, Phil and Walter, going to school with their satchels over their shoulders. They are passing along by some grey park palings with the May blossom hanging over them. One of those little boys is now a partner in the well-known firm of Christie's, and the other is one of the firm of *Punch*.

The picture was painted in a studio in St. Mary's Terrace, the approach to which was through a small garden; and when Agnew came to see it I met him there, and he said he should like to sit down and smoke a cigar before he went into the studio.

"The fact is," he said, "I feel quite nervous about it." He told me he was so afraid he should not like it. "But," said I, "if you don't like it you need not have it; I will paint another."

It seemed so curious that the man who spent thousands in a morning going from studio to studio and saying "I will have this" and "I will have that" without a moment's hesitation, should feel nervous at looking at a small canvas with his two little boys in it; but he is a devoted father, and I daresay dreaded to see a representation of his children that did not realise them to him as he saw them. After we had smoked and chatted about five or ten minutes I asked him if he felt better. He laughed,

and we entered the studio together; an expression

FRIENDS.

of relief and satisfaction came over his face: he was pleased, very pleased, with the picture.

XLIV

PORTRAITS AND PATRONS

THE little portrait-picture of "Going to School" led to my having other portraits to paint in somewhat the same manner, and these led on to others, and to my introduction to many agreeable people. Although I continued to paint my genteel-comedy pictures, most of which were bought by the Agnews, portraiture was the most lucrative, and my experience in that branch of art was certainly a very pleasant and sunshiny season of my life. I went out a good deal not only in London, but to those old English homes in the country where during the shooting and hunting seasons such delightful company is wont to assemble, and of which I shall say something later on. But perhaps a few of my experiences in portrait-painting may be entertaining, and I hope I may recall them without offence and without being too personal.

Some time ago I received a very pleasant and quite unexpected visit from two ladies, Lady V., and her daughter, Mrs. C., who came about a portrait of the latter, which I eventually painted. As Lady V. was full of character and a good talker, and always accompanied her daughter during the

painting of the picture, she enlivened the sittings very much. At one time we would discuss certain points and peculiarities of art, of nature, and of fashion; at another she would entertain me with strange stories of society—so that the day's work was lightened by a good deal of amusement.

I remember among other things that we had a disquisition on noses, or rather on long noses, and she asked me if I thought it was necessary to paint them quite as long as they sometimes appeared in nature. But I said I rather admired long noses; I thought they showed character and determination, and gave a certain dignity to the face. "Yes," said she, "that may be, but still there is a limit;" and she went on to say that fourteen of her relations had died violent deaths; some were killed in battle, some in duels, some were shipwrecked, and so on; but whether it was owing to their strong characters or their long noses she didn't know—"perhaps a little of both."

Referring to that delicate subject, the question of a lady's age, she asked if it was necessary to paint people quite as old as they happened to be when sitting to an artist; because, said she, they were not always thirty-five or forty, for instance—"You don't want to stereotype the age but the individuality."

"No, you don't want to be thinking how old or how young such and such a person is," said I, "but whether she is handsome, intelligent, a lady born, of a pleasant disposition, and so forth. You want a

portrait that shall be always like, not something that only lasts for a season or two; and that is why I don't stick too close to the fashions in dress, which look old-fashioned in a few years, unless there is something really pretty and tasteful in them, then it lasts for all time."

"Quite so, Mr. Storey, and I like an artist who can paint flesh and blood, and not mere dolls and dummies that look as if they were made of wood and wax;" and she referred to a fashionable portrait-painter of that day, who, she said, "pomades his hair to such an extent that it's enough to drive you out of the studio."

I told her of a lady who considered that twenty-eight was a very good age to stop at; I knew her for over twelve years, and she never confessed to more than twenty-eight.

"Well, you see, that can be any age."

Yes, any age—it can be forty, or even fifty. I knew a very handsome woman of over forty who might well have passed for twenty-eight. She was called "Pretty Mrs. Porter," and I wrote the following description of her:

THEN AND NOW

She was very pretty then,
So said the men.
  She's handsome now, and stouter,
Looks rather shorter,
Has a grown-up daughter,
  And wealth about her.

Then, she was twenty,
Her face all dimply,
And dressed quite simply,
With admirers plenty.
Now she is forty—
And haughty.

Fresh as the morning dew,
Her eyes were clear and blue;
Her skin, both fair and rosy,
Was like a posy.
Her blushes came and went
Without intent;
Now, she is nice
With spice,
A powder-puff and scent.

Then, she was bright and airy
Like a fairy,
Played at tennis, nimble as a fawn;
Now, she is slow and chokey,
Fond of a little jokey,
And only plays at croquet
Upon the lawn.

She goes to Monte Carlo,
Wins a pony,
Dreams all night of Martingales
And fortunes;
Her luck importunes,
But fate refuses;
She plays and loses,
Plays again,
In vain.

She has comforts now and sorrow,
She dreads to-morrow,
She feels there's something wrong—
She isn't strong;
And though champagne she drinks,
She sometimes thinks

She'd rather she were more
As before,
And give up all her wealth
For health.

MRS. PORTER—THEN.

Oh! why do maids grow old?
It seems a pity.
Why change that youthful mould,
That was so pretty?
Why isn't *now* as *then*
With Mrs. Porter?
Because, there would be no chance
For her daughter.

Lady V.'s stories of society were most entertaining, as were her remarks on the fashions. She spoke of the number of persons who went to at-homes and dances without invitations, and of an amusing incident, or rather catastrophe, which happened to a certain Lady ——, who was not a very amiable individual. "She had three daughters," said Lady V., "who were all very ugly, and of course their mother wanted to get them married, which was not so easy, notwithstanding that they were called 'The Three Graces.'" Hearing that a Captain G., a very rich man, had taken a place near her country seat, she gave a ball with the express purpose of getting Captain G. to come to it, and the Three Graces were to put on their prettiest smiles. So an invitation was sent to the gallant captain through a mutual friend, and in due course he presented himself to Lady —— at her grand entertainment. As she had never seen him, she did not at first realise who he might be, and, turning upon him rather abruptly, said, "I don't know you; why have you come?" To which he replied that he had received her invitation, otherwise he should not have thought of coming. "I never invite people I don't know," said Lady ——, turning away. The captain bowed, and said he would return her invitation as soon as he got home —and departed. It was not till some time afterwards, that it dawned upon the lady that he was the very guest she had been so anxious to receive. The next morning her invitation was returned to

her, enclosed in an envelope, without a word of comment. We may imagine the scene between mamma and daughters. A letter was despatched at once by a mounted messenger, full of apologies and explanations, with an invitation to dinner for that evening, the reply to which was :—

"Captain G. presents his compliments to Lady ——, and begs to say that he never dines with people he does not know."

Lady V. told me many other amusing things, which I either forget or do not wish to take the liberty of repeating. I cannot resist, however, telling two good stories which I heard from my old landlord, Thomas Middleton, who was for some years butler and confidential servant to General Hastings at Ashby de la Zouch.

One of the General's intimate friends was old Lord S., who was evidently a kindred spirit, for they met often and sometimes played cards all night. Now, Lord S. does not seem to have been very particular about his personal appearance, and used to go about in a very old coat, which peculiarity occasioned him several curious adventures. He not only dressed shabbily, but had a way of walking with his hands behind him, the palms being held upwards. Being out for a walk one morning, he passed a young midshipman of the Royal Navy, but without noticing him. The latter, struck by Lord S.'s appearance, thought he must be some broken-down gentleman, who was too noble to beg, but to whom assistance might be welcome.

So having just arrived in port, and being rather flush of money, he stole behind the supposed pauper and dropped half a sovereign into the upturned hand, and then was rapidly making off, when my lord turned quickly round, examined the donation, and called to his unknown friend to "wait a minute," in a very gentle voice. The middy, all blushes, returned, and Lord S., seeing his confusion, and pleased with his honest face, said, "Thank you, young man, I am much obleeged to you and will accept your gift, but only on condition that you will tell me your name and address in order that I may have an opportunity of returning it at some future time." The youth obeyed, but said there was no occasion for doing that. A day or two after this, the young middy received a note from Lord S., which was brought by a big flunkey in livery, asking him to do him the honour of a call at a certain hour that day, as he wished particularly to see him on business.

The young middy could not make it out, as he said Lord S. was unknown to him, nor could the big footman enlighten him further than by saying, "I suppose, sir, you'd better come."

So the young man went, wondering and wondering what it all meant. Arrived at the house, in —— Square, he was ushered upstairs into a spacious drawing-room, and there, to his surprise and confusion, sat the dear old gentleman to whom he had given the half-sovereign. Lord S. did not wait for the young fellow to make apologies, but

put a note into his hand for a hundred pounds, and said, "I told you I would return your gift." Nor would he listen to a refusal. "Remember," said he, "I only accepted it on condition that I might return it," and he also added, "I will see you advanced in the service, for it is such stuff as you are made of that wins our battles." And that young middy was advanced from that day, and proved a brave and gallant officer.

But there is a still more amusing story of Lord S., and had it not been told me by Middleton, who was on the spot, I should have thought it a farcical invention of a playwright.

It appears that even on Sunday my Lord S. wore his old clothes, not out of stinginess, but simply because he did not think about his personal appearance, and, as we have seen, rather enjoyed the fun of it.

It was church time, but sauntering past General Hastings' house, he gave a modest tap at the front door, which was immediately opened by the hall-porter.

"Is General Hastings at home?" said my lord, in a mild voice.

"No, he ain't," said the magnificent flunkey, thinking him some poor fellow who had come to beg.

"Oh then, I'll come in and wait for him," and the modest lord entered, despite the indignant protests of the porter, who, however, became somewhat softened by the gentle manner of the visitor and

told him he could sit on the form in the hall. The porter talked to this unknown intruder, questioned him about his place, and felt so agreeably surprised that at last he said to him, "Why, old chap, you're not half such a bad fellow as I thought you was. Look here—the General won't be in for another half-hour, so we may as well make ourselves comfortable; will you do me a favour?"

"What is it?" said Lord S.

And the other, slipping sixpence into his hand, said, "Do you mind just going round the corner and fetching me a pot of porter?"

"With the greatest pleeasure," said my lord.

"The fact is," said the hall-porter, "in the first place, I mustn't leave the hall, and I daren't be seen in the street with a pot of porter in my hand, as all the neighbours would talk." So my lord went round the corner and fetched the frothing beverage. The porter wanted him to have first drink, but his unknown friend politely refused, as he said he did not drink porter in the morning, but was very pleased to have been of service in getting it for his new acquaintance.

While this friendly discussion was going on the General walked up to the door, and the pot of porter was stowed away under the chair, with a wink to Lord S., who sat meekly on the form.

As soon as the General entered he exclaimed, "Why, S.! what the devil are you doing here, sitting in the hall?"

"Oh," said Lord S., "I am only waiting for you; and my friend here has been very obleeging."

The hall-porter almost fainted, especially when he saw his master take Lord S. by the arm and walk him upstairs. The bell was rung for Middleton, the guest was of course most nobly treated, and the two old friends sat down to cards. They played on and on, only leaving off for meals. They played all the afternoon, then dined, they played all the evening, then supped—and then they played all night. Hundreds of cards were strewn at their feet, and not until the next morning did Lord S. come downstairs to go home.

The magnificent porter had passed a restless night; he was pale and speechless when he saw the noble guest, whom he had treated as a poor fellow-servant, coming towards him. He tried to make an apology, but could only gasp out, in a faint voice, "My lord!" S., who had been a considerable winner, smiled blandly, put a five-pound note into the porter's hand, and said, "There's a five-pound note for you, and perhaps you will remember Lord S. when you see him again."

I had an amusing experience in portrait-taking, at a fancy bazaar that was held at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in 1865 or 1866, in aid of the Children's Hospital at Pendlebury. It was got up, in a great measure, by John Henry Agnew and his friends, and about £22,000 was collected, and handed over to the charity, nothing being deducted for expenses. For when the fête, which

lasted about a week, was all over, it was found that the hire of the hall, the entertainments, and other expenses, came to about £1000. I remember we

PAMELA.

were standing in a circle when John Henry said, "I think it would be a pity, gentlemen, to deduct this money from the £22,000 we have collected,

so let us see if we cannot raise it among ourselves. I will give £100 towards it. We only want nine others to do the same thing." And thereupon one after another said, "I will give a hundred," "So will I," "So will I," "And I," until the whole sum was collected. Although this is not the story I was going to tell, it came into my mind, and certainly the generosity of those Manchester men on that occasion deserves to be recorded.

The part I took in the business, besides presenting a chalk drawing called "Clarissa," which sold for a pretty good sum, was to go about among the crowd offering to take any one's portrait for half-a-crown, likeness not guaranteed. I had a sketch-book, and a note-book, the latter rather small, in which I made a pencil outline in a few minutes, then tore out the leaf and received 2s. 6d. I did a very good trade, and in the two days that I worked at it I sketched forty portraits; some of them were more elaborate, and I received 5s., 10s., and even £1 for a few. One lady of a certain age was not at all satisfied with the half-crown representation of herself, and she complained that I had made her look too old. So, I said I couldn't make her any younger for half-a-crown, but that if she would go in for a ten-and-sixpenny one I could make her any age she liked—nineteen or twenty for instance, so she did go in for a ten-and-sixpenny one. And another curious thing about this experiment was that at least ten other ladies had ten-and-sixpenny portraits, and two went as far as a guinea; several

among them were very pretty girls whose pictures

MRS. POTTER.

were not paid for by themselves, and were sent off to be mounted and framed there and then.

In those days the Manchester men seemed to

have plenty of money, and were not niggardly in spending it. Orders for several expensive portraits were the outcome of this pleasant freak in the name of Charity.

One of the great pleasures of portrait-painting consists in the many kind friends and acquaintances that the artist makes among his sitters; and the invitations he receives to their town and country houses in consequence. I recall many enjoyable visits that I paid in the days of my first success, and lively scenes pass before me of merry doings at Coleorton, which would fill a chapter; of quite as merry doings at Hartwell, which would fill another chapter, and of Burley-on-the-Hill, Ashdown, Yewden, and other places, not forgetting the hospitable homes of the rich Manchester men, and the long holidays passed in the north with the Agnews, when the present heads of the firm were boys, including a trip to Scotland with them and a pleasant sail up Loch Fyne with Frank, now Sir Francis Powell, President of the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society.

It would no doubt be pleasant to me to recall many of those scenes that have passed, and to note all the fun and geniality that I remember of them, but my book is nearly filled up, so I will speak only of one of the old homes—namely, Debden in Essex, to which I will devote the next chapter.

XLV

DEBDEN

THE PARK GATE.

THE name of Debden brings back some of my pleasantest recollections, although it was a ne'er-do-well gaunt solitary place, that was haunted not only by a ghost but by fates of ill omen. Its massive walls and fine apartments were built for Mr. Chiswell, a man of great wealth, about the middle of the last century.

My first experience of this house of vicissitudes was on an autumn afternoon some twenty or

more years ago. I took the train to Saffron-Walden —need I say in Essex and not far from Audley End—the picturesque and romantic dwelling of the Howards, that had to be partly pulled down because it was too large and too expensive to keep up, though what remains of it is still a noble pile and belongs to Lord Braybrooke.

At the station I found an old coachman with an old trap, who was willing to convey me and my luggage to Debden. The trap, or the carriage, or whatever it might be called, had worn-out cushions and groggy wheels, which impressed me so forcibly that I remember these characteristics as if it were yesterday. We jogged on and on and at last arrived in a lane half-choked up by hedges, and shaded very much by overhanging trees. I thought my old coachman had lost his way, and was driving me though a wood. I impressed upon him that I hoped he understood I was bound for Debden. "All right, sir," said he, "we're coming to it," and at last he pulled up at a five-barred field gate, not in the best of repair, and getting down from his box informed me, "This be Debden, sir."

All I could see was a cowshed and a bit of a haystack, a road full of ruts all overgrown with weeds, and a wilderness of trees in the distance.

"But I want to go to the Hall," said I.

"All right, sir; it's about two miles and a quarter after we get through this 'ere gate."

Having accomplished the feat of getting through that "'ere gate," we drove on and on till darkness

began to settle down upon us, and by my coachman's manner I began to think that the Hall, perhaps, was not much of a place. We passed a few cows that were asleep or ruminating, and started one or two to their feet, which seemed to indicate that they were not very accustomed to carriages going along the drive. At length I could just discern a big building telling out dark against the fading light of the sky, and the driver pointed to it with his whip, and said, "That's the Hall, sir." As we came nearer, I could make out its massive proportions, portico and all, and in another ten minutes we drew up at a very unpretentious side-door. This was quickly opened by a man-servant, and a minute afterwards I saw the familiar and cheery face of my host, who made me heartily welcome.

Only a small portion of the house had been furnished, as the new inmates, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Cely Trevilian, had but lately taken possession. Long dark passages, and mysterious staircases, seemed to lead to anywhere. A gleam of moonlight streaming in from a far-off window added to the uncanniness of the place; but there was a small drawing-room perfectly fitted up, and a cosy smoking-room that would have satisfied any man who loves a pipe and a chat, and would be sure to be his favourite apartment, even were the rooms of state furnished in all their glory.

Before dinner we paid a visit to the stables to inspect the new pony; and never do I remember going through so much to come out so very little.

The stables are a stately pile, and appeared to me almost as big as the Hall; in fact, a company of troopers might have put up their chargers there without much inconvenience. We passed stall after stall in the dim light of the moon's rays, and it seemed to me to be many hundreds of yards before we came to the last stall of all. Here Trevilian struck a match, a good old lucifer, and the small pony stood revealed; a few more matches enabled us to admire his perfect proportions, to pat him, and to flatter him. We then returned in the darkness the same way we came.

But why have I described this unimportant incident? Simply to show how the past glories of Debden had departed, and because it is a part of the picture. On our return another guest had arrived, namely, the lawyer, of whom more anon. Those parchments and papers, tied up with red tape, which he carried in his bag, might mean fortune or ruin to the owners of this spacious and empty mansion.

It was said that a Grey Lady wandered about its halls and its passages regardless of bolted doors, and that the keyholes were sufficient space for her entrances and exits. This restless spirit was supposed to be that of the wife of the former owner of this large property, Mr. Chiswell, who had a considerable fortune. But knowing little of business, he was induced to enter into a certain speculation in a concern which was supposed to be as safe as the bank, and therefore he might rest secure and sleep

at ease. But owing to an unlooked-for and unexpected turn of events, caused by the French losing San Domingo, the whole of the money invested by Mr. Chiswell was lost; and the firm in which he was a kind of sleeping partner was involved in utter ruin.

In those days of mail-coaches, news did not travel so fast as in the present time, and no positive information of the exact state of things had reached Debden; but still rumours and suspicions were abroad, and Mr. Chiswell bade a trusty messenger post up to town and ascertain the facts, and to find out whether the rumours were true or false. He was to return with all possible speed and drive up to the Hall, or rather to a certain gate just beyond the terrace, that could be seen from one of the small dining-room windows. It was calculated that he would return at about the dinner-hour. If the rumour was false, he was to pass the gate and come in as a guest, but if not, he was to stop at the gate and drop a white handkerchief, which would be the signal that all was lost.

Much depended on that white handkerchief! If officially notified of the downfall of the firm, Mr. Chiswell would have to render up Debden and all its belongings as part of the assets; but if he died before news of the failure actually reached him, his personal and private property would go to his widow and daughter—at least that was Mr. Chiswell's impression.

On that eventful evening, the only guest who

sat at Mr. Chiswell's table was death himself. His wife and daughter had, by his special desire, gone to a concert to encourage some local charity, and he dined in the little dining-room in solitary state. It might be his last meal, or he might have the pleasure of welcoming his wife and daughter home again. As the time wore on, and as the hands of the clock drew nearer the hour when all doubt would be over, he became more and more grave, and was listening for the sound of the wheels of the chariot that was to convey his messenger.

At last he heard something approaching in the distance. He rose quietly from his seat and went to the window. The sound grew louder and louder; he watched the chaise coming down the avenue. A minute later it stopped, and he saw the white handkerchief fall to the ground. The driver then turned his horses and drove away.

The master of Debden, the man who had raised its massive walls, the rich man who thought his wealth boundless, now realised that that grinning guest of his demanded his life in exchange for these shining halls and broad acres; after brooding for a short time, he passed through the gun-room, where he selected a pistol, and going into an apartment beyond, he put an end to himself.

His wife and daughter, returning soon afterwards, were not informed of what had actually taken place; only that the master had died suddenly.

Now, all this happened a long time ago, more than ninety years ago, but still the Grey Lady, the

wife of him who gave up his life for her sake, is said to haunt the place, as though her restless spirit had something to communicate to the living world, if only some one in it would stay and listen to her.

NINETY YEARS AGO.

I must refrain from entering into the family history of the house of Debden, however romantic, and even thrilling it may be—including the elopement of the young lady of the Hall with a baronet

of ancient lineage; the sensational pursuit, which was baulked by cut harness and lamed horses; the marriage, followed by extravagant expenditure, and the selling off of everything, till nothing but bare walls remained; and how the whole place was handed over, for a time, to money-lenders, who took possession, and felled many of the fine old trees in the Park to pay their fees and expenses, holding the title-deeds till their loans and their interests were accommodated.

Many years have elapsed, and the old place has devolved, and come into the possession of the host and hostess who welcomed me that evening when I drove up in that ramshackle old trap, and went through "that 'ere gate," as already described. The curse of fate has been, for a time, withdrawn from the manor of Debden; by degrees its many apartments have been refurnished, and merry faces again appear upon the scene.

About two years after this, in the glowing month of September, I again went on a visit to Debden, where I found a large and lively party already assembled.

The great house presented a totally different appearance to when I first visited it, and with such a goodly company it was impossible to do otherwise than enjoy one's self, especially when Mr. and Mrs. Trevilian knew so well how to make every one happy and contented. To wander in the beautiful grounds rich in autumn tints, or in the rose garden, or by the lake, with pleasant and witty companions,

to saunter through the woods and picnic in the chequered shade, to tell stories and sing songs as in the *Decameron*, was certainly a very easy and agreeable way of passing the time.

But other entertainments were resorted to. A day's shooting for the men, a visit to Audley End, or some other place of interest, or mustering in small groups on one of the islands that dotted the lake, to plot and to plan some new scheme of how to make everybody happy, ourselves in particular, and inventing signs and tokens in which the honey bees played their part, and were held up as examples to the denizens of the human hive; the whole winding up each evening with a sumptuous repast and entertainment, and yet another hour in the smoking-room after the ladies, in fair procession, had wished us good-night.

As a specimen of the variety which was sometimes introduced into the amusement of the day, I will relate only one device. One of the young ladies, Miss B., had the idea of disguising herself as a gipsy, and asked me to paint her face in oils; but I suggested water-colours as being more easily washed off, neither process being very professional, and both most uncomfortable—but what did that matter? She got herself up in gay-coloured rags, and put black sticking-plaster on her teeth to make them look as if they had been knocked out or extracted, and altogether made a very good representation of an itinerant fortune-teller. It was a beautiful day, and the dining-room windows, looking on to

the park, were thrown open. We had not long sat down to luncheon when she appeared at one of them, and began talking to the pretty ladies and the noble gentlemen in such a natural way, that the butler went up to her and told her not to stay there, but to go round to the servants' entrance; which nearly upset the gravity of the gipsy, who however stood to her part.

Mrs. Houstoun, a well-known authoress, who sat next to me, exclaimed in terror, "Oh, look at that horrid creature!" I did all I could to compose her, and our host, who sat at the other end of the table, and was in the secret, had some difficulty in suppressing an explosion of laughter, especially when he was reminded that perhaps the spoons and forks were in danger, as there were always others prowling about. I then tried to persuade Mrs. Houstoun to go to the window and have her fortune told. "Oh! not for the world!" said she; but the gipsy, looking towards us, made such direct allusions to the clever writer of novels, and the painter of lovely pictures to be seen in the great exhibition in London, that Mrs. Houstoun pronounced her a witch. Of course she had something to say about every one all round the table—of the many battles that the brave general[1] had won, but had lost an arm in the Crimea; and what a wonderful shot a certain judge was,[2] because he wore his glass eyes in his hat; and many other things that were so true that every one was filled

[1] General Walker. [2] Sir Robert Collier.

with amazement. While the gipsy was passing her remarks, and trying to persuade some of the "handsome gentlemen" to cross her hand with silver—she did collect one shilling and eightpence —one of the young ladies who sat opposite to her, looking very hard at the intruder, said, "It's Miss B." True, Miss B. was not at luncheon. "Oh! what a cruel remark," said Mrs. Houstoun. "It's only a little jealousy," said I. "What! Jealous of an old hag like that, with half her front teeth knocked out?" However, she was at last induced to go to the window, and I said, "Pretty gipsy, please tell this lady her fortune." That, and other remarks from some of the company who came round, upset her gravity. She laughed and stumbled, and thereby exposed such a clean white petticoat trimmed with lace, that it was quite out of keeping with the tattered outer garments. The fraud was detected, and Miss B. was applauded for the admirable way in which she had played her part. She afterwards came in to lunch. The butler coloured up and looked rather confused as he handed the dishes to the supposed gipsy, whom he had told to go round to the servants' entrance.

Such-like trifles kept us amused. There were many more incidents of a similar character, which I need not detail, and I only give this little sketch to show that at intervals the gaunt walls of Debden echoed with laughter, and the sighs of the Grey Lady fell upon inattentive ears.

XLVI

MY MOTHER

THERE is one sketch that I cannot leave out of this book, and that is of my mother, since it is in a measure through her and to her that it is written. Through her, because she preserved those letters (over 300 in number) which contain the notes on which much of it is founded; and to her, because those letters were written chiefly for her amusement in the retired and somewhat lonely life she led at Ramsgate, after her sons and daughters had all gone their various ways in the world.

She and my father were the only inmates of a large house facing the sea, across which she often looked, thinking of those who were far away: for she was, as she generally signed herself, an "anxious mother," and being deaf added to her loneliness, although she could hear if she used her ear-trumpet or if you sat close to her and spoke distinctly. No one enjoyed a gossip more. Full of fun herself, she could appreciate a joke as well as anybody, and a little bit of scandal, or even a great bit, did not come amiss. Not that she had the least ill-nature in her composition, indeed she was truly good, she would constantly deprive herself of little pleasures

and even comforts that she might help others, and was of that sympathetic nature that their sorrows became her sorrows, and their joys her joys. Her

MISS EMILY FITCH.

many letters to me were full of tender admonition and affectionate advice all coming straight from her heart, with now and then some quaint sentence or

observation that was very amusing; as, for instance, in referring to one of her boys' inveterate smoking, she thanks the Lord that there will be no tobacco in heaven.

One of the things she was most anxious for, was to see me making some way in the world; she was anxious for my success, and especially anxious to see me one day a member of the Academy; but this pleasure was denied her, for she died before my election. But any little circumstance that I could tell her which gave her some hope or realised some long wish, was enough to bring tears of gratitude into her eyes. She was a religious woman, and prayed earnestly for those she loved; so that any good news of them seemed to her like an answer to her supplications.

But any news was acceptable so long as it bore upon the subject nearest her heart; and especially if any known names were introduced into my letters. I can see her half-amused, half-angry when she read the following:—

"Yesterday I was at work and in an anxious state of mind, when a knock came at the studio door. I went to open it, palette in hand, and Frith, with two other gentlemen, namely, Matthew Arnold and Mr. Farrer of Harrow, stood outside. My pipe dropped out of my mouth and fell down in front of them, and I daresay I cut rather a ridiculous figure."

I can fancy how my mother would hate that

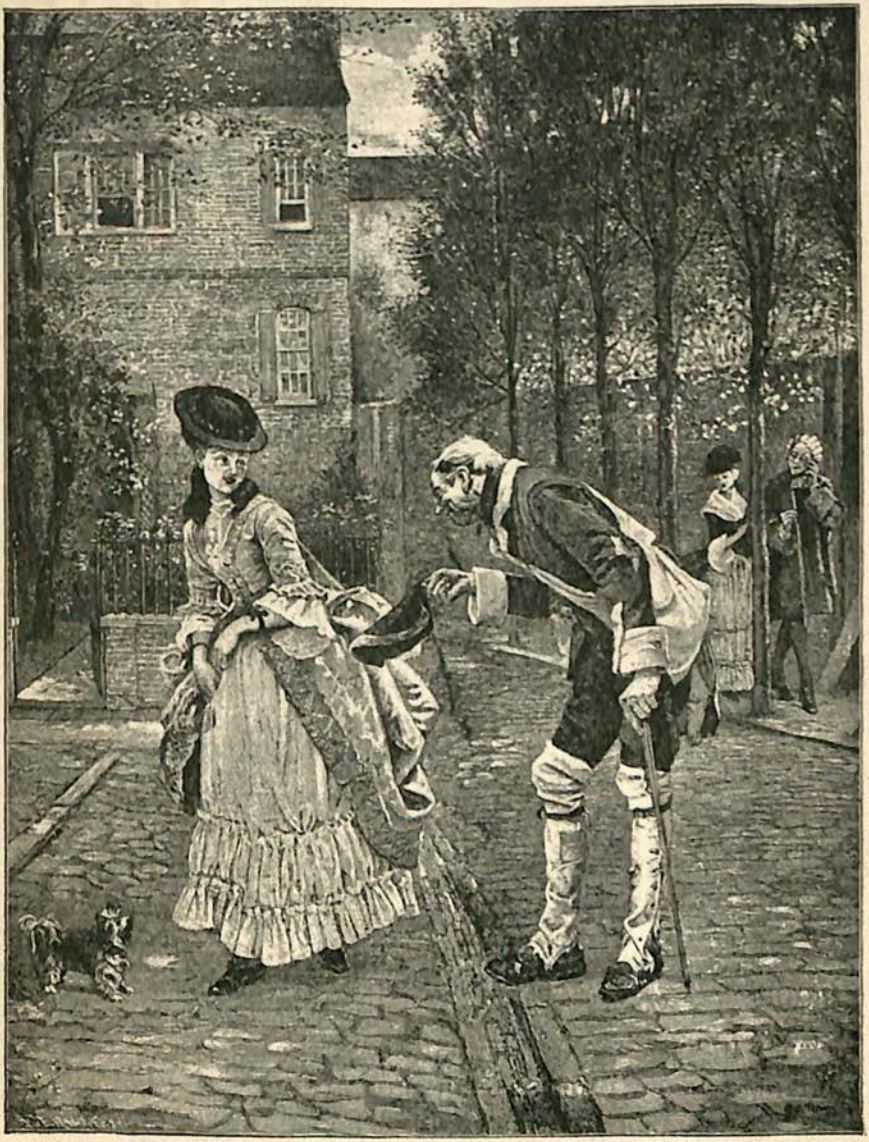
pipe, and think that it had ruined my chances for life.

However, they came in, and were most agreeable. "The Old Soldier" was on the easel, which seemed to amuse them. I asked Frith whether I should send it to the Royal Academy or not? He looked well at it, and said, "I suppose you want me to be candid?" "Yes," I said, "even if it makes me uncomfortable." "Well, then, I will take the responsibility of advising you to send it."

Matthew Arnold struck me particularly by his tall figure and fine head. Unfortunately, at that time I had not read his prose or his poetry, which has since given me so much pleasure. I wish I could have quoted some of his verses, not to him but to myself, it would have been an opportunity to enter the precincts of his beautiful mind, the mind that sought to make men happy; which should be also the first thought of the artist.

Partly from ignorance, partly from shyness, and, no doubt, want of presence of mind, as it is called, although perhaps stupidity would be a better name for it, I have missed many similar opportunities. I have often talked with Browning, but only on trivial matters; sometimes we touched upon the outside of art, going about so far as to say it was "a very fair exhibition," and "the painters seem to be advancing." But what a delight it would have been to have had a tussle with this muscular poet, to have let him throw me over a precipice, and then to be caught up by his good-natured smile.

However, I suppose one cannot become intimate



THE OLD SOLDIER.

with the immortals in this mortal sphere, and must

be content to know them in their books for the present.

Frith was always very candid in his advice, and ready-witted into the bargain. I remember meeting him at the Academy when my picture of "After You" (my first success) was exhibited. I seemed down-hearted about it. "We all feel like that," said he, "when we see our pictures here for the first time. But don't go and alter your style, which is quiet and pleasant, to paint up to Exhibition pitch, and if it is any consolation to you, I may tell you that I think my own pictures look beastly."

One year, when he was on the hanging committee, some young artist was very angry at the position in which his picture had been placed. Frith showed him that he had placed one of his own exactly on the same level, in fact, as a pendant.

"Yes, but," said the artist, "the best part of my picture is at the top of it, and that is quite out of sight."

"Well," said Frith, "would you like me to hang it the other way up?"

I had been for some time engaged on a picture of "Scandal," a composition with a number of figures in it, ladies and men, enjoying that social wickedness over their cups of tea. I had, as I thought, nearly finished it, and intended to send it to the Royal Academy, when Frith came to see it. He said it was capital both in character and composition, but that it was impossible to finish it as it ought to be in the time I had, before

sending-in day, and advised me to keep it back till the next year. "It is too good to throw away," said he, "and although I am on the hanging committee, and you are a friend of mine, I tell you

MRS. ALLEN AND MY MOTHER.

candidly that I could not hang it on the line in its present state."

Owing to this frank advice, I kept the picture back, almost repainted it, sent it the next year to

the Academy, where it was hung in a place of honour, and, as will be seen further on, it was owing to this picture that I was eventually elected an A.R.A.

Thank you, my dear Frith.

My mother thought a great deal of the painter of "Ramsgate Sands" and "The Derby Day," who was, no doubt, our most popular artist some forty years ago, when two policemen had to be placed near his pictures to make the eager crowd pass on. But with all his popularity he was ever genial and amusing, and kind to those young artists who sought his advice. He is an excellent *raconteur*, not only telling good stories but telling them well, as shown in his "Reminiscences," which had such a marked success some eight or nine years ago.

Now, whether he thought I required a little cheering up after his remarks on "Scandal," I don't know, but he called the next morning to say that Mrs. Frith had sent him to ask me to come in in the evening to meet John Parry. He could not ask me to dinner, as the table was full, but he thought I should be pleased to meet that most amusing actor and singer. Of course I went, and there met the Ansdells, Elmore, Du Maurier, the Calderons, the Wards, and others.

Strange to say, John Parry, though the very best entertainer I ever heard, and a thorough master of the piano, was a very shy man, in fact painfully nervous, and in order to induce him to sing, Du Maurier and I went through some per-

formances of a light character. Du Maurier, I may note *en passant*, was a charming singer and pianist. But when Parry sat down he held his audience spell-bound. In one of his songs he is supposed to be serenading a fair damsel at a castle window, and by the way he looked up at her and gave expression to his voice, he made you almost see the young lady herself. This power of making you see the characters he introduced into his performances was remarkable. I remember his impersonating two crinoline girls sitting on the esplanade at Brighton watching the passers-by. You could tell how far they were apart by the way they leant over to whisper to each other. "Here they come," says one; and you could see by their eyes—that is, John Parry's eyes—how far the parties alluded to were off. As they came nearer, the eyes looked out at the corners, and as they passed, the eyes were intently fixed on their books, and as soon as they *had* passed, the eyes and the heads immediately changed to undisguised curiosity, and the young ladies seemed to be staring with all their might and taking stock of everything about the parties in question. By the way the master touched the piano while this was going on, he made you conjure up in your mind's eye the sea and the shingle, and in fact the whole scene. It is quite impossible to describe the refinement of acting that all this dumb show necessitated.

Parry was an artist in every sense of the word. I have seen drawings of his—and among other

things in this connection, I believe he sent pictures to the Royal Academy. I told him the first thing I did when I went there on the varnishing day was to look round the top row for my picture, where for several years I was pretty nearly sure to find it. "Yes," said he, suiting the action to the word, "first you look up, and then you look down," putting on the mournful expression of a disappointed painter.

My picture of "Scandal" went to Liverpool in the autumn, as it had been bought by the Agnews, but it did not make a favourable impression. I was told it looked black, and that William Agnew had bet his brother Tom a new hat that it would not be hung at the Royal Academy. It came back to me in due course, not like a bad shilling but a bad picture, and I shall never forget the shock it gave me. I could not believe it was my own work—how little we know ourselves! I was busy on another canvas, but turned it aside and sent my model to buy me a pound of powdered pumice stone. I put the picture on the floor, and scrubbed away at it as if I were cleaning a doorstep. By degrees, I got rid of some of the blackness and a good deal of the paint. Then up came Tom Agnew, who was very anxious about the thing; he said it would either do me a great deal of harm or a great deal of good, and added, "Blow the expense! I don't mind what it costs if you can only make it good enough to get you elected an A.R.A." He then went over it carefully with me; he was not a bad critic, and of

course took a practical view of art. Æsthetics were not in his line, but his common-sense remarks were valuable. He had also a good deal of kindly sympathy; all the parts of the work that he considered good he was only too glad to praise, and those he did not like he said were "not art," and furthermore, he promised to pay me an additional sum for all the extra work I should have to bestow upon the picture.

As soon as he had gone, I began to cogitate over the matter, with the result that I determined to alter the principal group entirely, as it was somewhat confusing; also to take out several figures at the back, and to replace them by a pretty little dark-eyed lady dressed in white, who is rather an invalid, with a handkerchief over her head, and propped up by pillows—to make her the principal figure and evidently the mistress of the house, whose friends have dropped in to ask after her, and to amuse her with the latest bit of "Scandal."

I then went round to Calderon, who laughed at first when I told him I intended to repaint the principal group, but quite altered his tone when I showed him the sketch of what I meant to do. He left his work, and came to the studio at once. We stuck bits of paper over the picture, and tried different effects till the problem was worked out. Then came nature to the rescue, and "Little Swansdown" sat for the invalid, and so got me out of my difficulties, although it seemed very much like putting in the character of Hamlet after the play was written—

at all events I received many compliments on the alterations, and several said that "Scandal" would make me an A.R.A.; which it did.

I have told this story not only because it was an important event for me, but it may be interesting to some to peep from behind the studio screen to see how a picture is undone as well as done, to note its various vicissitudes, how a brother artist comes to the rescue, the misery of the painter himself, his fight with his difficulty, and his ultimate victory on the varnishing day. "There were groups of artists round my picture all day, and I heard my name very often mentioned. Hook, R.A., in speaking to Calderon of the next election, pointed to it and said, 'That's the man.' E. M. Ward, and other members, were also loud in its praise, William Agnew told me that my success had given him the truest gratification, and dear old Tom was as pleased as Punch, as he had backed me all through, even when William offered to bet him a new hat that the picture would be turned out; and in justice to Sir William Agnew I must say that had I sent it in as it was when he saw it at Liverpool, the chances are that he would have won his bet."

This story of the picture of "Scandal" is chiefly taken from a long letter to my mother, which winds up with the remark, "I think I have given you quite enough of the sugar for one letter—I might add a few more lumps, but good news, like tea, may be made too sweet."

The same year that I exhibited "Scandal" I

also exhibited "Mistress Dorothy," whose story I have told in a former chapter.

Then follows a year of sunshine and success. My letters to my mother are full of more good news, and hers full of delight at receiving them. Of one she says, "The tears came into my eyes as I read it," at another time she says, "We live on your letters." I have portraits to paint, and more cheques coming in. I even find them on the door-step. O happy times! were they all a dream, a golden dream? And for much of this I have to thank my old friends the Agnews, who not only gave a fillip to prices, whether wisely or unwisely, but entertained the artists right royally. I was at many a grand "do" at Manchester—with the *Punch* men and the "Clique," with Tenniel and Sambourne, Fred Walker, Calderon, Marks, Du Maurier, Burnand, A'Beckett, Bradbury, Leslie, Yeames, Wynfield, and others, and notably at the coming of age of George Agnew, the eldest son of the present baronet; dinner parties, dancing parties, luncheon parties, smoking parties, garden parties followed each other in close order, and even when we all came back together in a saloon carriage, we were not sent empty away, but were provided with a hamper of good things. So that we finished up with a railway picnic party, and of course every one there was an intellectual party, for besides those named above were Tissot, Heilbuth, Shirley Brooks, not forgetting Fred Cowen and Charles Santley, who sang us many of his delightful songs.

One of the pictures that I took great pleasure in painting at about this time was, "The Blue Girls of Canterbury." I was sitting in the nave of the cathedral of that interesting old city one sunny Sunday morning, and listening to the solemn service, and the beautiful voices of the choir, rising through its lofty arches, when one of the little girls belonging to the above-named school came out of the chancel and went down the aisle. I was so struck with her simple face and pretty dress that I waited to see if there were any more like her; and after the service the whole school, twenty-five in number, filed out, accompanied by their governess. I determined to paint them if I could get them to sit to me, and soon made the acquaintance of Mrs. Sandys, the head-mistress. She at once entered into the scheme, and said she would send her little pupils to me in twos. I was staying at an old inn, called the George and Dragon, in the High Street, where I had a large room or hall to paint in. The next morning two of my little models arrived; their names were Eliza Ravine and Louisa Jackson. In the afternoon two more came, namely, Charlotte Bishop and Fanny Tomalin (see sketch), looking so clean in their pretty dresses; they were well-behaved and simple, shy though not awkward, curtseyed in a sweet old-fashioned way, and only whispered when I asked them their names. My sketches were in water-colours, and I quite enjoyed looking at my own work, because, I suppose, it was really Nature's work; and so I painted the

whole school: finishing up with Mrs. Sandys herself, who seemed quite pleased at the idea of sitting.

CHARLOTTE BISHOP AND FANNY TOMALIN.

I made careful studies of the Close and the old gate by which it is entered from Mercery Lane, and

began my picture on the large canvas. I got quite

MRS. SANDYS.

fond of Canterbury; nor has my affection for the old, old city ever altered, partly, I suppose, from its

associations, partly from its picturesque streets and venerable piles of beautiful architecture—raised in

AMY WHITE, MARY GOODHEW, AND MATILDA HARMAN.

the age of faith, but now, alas! likely to fall into ruin in this age of unbelief.

And now comes hopeful news, mingled with disappointment. I wrote to my mother on Feb. 2, 1874, to say that "I was nearly elected an A.R.A., but not quite." The following is an extract from the *Athenæum:* "At a meeting of the members of the Royal Academy, held on Thursday night, the first scratching showed Mr. G. A. Storey first in order, then Messrs. H. H. Armstead and J. L. Pearson appeared equal; after these, Messrs. A. Waterhouse and Eyre Crowe were likewise equal; Mr. Peter Graham was in the fourth rank. The second trial showed Mr. Pearson first, Mr. Storey second; the third trial resulted in the election of the former, thus adding an architect of ability to the ranks of the Academy."

"I daresay you will be disappointed at my getting so near, and yet not succeeding, but there was a strong feeling in favour of an architect, and there is some consolation in the fact that I was well ahead of the painters; and I am told that I had a good many of the best men as my supporters."

This year and the next were my most prosperous years, "Little Swansdown" and "The Whip Hand" bringing me several portraits, one the beautiful Mrs. Finch, of Burley-on-the-Hill; and another, Mrs. R. C. Trevilian, the lady of Debden (not the Grey Lady), a visit to which place I have already described. I also painted my mother's portrait, who was then in her sixty-eighth year, and several others, besides subject-pictures, such as "Caught," a girl fishing, who has caught a lover;

and in February 1875 I sold four pictures all of a row to Sir William Agnew for £1000. Success had come at last.

But I must pass over many things, which, however interesting they may have been to my mother, might be tedious in this place. And although my visits to Burley-on-the-Hill, to Hartwell, to Ribston Hall, where the pippins came from, and other places, afforded subjects for chatty epistles, I will only give one of them, which is the last in the volume of letters, and refers to Coleorton.

"Coleorton Hall is a large house standing in beautiful grounds surrounded by fine trees, many of them over a hundred years old. It has an historical interest for the artist, as it was built by Sir George Beaumont, who may be said to be the founder of our National Gallery, since he was the first to advise its establishment and presented fifteen of his fine pictures to the nation. Indeed, he offered, I believe, his whole collection if the Government would build a place for them; but it seems you may safely offer any amount of treasure in the shape of art to a British Government without any fear of its being accepted if you only make the condition that it must erect a suitable building to put them in."

An interesting chapter might be written about this place, where old Sir George entertained poets and painters, including Wordsworth and Constable, and many other well-known men.

"I found Sir George, who is a nephew of the old

Sir George, a most agreeable companion, always ready for a walk, a pipe, and a chat; he takes great interest in showing me the place, especially the picture-gallery—which contains some fine things by Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Wilson, Wilkie, and others, which have descended to him from his uncle.

"But I must tell you about my last visit to Coleorton, and will try and remember all the chit-chat just to amuse you. We were a very jolly party, chiefly shooters and their wives and daughters. Among them was a crack shot, Sir Henry Halford, who has won about a thousand pounds in prizes at the rifle-matches, and is to take out a team to Philadelphia next year; he was very entertaining, and hot on breech-loaders. He is one of the figures in Wells' picture.[1] Then there was a jolly specimen of an Englishman, Mr. Fenwick, and also Mr. de Lisle, an amusing country gentleman whose great hobby is walking. After a long day's shooting he was always ready for a walk into Ashby, about five miles there and back. He, Mr. Fenwick, and I walked in one day to supply certain trivial wants. De Lisle wanted some new hair-brushes and a comb: he had had his old ones for about ten years, and his man had been bothering him for the last year to get a new pair, as there was scarcely a hair left on the old ones; besides, his comb had broken in half that morning, so he felt the time had come for him to get a new

[1] "Volunteers at a Firing Point," by H. T. Wells, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1866.

set. He did not care for ivory backs or anything of that sort, and he was proud to say that he hadn't any jewellery, not a ring even—nor had he a tall hat nor a frock-coat. He goes to Rome once a year, spends another portion of the year in Switzerland and the shooting season in England. Mr. Fenwick's object in going to Ashby was to get a pill. So we had a discussion about pills. Every now and then, they alluded to old Jack Storey. I said I felt interested in the name, 'Who was he?' 'Well, he was master of hounds for some years, a country squire who used to say that he had drunk enough brandy in his time to float a man-of-war.' He was evidently a great favourite. De Lisle had forgotten to wind up his watch as we had been rather late the night before, so I said I always wound mine up in the morning. 'That's just what old Jack Storey used to do,' said he. Then there was Mr. Craik, a very handsome man, a sort of Leighton or an Admirable Crichton, whose dress was perfection, manners exquisite, he seemed to know everything and to be able to do anything. He played on the piano like a professional, and after the day's shooting, which was a very wet one, he was obliged to come to afternoon tea in the most lovely of smoking jackets—black velvet, trimmed with lavender silk. He apologised for it, and said it was on account of the weather that he wore it. But Lady Beaumont said they ought to feel grateful to the rain for giving them the opportunity of seeing such a beautiful coat. An-

other guest was Lord Ferrers, quite a young man, but one of the most amiable and pleasant, and a good shot too, very quiet but fond of a joke; at dinner he always appeared in pink, as also did several others, which quite lighted up the party. He had his 'baby' with him, that is, his banjo, but it was out of tune, so he sang some songs at the piano. Of course there was a large dinner party every evening in the new dining-room, to which people in the neighbourhood were invited, and there was a gorgeous display of liveries round the table, adorning the tall footmen, who were covered with gold cords, epaulets, &c. &c. But there was no stiffness; in fact, mirth was the order of the day. One evening we would have a round game of cards, with a little gambling in a mild form, on the next a sort of concert, and on another a dance that several of the younger ladies were dying for. There happened to be rather a scarcity of ladies, so on one occasion Lady Beaumont dressed up Lord Ferrers and me in paper costumes, out of the crackers, which was a great hit. When the time came for the ladies to retire, it was very pretty to see them going up the staircase of the circular hall, then forming in groups on the balcony, and looking down at the men, with many a pleasant good night; but I must say good night too.

"I may mention that the shooting was very successful despite the weather. On one day, beginning at about eleven and ending at four, allow-

ing an hour for lunch, the five guns shot as many head of game as there are days in the year; I did not shoot but walked with Sir Henry, who must have knocked down at least ninety. The woods looked lovely in the late autumn, all gold and purple, as it happened to be a sunny day.

"I hope, my dear mother, that you will soon be able to resume the pen—your illness is a great anxiety to us all. I am glad dear Clara is with you. I am going to Hartwell for a few days. Edward Lee called upon me yesterday to ask when I could go down. As this is the third time he has invited me this year I felt I could not again refuse; besides, it is always so enjoyable there. So I start to-morrow week."

But I did not go. The above letter full of trifles, although "trifles from those we love are acceptable," is the last that I wrote to my mother. For some time her health had been failing, and I had remarked upon her having ceased to write to me. In her later letters the complaints she makes about herself are chiefly on account of her inability to attend upon my father. She laments her deafness and a difficulty of breathing, but seems to have no serious apprehensions. Up to that time she had scarcely known what it was to be ill, and at sixty preserved a certain youthful appearance. In her young days she had been much admired (see her portrait as Miss Fitch, page 376), and was not at all displeased when some old beau told her that she looked as young as her daughters.

Hearing that she and my father were both very ill, I went down to Ramsgate to see them, on the 10th December 1875. My father was very weak, but I found my mother sitting up in her room, quite cheerful, and as interested as ever in all my news, as she called it. Several other members of the family were present, and we formed quite a little Christmas party. I stayed for several days, and then, as my mother seemed so much better, and as she wished it, I took leave of her, promising to pay her another visit on my return from Hartwell.

I arrived in London late that night, feeling so glad that she was so much better, but the next morning, Sunday morning, a telegram arrived to say that my dear mother was dead. I was stunned, my eyes were dry, it seemed impossible.

My father lingered on for a few months, and died in the following May, at the ripe age of eighty-six. In the meantime, I had been elected an A.R.A., which event had long been signalled as it were, but it came too late for my mother to know of it here, and my satisfaction at that election was robbed of its sweetness on that account. At the moment of my greatest triumph as an artist, I was cast down and unable to fully enjoy it. The one crowning news that I had longed to tell her, came when she had ceased from caring for it. Her prayer had been answered, but did she know of it?

Now, since this book is written in some sort, and in a great measure to my mother, it is well

that it should end when she can no longer be interested in it, can no longer laugh at my stories or rejoice in my good news.

And I must bid my readers farewell, trusting they will forgive me for the many shortcomings that are sure to be found in these pages. I said at the beginning of my book that it was not to write about myself that I took up the pen, but I fear I have intruded too often. It would have been so difficult to leave myself out altogether in a volume of this kind. As regards others, I trust I have not unwittingly offended by recording things which should not have been recorded, and by not recording others that should have been, or for any mistakes in my notes, any faults of drawing in my delineations of those I have represented. For I trust it will be borne in mind by the kind reader that they are "Sketches from Memory."

THE SPIRIT.

XLVII

MANY YEARS AFTER

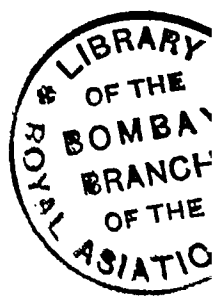
MANY years after my mother's death I took my little daughter Gladys, then about four years old, to visit her grave in St. Laurence Churchyard. The child could not understand the

meaning of death, and asked me curious questions about her grandmamma.

GRANDMAMMA'S GRAVE

"Can she hear me if I call her?
Is she lying in the mould?
Is she here? and is she sleeping?
Can God see her? is she cold?"
The child thus questioned of the dead,
And then she pulled aside the flowers,
Tried to get the earth away;
Her golden tresses fell in showers
'Mid the leaves and blossoms gay.
"Grandmamma!" she softly said,
Then she listened—bending low.
Was she heard? I do not know.
There came no answer to her call;
A gentle breath just moved the leaves—
And that was all.

THE END



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